ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1965 • $1.25

# PLAYBOY

GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE! BEGINNING A MAJOR NOVEL BY VLADIMIR NABOKOV • FACT AND FICTION BY HENRY MILLER, ROBERT RUARK, JOHN LE CARRÉ, P. G. WODEHOUSE, JULES FEIFFER, JACK GELBER, JIM BISHOP, EVAN HUNTER, JEAN SHEPHERD, AL CAPP, SHEL SILVERSTEIN AND THE HONORABLE WILLIAM BENTON • MORE ADVENTURES OF ISRAEL BOND • PLAYBOY'S 15-PAGE PORTFOLIO OF SEX STARS FEATURING ELIZABETH TAYLOR, SOPHIA LOREN, KIM NOVAK, URSULA ANDRESS, CARROLL BAKER, JAYNE MANSFIELD, BRIGITTE BARDOT, ET AL. • PLUS MANY OTHER HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS

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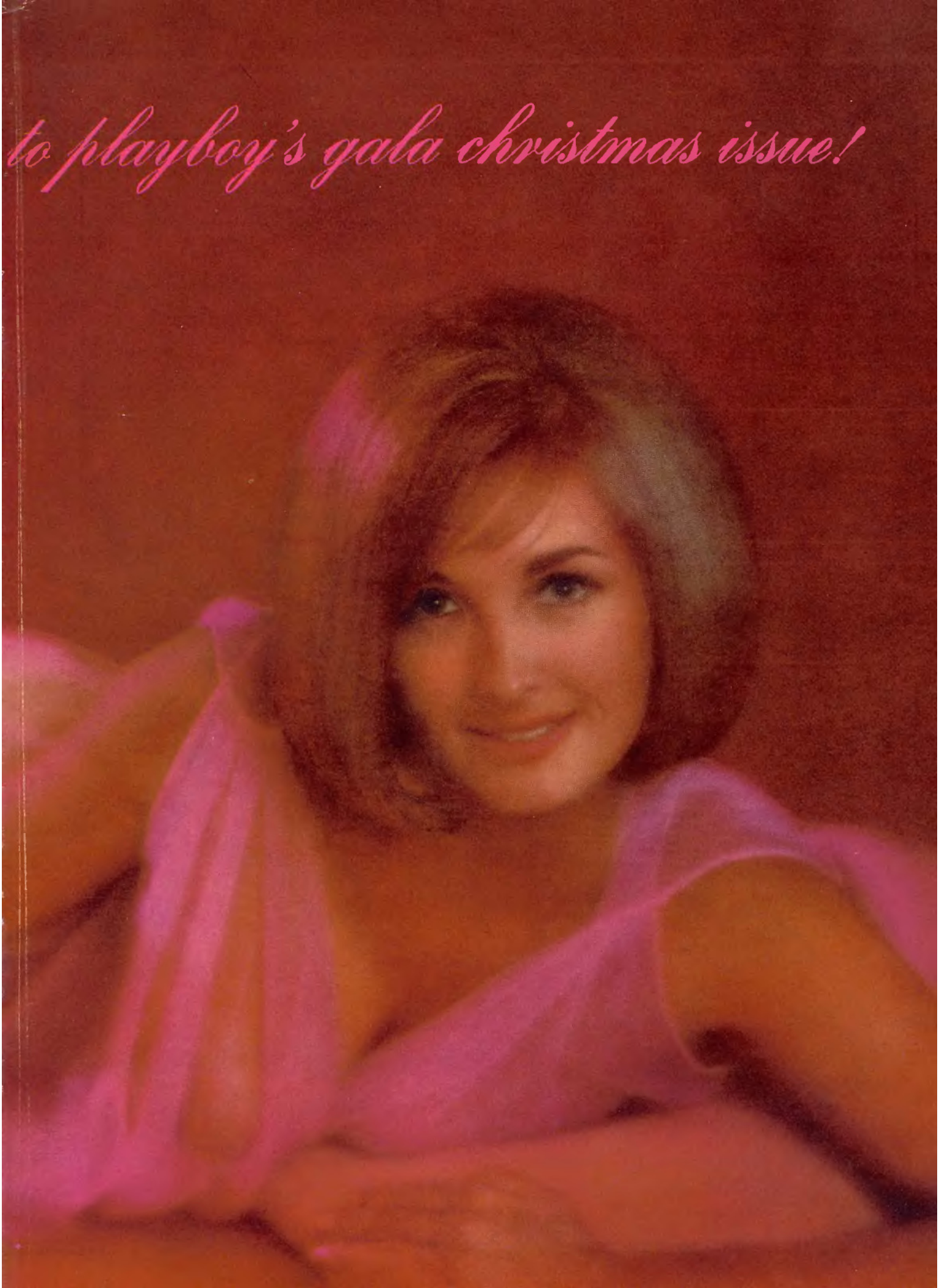
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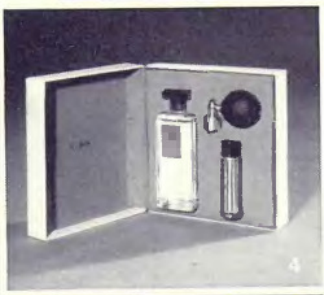
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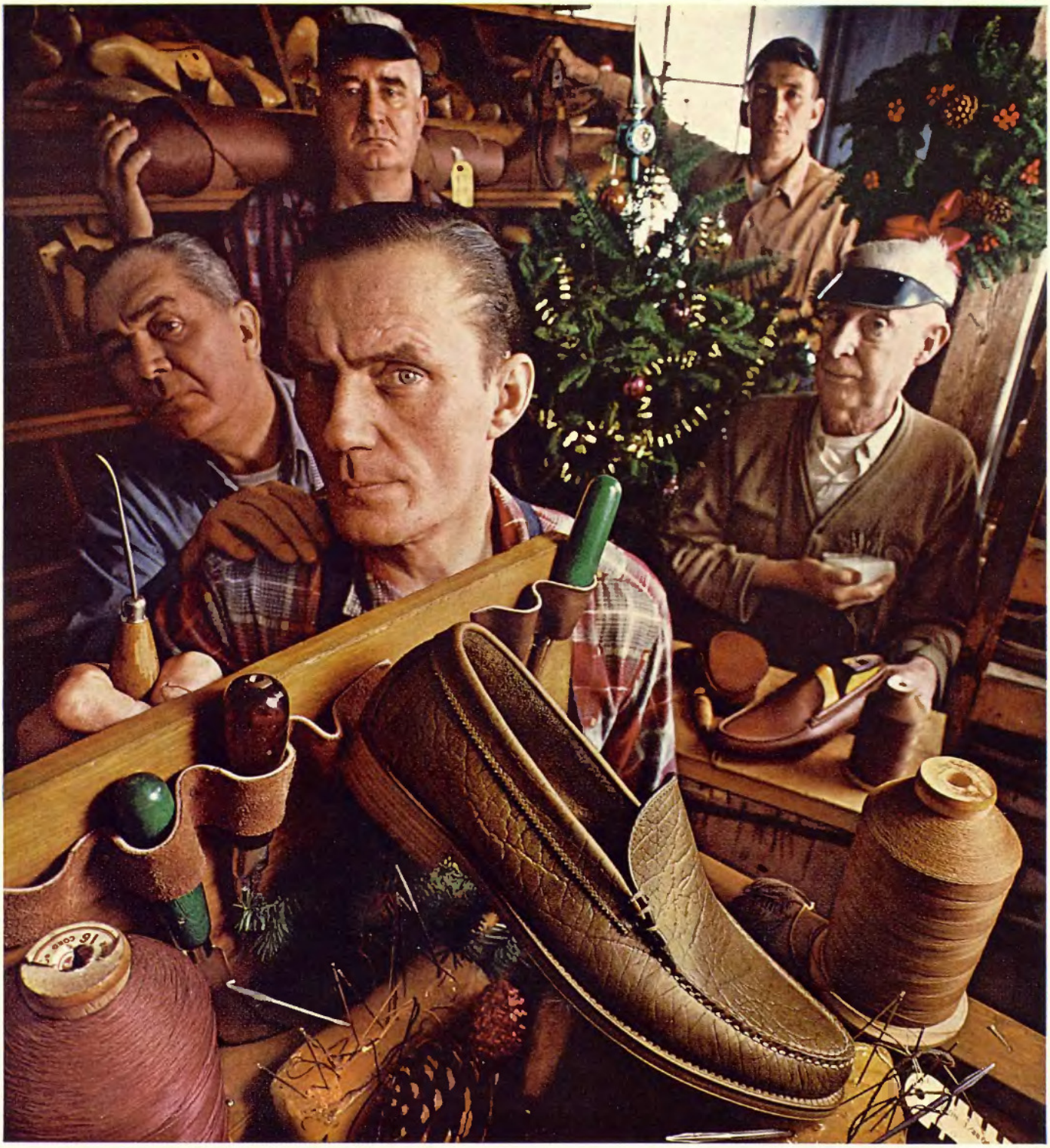

# Bostonian's Sewing Circle never heard of the Christmas rush

(They take their own good time hand-sewing comfort into Flex-O-Mocs...a very fitting gift)

December looks just like April in the hand-sewing room. Greg Bruno sits quietly...sewing. Marc Grondin sits quietly...sewing. Earl Carlozzi sits quietly... sewing. They pull, tug, coax the leather over the last. And then they sew. One perfect lock stitch after another. One at a time. And the shape of the shoe comes closer to perfection with every stitch. Perfection. That's why Bostonian is the perfect Christmas gift. Ever wonder why only Bostonians fit like Bostonians? Greg Bruno, Marc Grondin, and Earl Carlozzi. They can't tell Santa Claus from the Easter Bunny.

## Bostonian Flex-O-Mocs

*Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand.*

**PLAYBILL** IN THIS, our lucky 13th Christmas issue, PLAYBOY readers will discover the most glittering yuletide package we've ever assembled. The lovely face framed by the die-cut Christmas ornament on our cover belongs to last October's Playmate, Allison Parks. Toying playfully with the bauble's ribbon, Allison gets the Playboy Rabbit in shape for an appropriately festive appearance.

December's initial installment of Vladimir Nabokov's novel *Despair* continues the fruitful association begun with our prepublication of the literary giant's *The Eye* (January, February, March, 1965). *The Eye* has since been issued in book form by Trident Press to the same acclaim it received when it ran in these pages. Our readers will discover that *Despair*, despite its title, is a highly amusing, devastatingly witty study of a man and his look-alike. Last year's publishing lists were highlighted by Nabokov's translation of and commentary on Alexander Pushkin's epic verse novel, *Eugene Onegin*. The great 19th Century Russian poet is represented in this issue by *Czar Nikita and His 40 Daughters*, a ribald tale in verse form, making its premier appearance in English.

Jim Bishop, author of *Lincoln and Kennedy*, writes a syndicated column for 156 newspapers and has written 15 books, two of which—*The Day Christ Died* and *The Day Lincoln Was Shot*—have sold a total of over 6,000,000 copies. Bishop, who lives in Florida, told us: "My present long-term project is *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, which should be ready for Random House in late 1968 or early 1969. I work in a bathrobe and an undershirt—unshaved, unwashed, smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee. I recently opened my mail to find that the first letter was from the Men's Fashion Guild of Greater Miami, naming me the Best-Dressed Writer of 1965."

The Honorable William Benton's astute analysis *What Do They Mean, Coexistence?* touches upon one of the world's most critically sensitive areas—the Russian/U.S. Cold War. He brings to the article the most authoritative *bona fides*: U. S. Ambassador to UNESCO, former Assistant Secretary of State and former Senator from Connecticut. Benton, publisher and chairman of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, has visited the Soviet Union five times in the last nine years. His book *The Teachers and the Taught in the U. S. S. R.* has just been published by Atheneum.

Evan Hunter, author of *The Birthday Party*, recently sold the rights to his novel *Buddwing* to MGM for a quarter of a million dollars, is finishing up a new novel, *The Paper Dragon*. He has just sold a television series to Goodson-Todman Productions and—as Ed McBain—recently had published *The Sentries*, a change of pace from his awesomely best-selling *87th Precinct* mystery series.

*Bread on the Waters* brings another dual personality to these pages this month. John Le Carré, whose *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* and *The Looking Glass War* were hailed by both critics and public, is in reality not Clark Kent but David Cornwell, a former British civil servant who has since found more lucrative outlets for his talents. When Le Carré was in Chicago recently on a publicity junket for *The Looking Glass War*, we talked a bit about spies, writing, Ian Fleming and the future. Le Carré told us he owed a great deal to Fleming. "He created a market which, in a sense, I was able to exploit. My works are always being compared with his. But there are basic differences, of course. Fleming wrote about the hero; I wrote about the victim. Fleming's approach was escape; mine, involvement. Fleming let happen what the readers wanted to happen; I let come to pass what they hoped wouldn't. Bond was politically and morally detached. I have a feeling that with a change of birthplace, Bond could very easily have been a Soviet agent. Leamas, in *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, was very much emotionally involved in what he was doing. The character George Smiley, whose part in *The Spy* is very small, and even smaller in the film version, is the hero of my earlier book, *Call for the Dead*. The film version of that one is going to be directed by Sidney Lumet. *Bread on the Waters*, incidentally, was based on my experiences at Oxford." Le Carré is now back in London after a long sojourn in Crete, where he wrote *The Looking Glass War* ("I'm by nature a slow writer and it seems that with each new work it becomes more painful"), and Vienna, where he did the filmscript for it and gathered material for a new book—"*not* of the suspense/spy genre."

Our loving chronicler of Midwestern yesteryears, Jean Shepherd, whose *Red Ryder Nails the Hammond Kid* is the definitive treatise on kiddy Christmases past, had it all rekindled for him not too long ago when he came to Chicago to discuss future articles with us. The BB gun in *Red Ryder* was still in the cellar of his mother's home and Jean decided to take it back to New York with him. Whereupon a great flap developed at the Chicago airport over whether a Red Ryder Range Model Carbine-Action BB gun is a deadly weapon and, if not, whether Shepherd should be allowed to take it on the plane with him. Jean was triumphant and the BB gun now holds a place of honor in his New York office, where he keeps it as a threat to the management of WOR (for whom he does his radio talk-athons) and as a means of keeping the natives in line. Jean made a somewhat more harrowing trip recently when he plunged into the Peruvian jungle to deliver a 500-pound shipment of candy to the Shapra Indians, a tribe that is still living in the Stone Age. (A station associate had won the candy in a raffle and had donated it to his favorite charity, a missionary group that worked with the Shapras; intrepid Jean was chosen to shepherd the sweets.) It was believed that the Indians had given up their practice of head-hunting, but Shepherd wasn't sure until he got home with noggin intact.

Nostalgia of a different sort is to be

LE CARRE

BENTON

MILLER

BISHOP

NABOKOV

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found in Henry Miller's *The Old Neighborhood*, a re-creation of the author's burgeoning years in Brooklyn. Miller has just achieved the publication, for the first time in this country, of his *Sexus, Nexus, Plexus, World of Sex* and *Quiet Days in Clichy*. The benevolent bête noire of the censors is currently working on a one-act play which he describes succinctly as "a burlesque without music."

When Al Capp and PLAYBOY interviewer Alvin Toffler first met in the former's Park Avenue apartment, the contrast between the cartoonist and his overall-clad, ill-housed and outhoused comic hero Li'l Abner was exceptional: Capp was attired in a trimly cut, dark pin-stripe suit and a pink-dickey–fronted white shirt, the cuffs of which held heavy gold links. On his feet were a gleaming pair of pointed Wellington boots. The un-Dogpatchlike decor of the plush living room was highlighted by a Cambodian lute on the wall, a French provincial piano in one corner, a collection of Ming vases, an antique telephone, as well as a minuscule Sony television set. As Capp knows, he exerts a decided influence over his millions of readers. When he dreamed up an *Abner* sequence in which his hero fell in love with a picture of a girl's knees, he started a national fad. *Life* said: "From Connecticut to California, schools and clubs were looking for nice knees, holding kneecap dances and contests." The kneecap craze was a fad, but the Capp craze has lasted for over 30 years and shows no signs of slackening.

P. G. Wodehouse, confector of this month's *Jeeves and the Greasy Bird*, has sparked the usually staid B. B. C. With the smashingly successful advent of a *Jeeves* television series, the bumbling Bertie Wooster and his imperturbable gentleman's gentleman are bringing laughs into millions of British homes. Stirring up a different cup of tea, Wodehouse is turning out a *Jeeves* play with longtime theater associate Guy Bolton (*Leave It to Jane*, 1917, with Jerome Kern), a collaboration which may set a record for longevity.

*Nothing Works and Nobody Cares* is, regrettably, the last article written by the late Robert Ruark. Completed shortly before his death, it is, perhaps fittingly so, a wryly acidulous diatribe against the shoddy mechanisms and stultifyingly indifferent service which Ruark—a man who approached leisure, sport, reporting and writing with a fierce vitality—found barely endurable.

Sol Weinstein, whose *Loxfinger* sprung intrepid secret agent Israel Bond on an unsuspecting world in our October issue, has stirred his canny kosher counterspy once more to action in *Matzohball*. Weinstein told us more of his colorful background in a call from his Levittown digs: "Born in Trenton, New Jersey, flood capital of the Delaware Valley. Attended Trenton High (Class of '46 voted me Mr. Congenial Clumsiness at senior prom). Went to NYU but didn't finish, due to injuries suffered at Henry Wallace peace meeting. Did some acting on pretty fair LP, *If I Were President*, starring Negro comic Timmie Rogers, which unfortunately ran into some early White Backlash and never got out of the tenement. Just wrote rock-'n'-roll song for comic Allan Drake titled *Barbecuing Barbara*, which would be ideal theme song for a movie, *Buddhist Beach Party*. Trying desperately to sell someone on a couple of albums I'd like to record: *Sol Weinstein Sings the Top 12 Favorites of the Lincoln Brigade* and *Sol Weinstein—Songs for Interracial Lovers*." *Matzohball* will soon appear in a full-length Pocket Book version.

Jack Gelber's comedic Cuban confrontation, *Jack Gelber KO's a Chinese Commie, Maybe*, introduces to these pages the controversial young playwright whose drug-based drama, *The Connection*, violently shook up polite society but won off-Broadway plaudits as well as a Cannes Film Festival prize in its movie incarnation. Gelber has just done a filmscript for the producer of *One Potato, Two Potato*, is working concurrently on a play and a novel while teaching playwriting at City College of New York and Columbia University.

In *The Circle of Sex*, Alan Watts offers a challenging explication of the male-female relationship in all its psychosexual manifestations. A writer-lecturer-philosopher and onetime Episcopalian minister, Dr. Watts has specialized over the years in the interpretation of Eastern thought, particularly Zen Buddhism, and its relationship to psychotherapy.

The unique zoological specimens in *The Lass Menagerie* are the products of the uninhibited imagination of Vienna-born designer-photographer Eugenio Hirsch. Hirsch, who studied under Oskar Kokoschka in Austria, emigrated to South America during World War Two. He recently moved to Madrid to become art director of a publishing house, from whence he dropped us this telling note anent his private life: "I have been married five times but I am still alive."

GELBER

WATTS

RUARK

HIRSCH

WODEHOUSE

Adding sparkle to our tree: *The Playboy Portfolio of Sex Stars*, a 15-page eye-filling feast of a flock of film favorites who have previously appeared in our magazine; another installment of Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy*; Jacob Hay's *Project Sleigh*, a Santa-slanted tongue-in-cheek chiding of space-agency jabberwocky; *The Shel Silverstein Songbook*, in which our bearded bard waxes poetic and anticly illustrates ten sets of his own slightly mad lyrics; *The Festive Fowl* by Thomas Mario for the gala groaning board; the frantic misadventures of *Little Annie Fanny* with Ringo, Paul, John and George; a three-page full-color treat by Jules Feiffer; *Playboy's Christmas Cards*, our well-versed mistletoe missives addressed to friend and foe; Don Addis' signs of the times, *Symbolic Sex*; *Playboy's Christmas Gift Guide*, offering a plenitude of presents perfect; an Alberto Vargas beauty in a double-sized gatefold; our real-live gatefold doll, December Playmate Dinah Willis; and a cornucopian collection of cartoons. All in all, a Santa-sized issue, our biggest yet, to help celebrate the season.

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vol. 12, no. 12—december, 1965

# PLAYBOY

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Yuletide Bounty P. 203

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# DEAR PLAYBOY

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### O'TOOLE CHEST

After reading September's irreverent interview with Peter O'Toole, I am convinced that he is a typical, intelligent, talented, wild, egotistical, immature Irishman. Bravo!

Bob Shanahan
Syracuse, New York

I have just finished your most candid interview with Peter O'Toole. I think I am justified in saying it is the best interview that has ever graced the pages of PLAYBOY. And I heartily endorse his views on birth control.

Gordon Budden
Lowther, Ontario

Your interview with Peter O'Toole was wonderful and incisive. Beneath all the fun and flippancy there was a great deal of truth and beauty. His brief remarks about the nuns ("They'd never held a man, those hands") read like poetry.

I might also add that, being Irish myself, I was happy to find that Mr. O'Toole is such a lively and intelligent fellow. There hasn't been a good old-fashioned, hell-raising Irishman with wit, charm and spirit since Errol Flynn died. But now there's Peter.

Charles K. Boyle
Golden's Bridge, New York

Bravo! Bravo! Your interview with Peter O'Toole needs to be commended as one of the best ever. If all your interviews with famous people were as frank and candid, your sales would be over 3,000,000 copies a month.

Dave Horne
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*We think our interviews are and we know our sales are, Dave.*

### CAMP GROUNDS

Many thanks to *Playboy After Hours* in the September issue for bringing into focus the wonderful world of camp. I doubt that the boundary lines of what is and what isn't camp will ever be clear, but I suppose that there are certain things that will always remain at the apex of camp. Perhaps you can add to your list: Ozzie and Harriet and the entire Nelson family, Sky King, the singing telegram, Wonder Woman, and John F. Kennedy memorial license plates. High on any camp list should be morning quiz shows, Art Linkletter and his child interviews, and bronzed baby-shoe ashtrays.

Stephen C. Weingarten
Bronx, New York

In *Playboy After Hours* (September) you failed to mention that the New York Mets are camp, but Mets fans are not—they are mass masochists.

E. Gerard Duplessis
Bronx, New York

*The Underground Guide to Camp* is a fraud. Everyone knows Captain Midnight had a decoding badge, not a ring. I know because I sent my tin-foil seal from Ovaltine for one, and that certainly is camp.

Jerry Roth
Cherry Hill, New Jersey

*The "Guide's" authors have turned in their badges, Jerry; there were several rings, but none were decoders.*

I'm quickly becoming a "camp" follower. It's a nifty subject to study and one I highly recommend to all who see life as it really is. My first contribution goes like this: PLAYBOY isn't, but the center spread is. Or is that too meow?

Tippi Hedren
Universal City, California

### AUTOMATIC RESPONSE

Ken Purdy's entertaining *Bye-Bye Stick Shift* article in your September issue came topically close to our experiments with an automatic transmission in our McLaren-Elva sports racing car on this side of the Atlantic. Our one competition outing with an automatic sports car in the Tourist Trophy at Oulton Park (a twisty, undulating road circuit) proved the potential of the slush box and I was able to lead both heats and take the lap record at a whisker under 100 mph before other troubles put me in the pits.

I don't think we'll see automatic transmissions on the new 3-liter Formula I cars next year—everyone will have enough to do trying to sort out new cars and new engines without worrying about new transmissions as well—but as the cars become more reliable and the pencilmen start scouting for extra sec-

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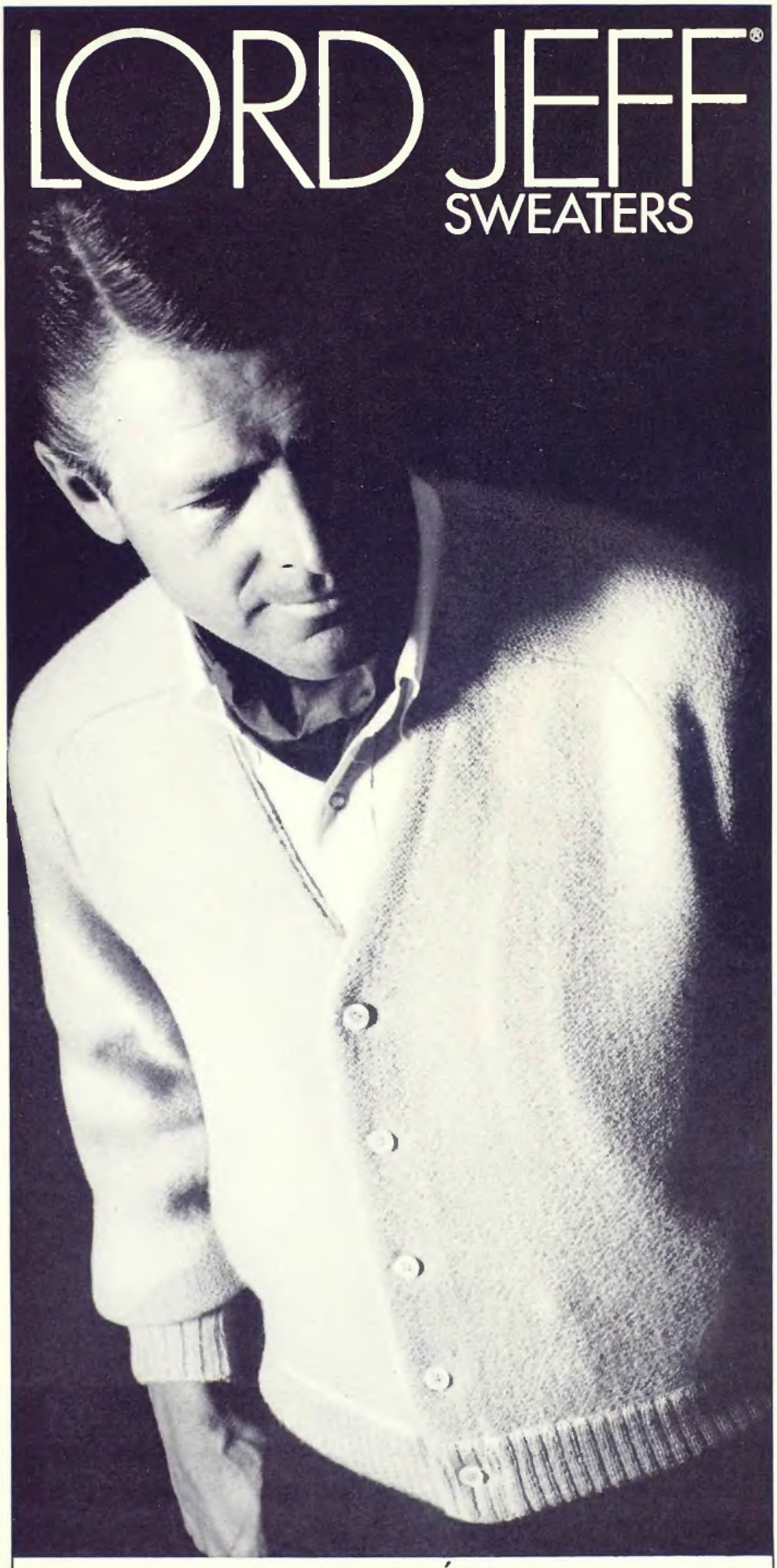


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onds. I'm sure we'll see someone with a torque converter tacked onto the back. On circuits like Monaco or the mountainous German Nürburgring, where you often finish a race with your palm raw and bleeding and your driving glove worn through after endless changes up and down through a six-speed gearbox, an automatic would be a godsend. Driver comfort wouldn't be the only advantage, either; it would show favorably on the stop watches—and that's where it counts. I must admit, I used to scoff at drivers of automatics, but I stopped doing that when Roger Penske flashed past me in an automatic Chaparral while I was down-changing for a tight corner at Laguna Seca. I'm even driving an automatic Ford Zodiac on the road and thoroughly enjoying it. Lawd, I've been (torque) converted.

Bruce McLaren
Bruce McLaren Motor
Racing Ltd.
Feltham, Middlesex, England

I enjoyed Ken Purdy's *Bye-Bye Stick Shift*. 'Tis true the slush box is in and the stick shift out. One hitch, though: Only Chaparral Cars, Inc., has one that works. The others are trying, but as yet have none good enough to put in competition.

Augie Pabst
Pabst Motors, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Ken Purdy is right, of course, in saying that the gear shift is on the way out for the race circuit, but in many ways the design of the racing car is much more simple than that of an ordinary car, especially in Europe, an area producing very nearly the same number of cars as the entire U.S. motor industry. Of these, fewer than 15 percent have automatic transmissions, a condition stable over the past five years, which is only partially explained by the reluctance of buyers to pay an additional 10 percent to 15 percent when such a sum could alternatively buy them a much nicer car.

Money apart, the fully automatic transmission has these disabilities: It cannot think ahead but can only adjust itself to the immediate need. And, as we know, in the human condition it always pays to think ahead and in this context to get into the needed gear before you have to. With the 4000-lb. car capable of 140 mph and often driven on ordinary highways at 120 mph, intelligent use of the gearbox can greatly prolong the life of the friction material in the brakes. It can also much relieve the load on the brakes when descending mountain passes. With engines giving 60–100 bhp in cars weighing 1800–2800 lbs., the automatic transmission works all too well (and much too frequently), and with 4-cylinder engines, many drivers would prefer to stay in high and keep engine

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**2** 'Intimate' Fragrance Candle—to fill the air with that cherished fragrance! Just light the candle in the filigree holder, and m-m-m-m! 5.00

**3** 'Intimate' Trio—intriguing new way for her to discover 'Intimate' (cherished as one of the world's 7 great fragrances). Perfume Bath Oil, Spray Mist and Eau de Toilette—all for only 5.00

**4** Imported Brocade Evening Caché—elegant new edition of a Revlon Christmas tradition. Super-Lustrous lipstick and Demi-Tasse 'Love-Pat' makeup compact, both with the look of textured gold, in an exquisite little brocade case. 6.00

**5** 'Looking-Glass' Demi-Tasse—the better to see herself! Gilt-handled compact with an 'ivory' cameo on the front, an elegant mirror on the back, 'Love-Pat' makeup inside. Refillable. 6.50

**6** A Rose is a Rose is a Lipstick Rose—(and only Revlon grows it!) Each long-stemmed Christmas beauty holds a Super-Lustrous lipstick in a textured gold-tone Florentine case. Each comes in a long-stemmed gold paisley gift envelope. Pick plenty—they're chic-er by the dozen! 2.00 each

**7** New Brocade 'Clutchable'—really 3 gifts in 1! Sumptuous case fitted with 'Love-Pat' compact, Super-Lustrous lipstick. Pink, blue, white. 3.50

**8** 'Intimate' and 'Aquamarine' Sachets—to keep her lingerie and linens deliciously scented. Three sachets gift-boxed in shimmering paisley. 3.50

**9** 'Color Palazzo' for Lips and Fingertips—a new fashion wardrobe of Revlon colors! 6 Super-Lustrous lipsticks, 6 matching nail enamels. 5.00

**10** 'Revlon Doll'—the doll grown-up girls love. A tall, terrific redhead with baby-blue eyes—and exciting Revlon gifts inside: 'Intimate' Perfume and Spray Mist in filigree flacons; 'Intimate' Milk

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Bath; 'Love-Pat' compact and Super-Lustrous lipstick, both with the look of woven gold! 22.50

**11** 'Aquamarine' Floradorables—her favorite daytime fragrance in frivolous disguise. Each flapper-capped bottle of Eau de Toilette, 2.00

**12** Paisley Rondelle Compact—with the look of hand-wrought gold. (Probably the most elegant compact ever created, even by Revlon!) For loose powder, or filled with 'Love-Pat' makeup. 5.50

**13** Fragrance 'Dream Girls'—little chics bearing gifts! 'Intimate' Doll with Spray Mist, Spray Bath Oil, 5.50. 'Aquamarine' Doll with Complexion Soap, Moisture Lotion and Eau de Toilette. 4.50

**14** Demi-Tasse Petit Point Compacts—to give her the best of both worlds! Topped with precious petit point from Europe, filled with America's most-loved makeup: 'Love-Pat'. (Refillable) 4.50

**15** Demi-Tasse Compacts—so costly-looking, they'd even fool a jewel thief! (Each prettier than the next, each filled with 'Love-Pat'.) Paisley lamé compact, 3.00. 'Ivory' cameo or textured gold-tone sparkling with tiny pretend gems, 5.00

**16** Luxurious Lizard-Grain Manicure Kit—rich red and ready for the perfect manicure! Fitted with the finest implements, the newest shade in nail enamel and Super-Lustrous lipstick. 10.00

**17** New! 'Intimate' Fragrance Candlestick—to start the holidays in a blaze of excitement! Light the bright red candle in the gilded cherub base and 'Intimate' fragrance fills the air. Only 3.85

**18** Bath Luxury à la Revlon—the extravagant gesture she'll adore! 'Aquamarine' Bath Powder in a shimmering blue-green paisley box with a lush aqua puff. Or 'Intimate' Bath Powder in red-gold paisley with a pretty pink puff. Each 3.75

**19** The 'Londonaire' for Men—who but Revlon could make such a great case for good grooming! Imported alligator grain leather kit fitted with fine Revlon precision-crafted implements. 10.00

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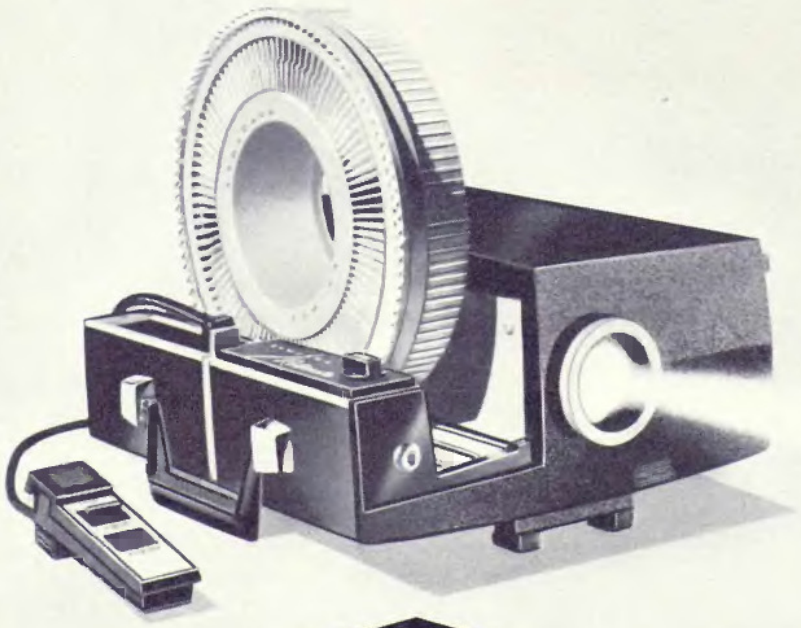

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speed down while using full gas for the sake of peace and quiet, even at the cost of performance. Apart from first cost, when the fuel bill of a European car can reach $600 per year, a 10-percent to 15-percent increase caused by automation is not a small matter. The best answer may well be a compromise, with the clutch pedal abolished and the gear shift foolproof at any time the driver wishes to move the "stick," even if the latter takes the form of an elongated electric switch.

David Brown, Chairman
Aston Martin Lagonda Ltd.
London, England

**ROBERT RUARK**

Having read and appreciated *Afternoon in Andalusia* in your September issue, may I be allowed to express a tribute to the late Robert Ruark. I never met him, but from his writings I felt I knew him, almost intimately. His stories and articles on contemporary America were succinct, provocative and quite relevant to our times. One can imagine he had great affection for his country, tempered by an intense exasperation with some of its human element. As a syndicated columnist he had the opportunity, and used it, to expose, sometimes very cynically but effectively, much of the unfortunate and degrading aspects of 20th Century America. He said in plain language what he thought was right or wrong, not caring whether it engendered the displeasure of the ordinary citizen or the Chief Executive.

Africa, his second love, is truly and starkly revealed in his novels *Something of Value* and *Uhuru*. Mr. Ruark had the distinct ability to place the reader right alongside him in his travels and experiences, evoking the whole range of human feelings.

At the age of 49, he had accumulated a vast wealth of knowledge of life and people, which he translated into understandable prose. He must have lived a full life to gain such insight into human affairs and the human soul. His pen has been stilled, but his words live on.

J. C. Smith
Kamloops, British Columbia

**SEX INSTITUTE**

The Ernest Havemann article *The Sex Institute* in the September issue of PLAYBOY is truly a remarkable one and I would like to commend Ernie for having written it. Having been connected with the Institute for 20 years and with Dr. Kinsey for 13 of those years, I certainly enjoyed reading that "they [the books issued by the Institute] are the most important books that have been published in my lifetime," even though I would take a somewhat less exalted view of their worth. The general evaluation of the research and of the Institute was an accurate and fair one.

Ernie Havemann's reaction to and

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Write for your free recipe booklet: Metaxa, Box 1190, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

Moving leftward from Metaxa On The Rocks. Metaxa Stinger. Metaxa Neat. Metaxa Mist. Metaxa Alexander. Metaxa Manhattan. Anyway you pour it, Metaxa is Greek gold.

*92 proof Greek liqueur imported to the U.S. solely by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., N.Y.*

impressions of Dr. Kinsey are, of course, his own. It is only natural that, having worked and traveled with Dr. Kinsey for 13 years, I would have different impressions, although I can't help remarking that at many points I do agree quite completely with the author.

Dr. Kinsey was not a "totally humorless man" as the article states. He did have a wry sense of humor, but I shared too many belly laughs with the man to ever think of him as humorless. He did not usually like a dirty joke and would often dissect or analyze one (which of course took all the humor out of it) in order to put someone in his place. He realized that the constant telling of dirty jokes was a sign of prudishness and he was death on those who had this characteristic. He was poor at telling a joke himself.

He did not "force down an occasional drink" but, rather, thoroughly enjoyed certain drinks (particularly if made with rum). Planter's punch, charleston cup and zombies were three of his favorites. I never saw him drunk, but on two or three occasions I saw him a bit high—his cheeks became pink and he got a bit more mellow when this occurred.

Yes, he was a "square," but I feel that Dr. Kinsey's lack of sophistication allowed him to perceive, and to be impressed by, differences among various groups of people.

In closing, I would again like to express my gratitude to Ernest Havemann for having written this article, and I hope that my different impressions of Dr. Kinsey will not be construed in any way as a criticism of it. The years I spent working with Dr. Kinsey [as a research associate and co-author of the Institute's *Sexual Behavior* books] were the most happy and productive years of my life, and these were directly attributable to him. The mark he has made on the world is better left for someone else to judge, for I was too close to him; but the mark he made on me is something for which I will always be grateful.

Wardell B. Pomeroy
New York, New York

Mr. Havemann quite correctly points out that today the Kinsey Institute is undoubtedly the world's most important depository of erotica, ranging all the way from priceless works of erotic art by Rembrandt and Picasso to the least imaginative, but sexologically and psychologically often still highly important, pornographic photo or obscene wall scribbling.

Mr. Havemann emphasizes—and again correctly—that the Institute staff is much concerned about security in these matters, keeping their erotic treasures safely under triple lock and key in well-organized steel cabinets. What is so sad about all this is that these security measures are necessary not so much because there

# homely little lamp.

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she fell
'neath the spell
of his seven seas

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is any real danger of theft (that kind of risk could easily be minimized to near zero), nor because personal confidences are at stake as in the case of the sex histories of the interviewees; but simply because the Institute staff has a concern —alas, fully justified—that they would otherwise lay themselves open to the charge of disseminating material which may be considered "obscene" or objectionable by the authorities.

As a result, not even the most qualified outside scholars with the most unassailable research interests, to our knowledge, ever have had access to this highly qualified material. This is all the more regrettable since the Institute is presently the only place in the world where these items may be studied in their widest context.

As far as the inaccessibility of the erotic art objects at the Institute is concerned, the loss to the public is doubly great. It deprives not only scholars in the behavioral sciences of some of the most important research material, but also prevents an enlightened public and the contemporary artist himself from appreciating the role of erotic art in history, psychology and aesthetics.

We therefore feel very strongly that it is time to create a museum that specializes in the collection and preservation of erotic art objects.

Such a Museum of Erotic Art could then become the storehouse and custodian of erotic art treasures from all ages and every part of the world; a place where qualified adults could study them in a properly dignified setting and where the contemporary artist could draw inspiration from them for his own work. A Museum of Erotic Art is, in our opinion, all the more needed now, as much erotic art is irretrievably lost with every passing year.

Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen
Paris, France

**FOOTBALL WINDFALL**

I thought you might be interested to know that I'm $100 richer thanks to Anson Mount's *Pigskin Preview*. I won the *Miami News* football contest by the simple expedient of picking the top teams selected by PLAYBOY to win their games on the first big football weekend. The *News* sent reporters around to interview me and I told them my secret. The result was an article in the *News* under this headline: "PLAYBOY TOSSES FOR WINNING CONTEST SCORE." It was quite a plug for your pigskin prognostications.

Dan G. Kline
Miami, Florida

**RE *RACE***

I obviously read, and have read, a lot of stories about motor racing, and invariably I find most of them inaccurate and boring. With Paul Darcy Boles' story, *The Most Beautiful Race in the*

# A Quiet Toast to the Season With George Dickel from Tennessee

Your toast to the season can be as smooth as hot butter. If you toast it with George Dickel Tennessee Sour Mash Drinkin' Whisky. George Dickel is made on purpose to be drinkin'-light--any season. A whisky that's full-bodied enough to start with--light enough to stay with. A whisky for gentlefolk, Mr. Dickel said it was.

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*World*, in your August issue, it is all different, as it is neither inaccurate nor boring. On the contrary, it is well written and very amusing. And the story is true. It all happened in the early Thirties, not just once, but two times at the famous Tripoli races in North Africa, and all the great names of that era were involved—Nuvolari, Varzi, Campari, etc., and they did do exactly what Boles' story says. It is incredible, I agree, but true.

Joakim Bonnier
Le Muids sur Nyon, Switzerland

*The Most Beautiful Race in the World* was the biggest load of rubbish I have ever read.

Graham Hill
Mill Hill, England

*Grand Prix drivers Bonnier and Hill obviously disagree on the story's credibility.*

I have read the story *The Most Beautiful Race in the World* and I didn't like it. Even if it concerned itself with a humorous version of the famous Grand Prix of Tripoli in 1933, which I think was the author's intention, the different phases of the race are so unlikely that even those uninitiated in racing would not laugh. Also, I didn't like the similarity of the racer Truffi's name to mine, because on that occasion not only was I not racing, but I was not involved in the plot to which your author refers.

Piero Taruffi
Rome, Italy

*Despite the similarity, author Boles says the name Truffi was straight out of his imagination and had no connection whatsoever with you or any other ace Grand Prix driver.*

## PLAYBOY IN VIETNAM

Here in Vietnam, three hours after PLAYBOY goes on sale in the exchange, all the copies are gone—totally and completely gone. Additionally, if you subscribe, your chances of receiving your copy at all are about one in ten, and if you do get it the chances are about one in one hundred that the centerfold will be there.

PLAYBOY has taken on a new significance here in Vietnam: It is an item of psychological warfare. When you report to your unit as a new advisor, you are generally asked three questions: your age, your military experience, and whether you have the latest PLAYBOY. If you do, the senior officer gets the centerfold, next senior the full-page pictures, and so on down the line. In this land where beautiful women are the rule, the Occidental woman holds the same fascination for the Vietnamese as the Oriental and Eurasian hold for the American.

Lt. John P. Woods
U. S. Forces
Republic of Vietnam

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# CHANEL

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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

All of us find the bounds imposed by conventional English occasionally stifling, but every so often a writer comes along and does something about it. The latest—and hottest—is a perceptive young man named Tom Wolfe, best known for his trenchant takeout on *The New Yorker* (in the *New York Herald Tribune* Sunday supplement) and a widely heralded collection of observations on the pop culture scene: *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby.* Wolfe's frisky, flashy and flamboyant style utilizes dots, dashes, neologisms, Latinisms, italicisms, hipsterisms and—yes!—*end*less excla*mations*!!! In the spirit of St. Nick, we've postulated—*pow!*—how such a traditional example of writing as . . . Clement Moore's *A Visit from St. Nicholas* . . . might have fared if Tom Wolfe . . . had *zonked* it!!! *Su*perfantastic!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

*Omerta!* Sealed lips! Not a *sound!* Not a wheep a beep or a freep throughout this whole infarcted . . . *house!* (Which is con*structed*, I might add, *en style* boomerang modern with *just* the faintest *soupçon* of palette curvilinear.) Not a creature is stirring! Not even a . . . *mouse!* Can you be*lieve* it? And! Tomorrow! The feast of X_______! Does anybody out there *really* under . . . *stand?* Not *even* . . . a mouse!

The legend of St. Nick! *Yes!* Santa *Barranza!* I don't mind observing that this is the culturati's most co*los*sal . . . *put-on!* (And let *me* tell *you* I know what I'm talking about—I've been through the whole American Studies *Doctoral* rite at *Yale*!) Anyhow, we are now in the drawing room and I am looking at the rococo mantelpiece . . . where the prepubertal brats have hung their *yé-yé* length socks. Simple minds! Idiot appeal! Fast asleep, dreaming of—you know?—*sugar*plums! And all the rest of that mythopeic jazz! What can one . . . *say?* My *femme* and I have smoothed the sheets at this narcoleptic hour in preparation for a long hibernation *d'hiver*.

But! Hark! What the hell is this? Out on the lawn! A flarp and a *zonk!* Beh-unggh! Beh-unggh! Like a flash, I *floonked* from my bed and *snarked* over to the window! Pow! Pistling across the new-fallen snow . . . a miniature sleigh and eight . . . holy . . . *beasts* gaggling past! And sitting up top of this relic from Woolworth's circa nineteen aught eight is this little old driver . . . this good old boy . . . whistling and shouting and . . . ululating . . . and *every*thing! How *does* one de*scribe* it? "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen! On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner! and Blitzen!"

STOP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! *This varicose old man is stealing my STYLE!*

O Merta! O Hernia! O Scuba! . . . O, to hell with it.

Anyway, we are back in the drawing room and I am at the escritoire, fixing an extradry one to . . . make this pinkikini-santa-fantasy dash away. But! Just a minute! What's happening? The attic sounds like a bin full of immies with otters trouncing on them . . . *pour le sport*. Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! *Dear* God! Deer . . . *hoofs!* And! Grace! That amok gnome has bounded down the chimney and dropped his hummocky shanks into the . . . *fire*place! Gawdam!

But! One adjusts! One plays the game! Yes! One draws in one's head and one turns around and one observes this arteriosclerotic homunculus accoutered, not in furs as the credulous lumpenproles would have us believe, but in a wild solarcloth suit with a step-collared vest and . . . can you believe it? . . . winkle-picker *boots!* Superdivine! *Le style camp* from the era of wog hip! But *not* . . . exactly! His clothes are all *tar*nished with ashes and soot and I don't mind telling you that this ratty nutball of a peddler is the *height* of . . . schlock! Precisely! *L'aesthete du* schlock!

As we stood there, haunch to paunch, his eyes brightened with a sclerotic twinkle and his cheeks glistened rosily—a blend of rake-a-cheek raspberry and scarlet-fever purple—and his phenosafranine proboscis lit up like a cherry on a Vegas one-arm bandit and his prognathous mandible was covered by—inspiration!—a . . . little . . . white . . . *beard!* Actually! F'r *cris*sake! This hermetic good old boy bears *watch*ing! His mouth suggests a labial, concupiscent . . . *grin!* You *know* what I mean? *Droll!*

*But!* Reas*sur*ing! He has a quaint little pipe, held tightly in his teeth, with the smoke cuney-cuneying behind his latissimus dorsi and around his . . . *head!* And! *Marvelous!* He *laughs!* And—would you be*lieve* it?—his little round belly *shakes* like a *bowl* full of . . . quince *jelly!* Supermarvelous! Imagine, if you can, someone chubby and plump like a right jolly old *elf*, and there you *have* it! Exquisite! I have written treatises about every aspect of pop culture from Kandy-Kolored Kustomized Kars to Streamlined Tangerine Flakes, baby, but this prole-petty burgher, in this *smash*ingly baroque get-up, is simply *too* much! *I* laughed . . . in spite . . . of myse . . . lf.

*Wonder*ful! He responds with that sclerotic wink . . . and I *know* this *has* to be the most fan*tas*tic put-on since Hunt Hartford built that mausoleum to Kipling on Columbus Circle. But! Let me *tell* you what happened next! A gaggle of sequined giblets . . . some bouffant baby *dolls* that look like tabescent bijou blondes . . . and a Phrygian pile of worthless trinkets . . . he stuffs them *all* into those *scrofulous* stockings!

Paradise! Our things! And then! Putting his finger to his nose in a gesture *too* vulgar to describe, he nods . . . and clap clap clap clapat pat pat pat *up* the chimney he goes.

What does one *say?* Toot toot booply! There. Done and done. I watch him whoosh through the whichy thicket along

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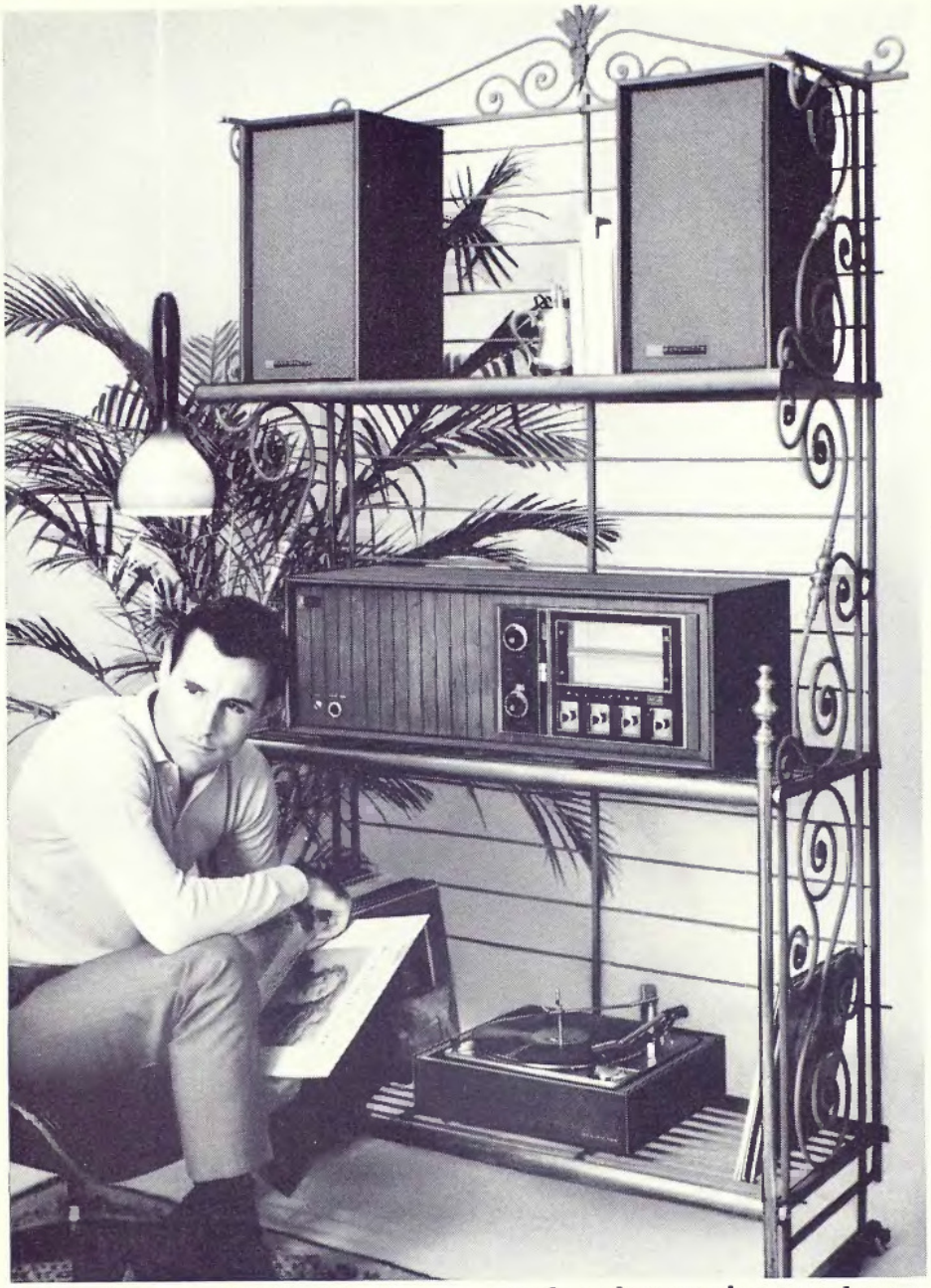

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Shawn Drive and shoopa shoopa out of sight. But! Whaaaaaaaaoooooooouuuuuuuuu gggggggghhhhhhh! Do one's senses *deceive* one? Does one *hear*, "Happy . . . Chr*ist*mas! . . . to . . . *all* AND to . . . all!!! a *good*!!!!!!! NI . . . GH . . . T!!!!!" But exactly! Zowie! Swock! Plonk! Shazam! Urp! Wheep! Lulu!

The mind *boggles*, baby.

•

Jail authorities in East Baton Rouge parish, Louisiana, uncharitably decided not to forward a letter addressed to Santa Claus by a prisoner who signed himself "John the Con." He'd asked St. Nick to bring him "a cutting torch, about 50 feet of strong nylon rope and a pair of track shoes."

•

A two-bedroom home for sale in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, was advertised in the local *Press* as an ideal retreat for those in search of "a little piece and quiet."

•

A communiqué just received from our man in Britain has us wondering uneasily if there'll always be an England. Accompanying a large shipment of ballistic missiles to an English military base, he swears, was an order from the British Admiralty that went as follows: "It is necessary for technical reasons that these warheads be stored upside down, that is, with the top at the bottom and the bottom at the top. In order that there be no doubt as to which is the bottom and which the top, for storage purposes, it will be seen that the bottom of each warhead has been labeled with the word 'TOP.' "

•

Sign of the times spotted in the window of a Greenwich Village clothing store: ALL OUR GARMENTS ARE CONVERTIBLE. CAN BE WORN BY BOY, GIRL OR WHAT HAVE YOU.

•

The power of the press was brought happily home to us by a copy of *The Bulletin of the Los Angeles World Affairs Council* in which the editor, David C. Henley, recounts an international incident that befell him on a recent trip to Berlin. On Henley's way through Checkpoint Charlie to take a tour of East Berlin, his car was halted by a young *Volkspolizist* for a routine search. In the course of his inspection, the people's policeman spotted—and immediately seized—an issue of PLAYBOY that happened to be sitting on the ledge behind the back seat.

"After thumbing through the magazine," wrote Henley, "he looked up at me, smiled, and said in broken English, 'PLAYBOY magazine not allowed in People's Republic. I will give it back to you when your stay in East Berlin is over and you re-enter West Berlin.' Five hours later, we came back to Checkpoint Charlie on our way back and asked the guard

# TAME IT'S NOT

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for our magazine. He grinned sheepishly and told us he had 'lost' it. Rather than argue with the fellow, we considered our loss to be his gain, and drove back to the West. About a week later I was reading the European edition of *The New York Times* when I saw a picture of two East Berlin border guards who had escaped to West Berlin by running across the border at Checkpoint Charlie. One of them turned out to be the *Volkspolizist* who had 'lost' our PLAYBOY."

In Henley's opinion, the young man decided to defect after reading PLAYBOY's articles by J. Paul Getty.

•

We were disenchanted to find in the Montreal *Star* a notice of application for divorce filed by a woman against her husband on the grounds of adultery. His name was Howard R. Faithful.

•

For many years, in a Haverhill, Massachusetts, public park, stood a four-foot bronze statue that bore the title *Diogenes and Lantern in Search for an Honest Man*. Not long ago it was stolen.

•

Our condolences to the Joliet, Illinois, fire chief whose car caught fire and burned not long ago—while parked inside the firehouse.

•

A want ad in New York's *Catholic News* not too long ago presaged an unexpected ecumenical victory for the Church's liberal wing: "Chambermaid-waitress in rectory. Love in. $200 a month. Refs required. Reply giving age, experience. Q.M. 10th fl., 251 Park Ave. So., N.Y."

•

In Little Rock, Arkansas, according to the Associated Press, a local TV newscaster named George Moore was recently recognized by a bank teller when he walked up to her window. "I've seen you many times on television," the woman gushed—and delayed him for more than a minute with a flood of flattery. When she finally got around to asking him what she could do for him, he said, "I'd like to cash a check." "Do you have any identification?" she asked.

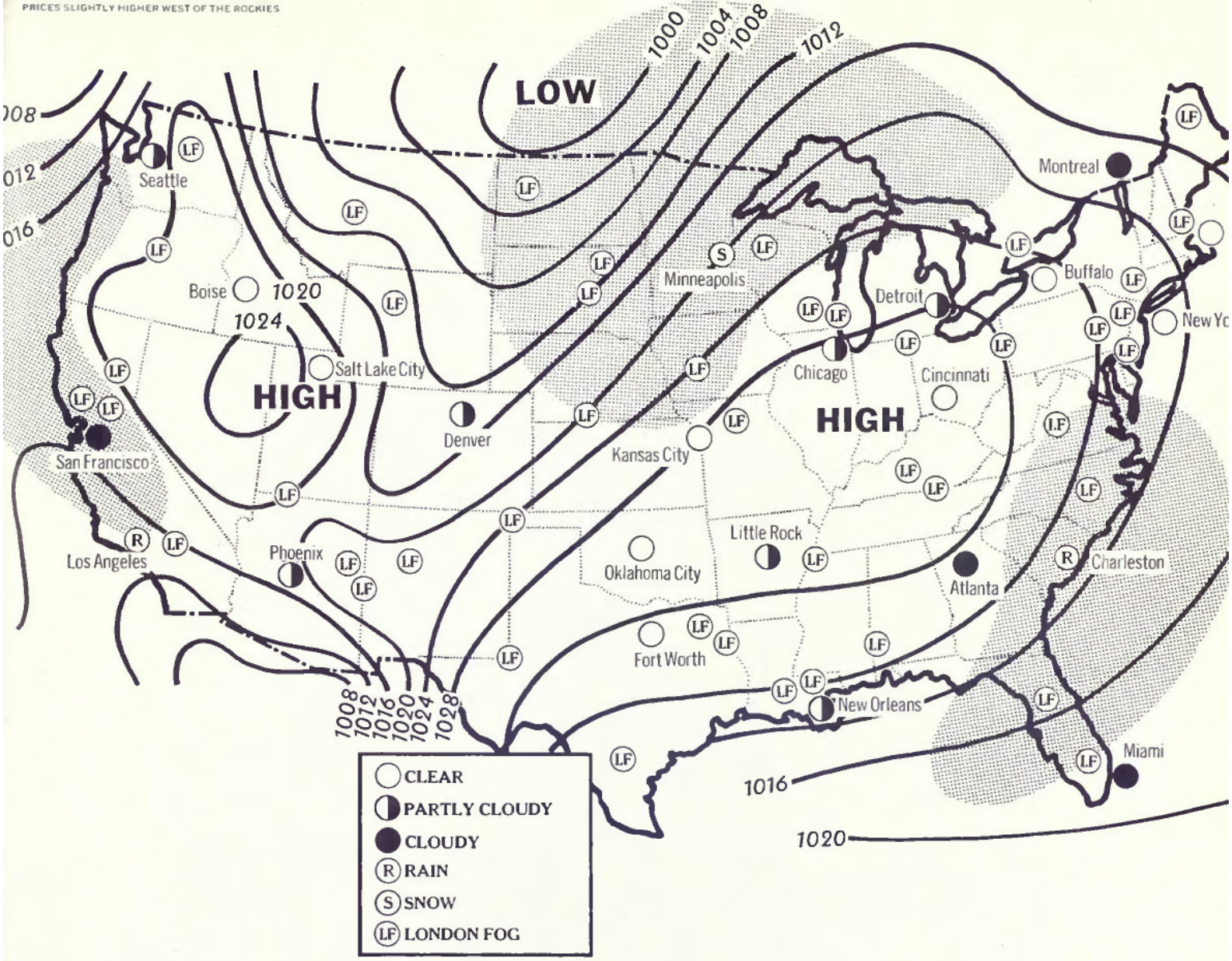
•

We know that visitors to Boston won't want to miss a tour through Harvard University's new Carpenter Center for Visual Arts after reading this description of it in a folder distributed by the Navy League: "It exemplifies conceptualistic innuendo pyramided upon spatial forbearance and altogether tokenish of tactile cosmological luminous volumentality."

•

Anti-ROK-Around-the-Clock: The *Chicago Sun-Times* reports that North Korean tunesmiths, spurred on by a Commie command to put more upbeat Marxist sizzle in their efforts, have now turned

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

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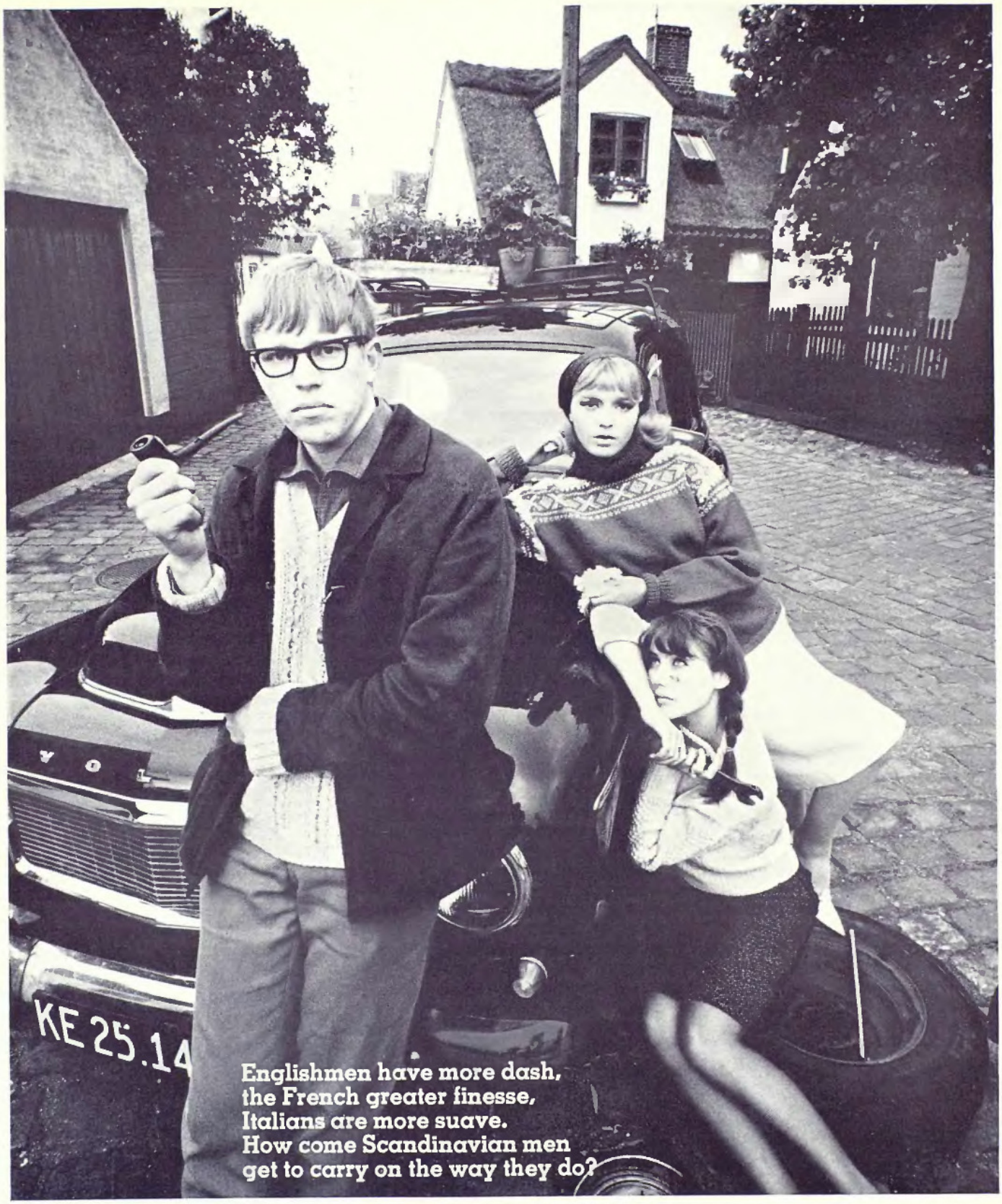
out such toe-tapping swingers as *Holding the Flag Handed Over by a Comrade-in-Arms; Comrade-in-Arms, We Will Avenge You; The Heart Burning with Revengeful Thought;* and a sure bet to make the Chosen charts—*Mother Joins the Ranks.*

## MOVIES

Director Tony Richardson, after a bitter experience a few years back, left Hollywood muttering that "revolution would have to come from without." Returning after his blockbuster triumph with *Tom Jones* (made in England) to direct the Martin Ransohoff production of ***The Loved One*** for MGM, he presumably decided that revolution was possible from within, for not only has he kicked the local film industry around in a wildly satirical and insanely embellished adaptation—by Terry Southern and Christopher Isherwood—of the Evelyn Waugh novel, but in taking off on Southern California's burial practices and the general American preoccupation with beautiful death, he has aimed straight for the jugular vein. The casting is oddball all the way: Robert Morse as a transplanted English poet who learns the facts of death in California; Anjanette Comer—a real comer—as the beautiful and voluptuous cosmetician of the Whispering Glades Funeral Park; Jonathan Winters in dual roles: (1) the grasping, lecherous boss of the funeral establishment and (2) a ne'er-do-well agent who opens a cemetery for deceased pets; John Gielgud as a studio designer and, later, as a corpse candidate for interment at Whispering Glades; Rod Steiger as Mr. Joyboy, mother-doting chief embalmer; Liberace as a mincing coffin salesman. The film bull's-eyes on several satirical targets—not only the burial industry, but the space agencies, nepotism in the film studios, momism, and the reckless pursuit of outdoor life and outdoor death in California. It's hilarious at least half the time, funny enough for most of the remainder, and occasionally a bit sluggish when Richardson lingers on a point too long or whacks it too broadly. If the movie is the success it deserves to be, Richardson will have taken a significant step toward his revolutionary goal.

•

***King Rat*** is about a rat named King—an American POW in a huge World War Two Japanese prison camp near Singapore. King has "organized" the camp: He procures favors, makes deals and moola, runs a small political ward; but most important, he wins over and morally weakens a veddy upper-class British officer. The theme is how, in this sleazy setting, human beings remain human beings—good, bad and both—and feed their virtues and vices almost as a




**Englishmen have more dash, the French greater finesse, Italians are more suave. How come Scandinavian men get to carry on the way they do?**

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What Scandinavian men have

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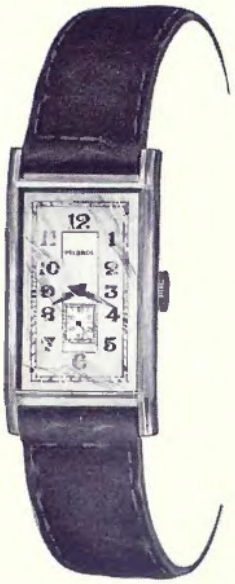

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way to survive the starvation and neglect. There's the MP lieutenant who is more chickenspit in camp than out, the weak colonel who is on (Corporal) King's payroll, the pair of officers in charge of weighing rice who juggle the weights. Comes the liberation and the English toff is happy, but King, uncrowned, slinks off. George (*Ship of Fools*) Segal is wily and keen as King, James (*The Servant*) Fox is first-class as the friend, Tom (*Billy Liar*) Courtenay makes a mean MP. Bryan Forbes, who wrote the script from James Clavell's hit novel, also directed, and with a major job like this, he ought now to be a major figure; but he isn't—not quite yet. As *The L-Shaped Room* showed, Forbes relies more on the tried and true than on invention. Despite his failings, however, Forbes here forges a long film that rarely falters.

•

Tom Courtenay changes uniforms and wars for ***King and Country***, in which he plays a World War One tommy in France. He's been in the trenches for three years, is practically the last survivor of his original unit, and one day he simply walks away from the guns. Like that. After a few days he's caught and is brought back for court-martial—which is the stuff of the story. It's meant to be a microcosm of the murderousness and mercilessness of war, but if it weren't so consciously microcosmic, it might move us more. Everything seems grimly symbolic. Not that war isn't grim, but neither is it neatly arranged in symbols. Dirk Bogarde and Joseph Losey, star and director of *The Servant*, are together again here. Bogarde, who has been good for a long time and keeps getting better, gives a prime performance as the class-conscious captain assigned to the defense. Losey has some tendency to ham (as in a mock trial of a trapped rat that's supposed to mimic the main plot), but he does some masterful work with close-ups. The lighting is studio lighting and the rain is studio rain, the film's cramped, compact feeling reflects the stage play that it once was; but, if the film is short on impact, it still has an air of intelligence. A lighter touch would have given it more weight.

•

Arthur Penn, big on Broadway, directed his first two films—*The Left-Handed Gun* and *The Miracle Worker*—stylishly but unsteadily. Now, in ***Mickey One***, Penn has sharpened his cinematic skills and has expended a load of talent on a script that is just a load. He gets the best performance so far out of Warren Beatty in what is not Beatty's best part—a night-club comic in Detroit who gets in very deep with the gamblers and blows town and his identity. After four years on the lam he ends up in Chicago, gets a dishwashing job under a Polish name which is shortened by his boss to Mickey

No wonder he
likes to watch me
get dressed...
this is fun.

Is it possible to be in love with two big bony bare feet... is it possible to love that funny little football scar on his knee... is it possible to love a shirt. Hello, shirt. I love you.

I love you because you're not just a dumb any old shirt. You have crackle. Red blood. Conviction. And a Van Heusen taper that fits like muscles.

In fact, there's such a beef and brawn man's look to that twill that it's almost like the two of you have a conspiracy against me.

Okay, shirt. Go on. Go out there at this crazy hour and shoot and swear and drink your whiskey straight and leave me here in town all alone for the day. I don't care.

Yes, I do. Yes, I do.

Is it possible to hate a shirt?

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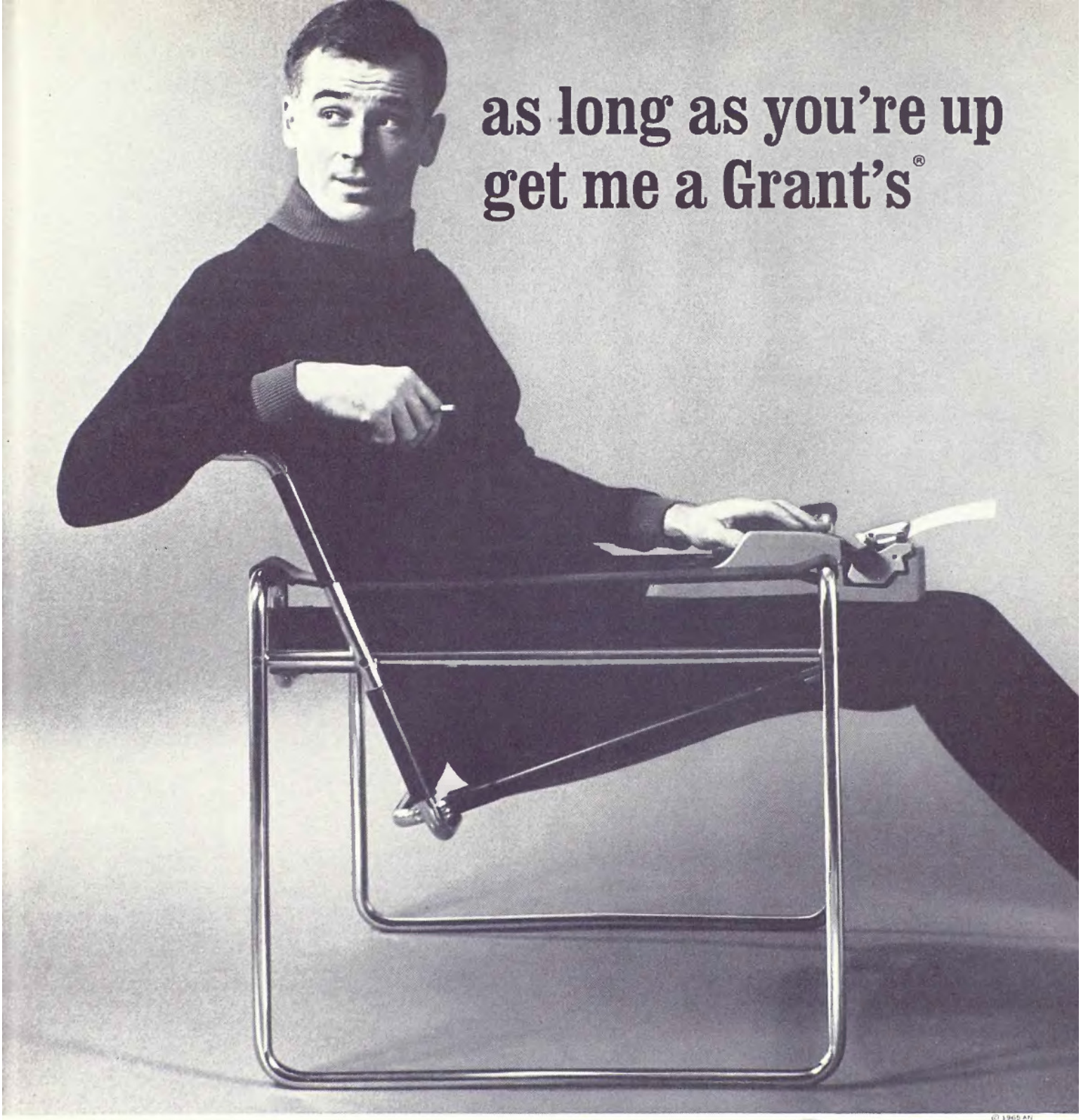
One, then (illogically, if he's really hiding out) takes a job as a small-club comic, fights a move to a classier club (illogically, since he's appearing anyway), falls for a girl who is the least attractive of any in the picture. It's all supposed to mean something about the jungle around us and the false gods above us, but what we get is a gummed-up plot, saddled with symbolism and sheer romanticism in the midst of superrealism (the "nice" girl moves in with him scant minutes after they meet). And some of the understated dialog is simply not understandable. It would all be bullsville except that a few of the actors—Teddy Hart as an agent, Hurd Hatfield as a hot-shot—are aces, and Penn's eye and imagination are outstanding. Also, he's had the sense to decorate the film with delicious Donna Michelle, 1964 Playmate of the Year, as one of Beatty's girls. And Benny Dunn, PLAYBOY's Public Relations Manager, manages his own public relations nicely as a club comic. It's Alan Surgal's script that messes things up, which proves that the Penn is mightier than the Surgal.

•

Jean-Luc Godard, one of the high tides of the French New Wave, has made a lot of films since his breath-taking *Breathless*, and most of them were flimflams. In ***The Married Woman,*** there's still plenty of affectation but, for a change, there's also plenty of effect. Macha Meril is an immediate improvement (Godard had been stuck on Anna Karina, and so were his pictures). Miss Meril plays a young Paris wife who's having an affair with an actor. The film opens with them in bed. Then there is some other stuff. Then, next day, there's bed again with the actor. The "other stuff" is just that—Godardian guff: extemporized soliloquies, chapter titles on the screen, overheard talk in cafés. The three long bed scenes are the business of the picture—and it's a fascinating business. Not passion-pit pulsing, but a sensitive exploration of the wife's effort to understand what this power is that she has and that has *her*; why she's in bed with one man when she loves another; how she can say "love" to both of them. These scenes are punctuated with fade-outs and -ins, although they're practically continuous—possibly to fulfill Godard's subtitle, "Fragments of a Film Made in 1964." The method makes it seem like pieces of a puzzle the wife is trying to fit together. Miss Meril, Philippe Leroy (husband), Bernard Noel (lover) are OK. Raoul Coutard, the cameraman, is A-OK, making whole scenes out of one rounded leg in the air or a navel that looks like the eye of mother earth.

•

Gags about the title of ***The Agony and the Ecstasy*** are easy, and there's no reason why they shouldn't be. Irving Stone's novel about Michelangelo was nauseating. The film version has the

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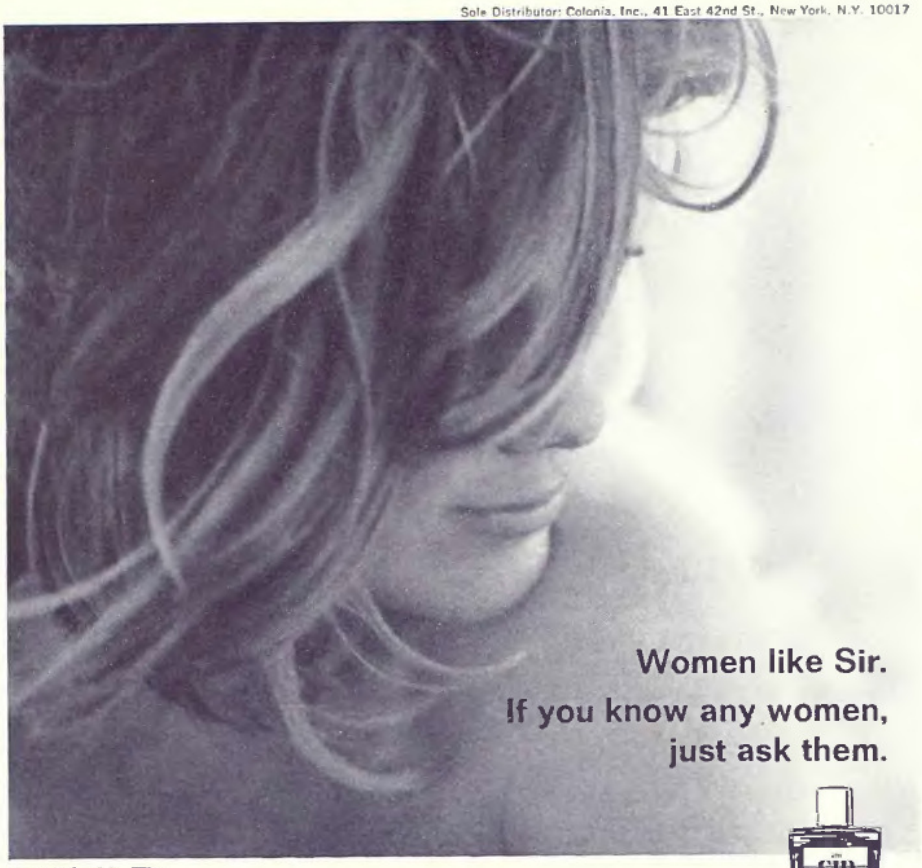


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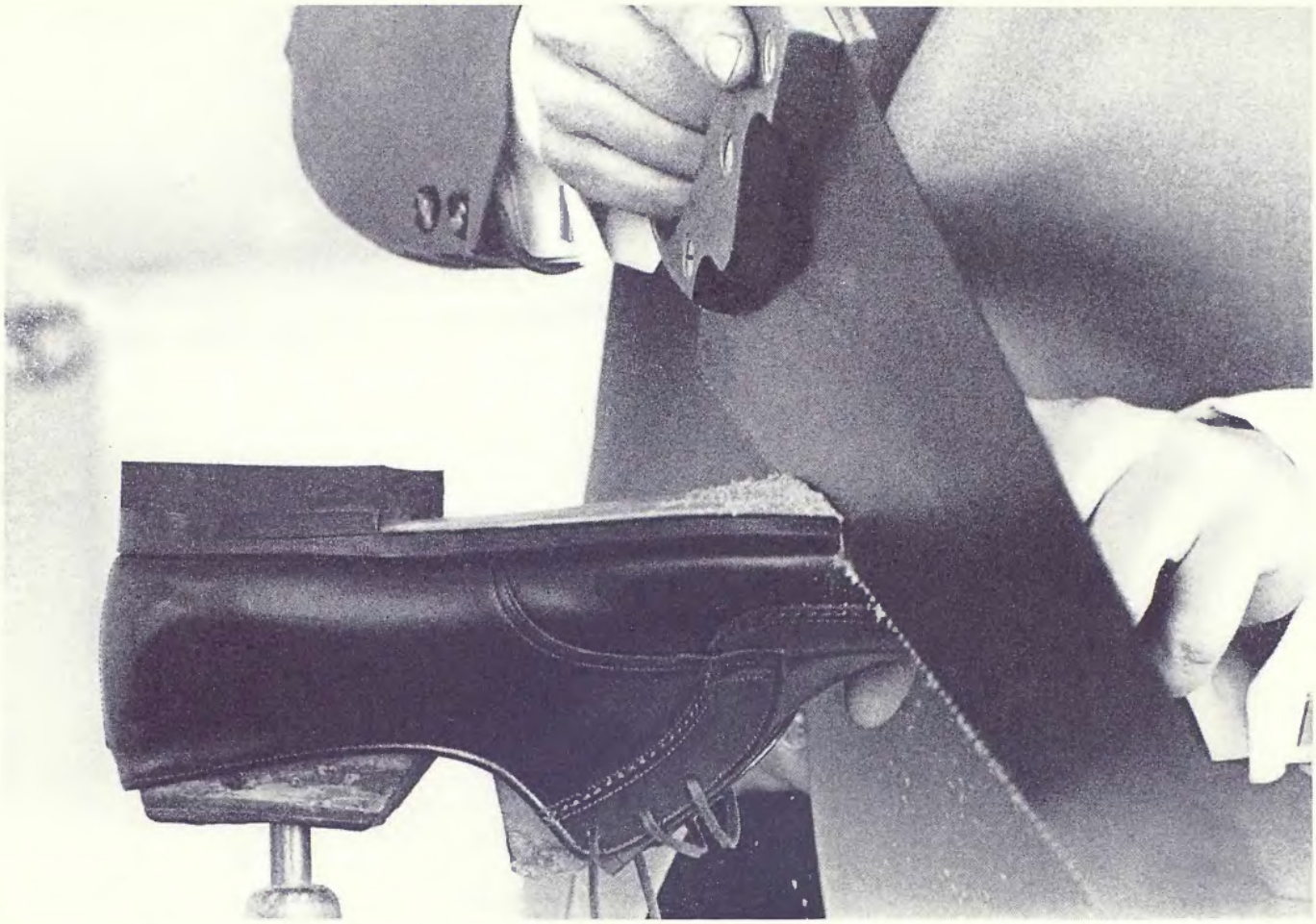
advantage of showing some of M.'s art; otherwise its only plus is that it's shorter than the book and most TODD-AO color colossi. Philip Dunne, the adaptor, has stumbled on an obstacle that has thrown much better men: It's impossible to dramatize genius. What could be duller than watching Shakespeare pen a play or Beethoven scratch out a symphony? It's not much more interesting to watch somebody paint the Sistine ceiling. To compensate, Dunne has beefed up and boiled down the quarrel-friendship between the artist and patron Pope Julius II; he has put in lots of Julius' military melees, and has given the painter a platonic girlfriend (which was the way he preferred them). Because the flick was shot in Italy, some superb scenes were inevitable—the marble quarries at Carrara, a battle with bannered troops outside a walled Tuscan town—but the creaking of the tired dedicated-genius plot machine is never absent for long. Most of the minor actors are disastrously dubbed Italians. Diane Cilento seems wrapped in cellophane. Two small surprises. Rex Harrison (Julius), a fine actor, doesn't seem to get hold of his part until the second half of the film when Charlton Heston (Michelangelo), a wooden actor, actually comes to life. A prologue about Michelangelo's work, beautifully photographed by Leon Shamroy, runs a tenth as long as the feature and is worth at least ten times as much.

## RECORDINGS

***Ray Charles / Country and Western Meets Rhythm and Blues*** (ABC-Paramount) is The Genius at the top of his form. Backed by the Jack Halloran Singers and the Raelets (combining their voices on three of the bands), Charles divides his time between the two musical idioms which, apparently, are rapidly losing their dividing line. Among the C&W/R&B gems: *I Like to Hear It Sometime, Blue Moon of Kentucky, All Night Long* and *Watch It Baby.*

•

The three best big bands in the business all have offerings this go-round: ***Will Big Bands Ever Come Back? / Duke Ellington and His Orchestra*** (Reprise) asks the musical question with tributes to a dozen outsized aggregations. The Duke of Ellington and his troops go as far afield as Wayne King's *The Waltz You Saved for Me* and Fred Waring's *Sleep, Sleep, Sleep,* both of which, by some wondrous alchemy, become splendid ensemble jazz. ***Woody Herman and His Swinging Herd / My Kind of Broadway*** (Columbia) is a big, luscious slice of the Apple, with Woody's wild ones staging a rumble in Shubert Alley. Nat Pierce, Bill Holman and Raoul Romero have



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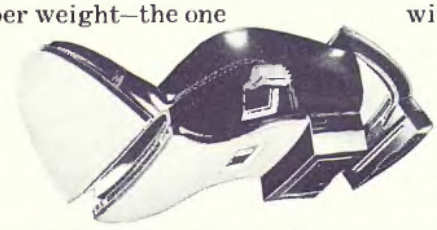

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Jimmy Smith returns to trio format to make driving jazz. Kenny Burrell and Grady Tate help boot things along.....Verve V/V6-8628

Kenny Burrell plays many different styles of guitar, with large ensemble arrangements by Gil Evans. A jazz *must!*.....Verve V/V6-8612

Newer than Camp, so in it might even be out, that's "The 'In' Sound," and Gary McFarland. But listen... *deep*.....Verve V/V6-8632

VERVE

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the lion's share of the charting chores. Our favorite showstoppers: *My Favorite Things* from *The Sound of Music* and the swinging opener, *I Feel Pretty* from *West Side Story*. All of the items on ***Basie Picks the Winners*** (Verve) were arranged by Bill Byers, who evidently has the key to the heart of the Basie band. The ensemble sound is impeccable and driving (*I Won't Cry Anymore* should serve as a model for neophyte band leaders) and the solo voices of tenor man Eddie Davis and trombonist Al Grey are clarion.

•

Call it camp; call it what you will, but ***Marlene*** (Capitol), in which the gorgeous grandma sings *A Little on the Lonely Side, Hush Little Baby, The Little Drummer Boy* and *Puff, the Magic Dragon* in German, knocks us out. There's a weird, not-of-this-world quality about the dusky-voiced Dietrich singing, in a hoarse stage whisper, *Die Antwort weiss ganz allein der Wind*, the *deutsch* version of Bob Dylan's *Blowing in the Wind*.

•

There is a haunting lyricism about ***Paul Desmond / Glad to Be Unhappy*** (Victor), due in no small measure to featured guitarist Jim Hall, who complements Desmond's torchy alto perfectly on an indigo assortment of goodies ranging from the opening title Rodgers-and-Hartthrobber through Bobby Scott's contemplative *A Taste of Honey* to the Matt Dennis stand-by, *Angel Eyes*.

•

***That's All / Mel Tormé*** (Columbia) is more than enough. Proffering a plenitude of tender tone poems, Tormé shows how it's done by a real pro. In addition to the matchless title refrain, there are on hand such superb standards as *What Is There to Say?, The Nearness of You* and *My Romance*. Mel was never mellower.

•

Three fascinating examples of religious music in a contemporary vein are at hand. ***Misa Criolla*** (Philips) is a beautifully packaged presentation of the Catholic Mass using the rhythms and traditions of Latin America. As composed by Ariel Ramirez and performed by Los Fronterizos Chorus and Orchestra under his direction, it is both inspirational and vitally alive. Side two of the album is *Navidad Nuestra*, a folk drama of the Nativity which, though interesting, lacks the dramatic quality of the *Misa Criolla*. ***Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts / Paul Horn*** (Victor), composed and conducted by Lalo Schifrin, is a bold excursion into the realm of liturgy. Argentinian Schifrin, in his writing for instrumentalists and chorus, has not been afraid to take chances. The free form of his *Credo*, for instance, takes more than one auditing to absorb, but his

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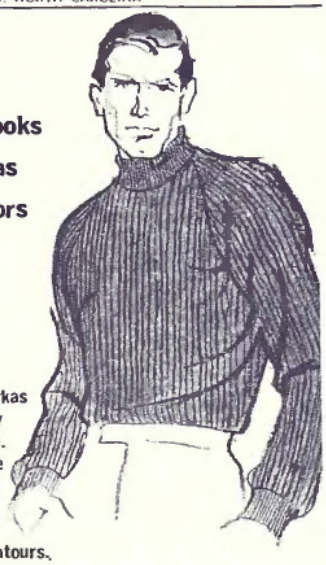

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combining of the jazz talents of a stellar group of West Coast musicians, led by Horn, with a chorus, is masterful. Less successful is ***Vince Guaraldi at Grace Cathedral*** (Fantasy). The Guaraldi Trio is woven into the context of a Mass, working in and around the 68-voice choir, and the results, while inspired at times, are in the main neither terribly creative nor significantly moving.

•

***Trumpets' Greatest Hits / Bobby Hackett*** (Epic) gives the consummate cornetist a crack at a flock of horn favorites—Bunny Berigan's *I Can't Get Started*, Ziggy Elman's *And the Angels Sing*, Harry James' *Ciribiribin*. In almost every case Hackett improves on the original, even when he has to struggle against a backdrop of soggy strings.

•

***The Serendipity Singers Sing of: Love, Lies and Flying Festoons, Clams, Psychiatrists, Draft Evasion, Lilac Trees, Muddy Rivers, Plastic, Elephants, Infidelity, Monkeys, Desertion, Boa Constrictors . . . Etc., and Other Songs by Shel Silverstein*** (Philips), if not the most succinct LP title ever conceived, is possibly the most antic. The folk group bravely tackles a small spectacular of our own Shel's very special brand of tunesmithing (see *The Shel Silverstein Songbook* elsewhere in this issue). The spectrum is as broad as Shel's imagination, ranging from poignant ballads to nonsense ditties based on creatures out of *Silverstein's Zoo*.

•

***Sueños (Dreams) / Laurindo Almeida*** (Capitol) is made up of solo performances by the Brazilian guitarist, who turns his attentions to a wide variety of items from both sides of the border. Standouts are *Laura*, *Malagueña*, *Tea for Two* and Almeida's own *Braziliance*. But no matter what the source of his inspiration, Almeida demonstrates that he is a virtuoso of the Spanish guitar.

•

A swinging delight is ***Trini Lopez / The Rhythm and Blues Album*** (Reprise). It's a métier that fits Trini like his guitar. Don Costa's charts keep things moving right along as Lopez lopes through the likes of *Watermelon Man*, *I Got a Woman* and *Shout* in freewheeling fashion.

•

***Playboy Presents Johnny Janis / Once in a Blue Moon*** (Monument), produced by Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner, is a beautiful showcase for the young singer. Backed by a Dick Marx–batoned, 30-piece orchestra, playing arrangements by eminent chartist Don Costa, Johnny superbly sustains a romantic mood throughout. The dozen ballads benefiting from Playboy Club favorite Janis' rich baritone include the haunting *I Had Myself a True Love*, from the Harold Arlen–Johnny Mercer score for *St. Louis Woman*, *Cryin' for the Carolines*, and the 50-year-old, but still magical, *Melancholy Baby*. The rest are of similar


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caliber. (For more about Johnny, see this month's *On the Scene*.)

•

On ***Pete Seeger / Strangers and Cousins*** (Columbia), the charismatic balladeer uses a favorite device—a round-the-world theme—to assemble a varied assortment of folk songs. Some are as old as *Kevin Barry* (Irish rebellion, 1920), others as new as Bob Dylan's recent *Masters of War* (masterfully performed before a Japanese audience, with an intervocular translation giving it a dirgelike quality). In all of them, Seeger displays his brilliant rapport with an audience, domestic *or* foreign. More Seeger can be heard on ***The Weavers Reunion at Carnegie Hall, Part 2*** (Vanguard), the final installment of this group's farewell get-together (it says here). Weaverphiles will relish these stand-bys: *Frozen Logger, Kisses Sweeter Than Wine, Miner's Life* and *Old Smoky*. Gathered together are the original foursome —Seeger, Hays, Gilbert and Hellerman—as well as Seeger's later replacements: Darling, Hamilton and Krause. The effects of cross-culturation are aurally illustrated in ***Negro Folklore from Texas State Prisons*** (Elektra). Thirty years ago, when the Lomaxes were taping chain-gangers for the Library of Congress Archives, the roughhewn quality of the music predominated. Since then, prison chants have worked their way into the pop consciousness and *back* to the prison camps via TV (a privilege—among others —now granted to the forced laborers in Texas' prison setup). As a result, the work songs, blues, spirituals, preachings and toasts heard on this record sound remarkably like a Hollywood version of a chain gang: The melodies are true, the harmonies sharp, the rhythms even. Is that bad? Only if you're more interested in folklore than music. This record is definitely the latter, and very good music indeed. For those who dig a *big* sound, there are ***The Serendipity Singers / We Belong Together*** (Philips), an enthusiastic and highly polished group of nine which specializes in pop-oriented folk ditties. (For further comment on the Serendipities, see this month's review of their Shel Silverstein LP.) Seven transcripts of 1964's Newport Folk Festival, on the other hand, contain folkdom's purest of the pure. A little of this and a little of that, by a variety of performers, is collected on ***The Newport Folk Festival, 1964, Evening Concerts, Volumes 1, 2, 3*** (Vanguard). These are supplemented by other Vanguard discs, ***The Blues at Newport, 1964, Parts 1, 2*** and ***Traditional Music at Newport, 1964, Parts 1, 2***. In ***Jackie Washington at Club 47*** (Vanguard), a Negro–Puerto Rican, bred in Boston, displays his eclectic citybilly background in his wide-ranging material —spirituals, bluegrass, Spanish, topical and others. Washington overpowers you with neither "ethnic appeal" nor vocal excellence nor guitar technique, but his persuasive handling of a song combined

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with his unpretentiousness add up to a positively compelling performance. Verve Records recently acquired the Folkways library, a gold mine of ethnic collector's items. Early re-releases under the Verve/Folkways label include: ***Leadbelly / Take This Hammer, Cisco Houston / Passing Through, Woody Guthrie / Bed on the Floor, The Roots of "Lightnin'" Hopkins, Pete Seeger / On Campus*** and ***Big Bill Broonzy and Pete Seeger / In Concert.***

•

***Judy Garland and Liza Minnelli "Live" at the London Palladium*** (Capitol) is a two-LP package full of sound and fury and not too much else, we're afraid. Judy can still belt with the best of them, but when Liza has the solo spotlight (which is quite often) or when she teams up with her mom, it leaves much to be desired. If you take away the feverish idolatry of the audience, which does create a certain amount of excitement, you're left with a rather ragged performance by Miss Minnelli and a valiant if unsuccessful effort by Judy to fill the breach.

•

***Telemann: Instrumental Music / The Telemann Society*** (Counterpoint/Esoteric) contains works for oboe, recorder and harpsichord by the 18th Century composer that are filled with a jewellike fragility. Which is not to deny their substance; as played by Theodora Schulze (oboe and recorder), Richard Schulze (recorder) and Dorothy Walters (harpsichord), they have much to offer the listener.

## ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

When crooner **Tony Bennett** signed up early this year to play the role of a press agent in Paramount's forthcoming movie *The Oscar*, it looked like a long, hot summer under Hollywood's klieg lights. The role calls for not a note of song from a singer born to vocalize and, understandably, Tony was brought down by the prospect of a hiatus from singing during July, throughout August and most of September. Enter the Hollywood twist: At a party for Dean Martin held in the Los Angeles Playboy Club's Penthouse, Tony wound up—inevitably—on stage singing for the folks. And—inevitably—this led to a most unusual, perhaps unique, arrangement with the Club's management to secure Tony's talent during his Hollywood stay: Bennett's Ralph Sharon Trio (Sharon, piano; Hal Gaylor, bass; Billy Exiner, drums) would work at the Club on a regular nightly basis while Tony was making the movie; Tony, in turn, would show up to sing informally (with underheralded billing) any night he felt like it. It goes almost without saying that he felt like it several nights during the week and every weekend. It made Hollywood history during

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August and September. Tony's closing night was as informal as the others as he ran through 25 minutes of Bennettiana ranging from a medium-grooving *Makin' the Scene* to his closing trademark, *One for My Baby*. Looking spruce and lean, Tony was "on" from bar one. He poured himself into the lyric of *Yesterdays* and followed it with a slightly up-tempoed version of Richard Rodgers' *Take the Moment*, which was embellished by a swinging, intelligent Sharon piano solo. If you're in a night club digging Tony Bennett, what do you request? What else? *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* was given a miraculously fresh handling by Bennett who, with faithful trio at hand, *segued* right into *I Wanna Be Around* and wound up back in *San Francisco*. By then requests were streaming in, but Tony launched into *One for My Baby*, perhaps on the assumption he was through for the set. The audience would have none of it, particularly after digging Exiner's romping shuffle beat behind the singer. It put the customers in the mood for more of the same. This turned out to be a tender chorus or two of *It Amazes Me*, in the course of which Tony's astonishing level of communication with his audience was tellingly evident. Once more, dear friends, into the breach for the bow-off with a *One for My Baby* reprise. Again, no dice. Fervid applause evoked an emotion-laden *Who Can I Turn To*, with the singer vibrating to each lyrical Tony Newley syllable. The audience then settled for autographs from the star before he finally escaped. "I've had a wonderful summer," Bennett said later. "It started out to be just work on the picture. Then, before I knew what was happening, this Playboy thing came up and I had a ball."

## BOOKS

John F. Kennedy, according to his close friend and special counsel Theodore C. Sorensen, "was the kind of President who would want a great book written about his Administration." Sorensen's **Kennedy** (Harper & Row) is not "a great book," but it *is* solid: and it shares with its distinguished subject a respect for reason and a fear of sentiment (lest it lapse into sentimentality). Sorensen's analysis of the Bay of Pigs failure, for example, is a model of logic and thoroughness. He observes that the plan the President approved "was diplomatically unwise and militarily doomed from the outset," but "what he thought he was approving appeared at the time to have diplomatic acceptability and little chance of outright failure." This chapter alone justifies the book. Sorensen writes with genuine devotion to his man: his bias is explicit: "Having formed a strong attachment for John Kennedy, I cannot now attend an attitude of complete detachment." Yet he

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has given us much objective history, and considerable insight into the mind of John F. Kennedy. "He had a disciplined and analytical mind," Sorensen writes. "Even his instincts . . . came from his reason rather than his hunches. . . . He was neither willing nor able to be flamboyant or melodramatic." Sorensen himself has uncannily assumed these Kennedy qualities in his book.

•

The sad and simple truth that emerges from John O'Hara's career as a novelist is this: The more complex the literary form, the less capable he is of controlling and shaping it. Unfortunately, he keeps on churning out books in a most reticulated novelistic form—an outsized glass in which his flaws are magnified to a point where they overwhelm the reader. *From the Terrace* was probably the worst of the stupefying lot, because the longest. But O'Hara's latest attempt at establishing himself as America's answer to Galsworthy is nearly as torpid. ***The Lockwood Concern*** (Random House) lacks almost every virtue that dignified his early *Appointment in Samarra*. It is nowhere clear why the author has called his characters together, since the book has no discernible point. And most of the characters are barely one-dimensional, though a few achieve a shadowy second dimension by dint of being around for so many, many pages. Logic and conscision are as foreign to the work as are humor and stylistic grace. There is only page after page of arid prose, detailing the lives and loves of the Lockwood family, who arrived in Swedish Haven, Pennsylvania, early in the 19th Century. The family concern is to stay there, grow rich and become the town's aristocracy. But one of the third generation, George, alienates his only son, who moves to California; and that is the end of the book. It is difficult not to wish that the very first of the Lockwoods had suffered a similar fate before he set out upon his reproductive career.

•

With his father a fat flagpole sitter, his mother a swinger, his grandmother a crooked poker player, and his grandfather a *grom* (minstrel) who later became a presser "by ladies' coats," what else could Allan Sherman be but My Son, the Folksinger? He could be—and was, to hear him tell it—a college kick-out, loser of many jobs, collector of bad jokes, party nuisance and total rejectee. In his autobiography, ***A Gift of Laughter*** (Atheneum), Sherman puts ethnics first. The Sherman Theory of Judaism: "All Jews are linked together by food." The corned-beef-stuffed Sherman has many theories, some funny, some serious. Serious Sherman tends to be sentimental, especially when he gets serious about comedy: "Comedy is gentle and sweet and good and intelligent and honest and


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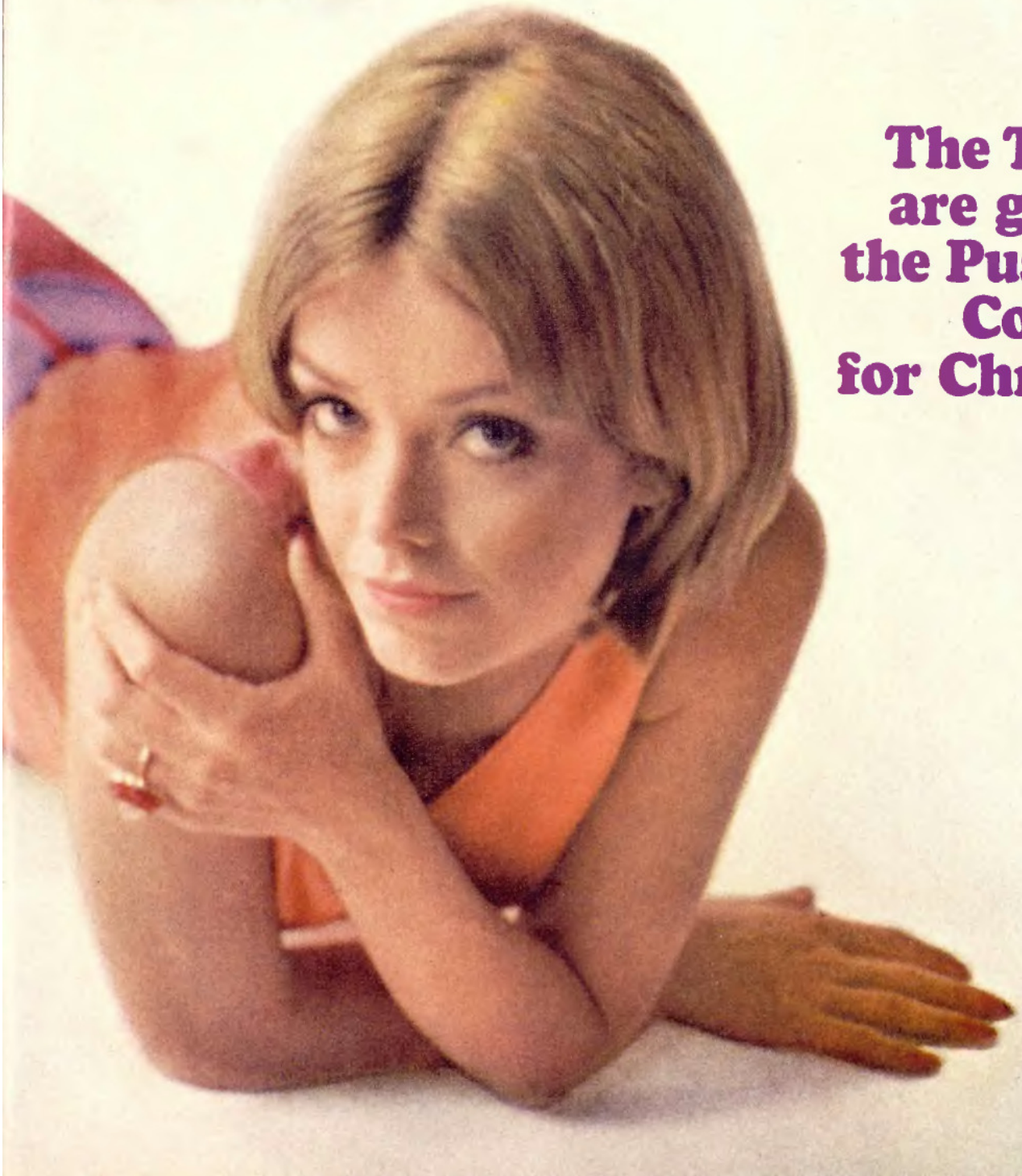

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that is what Harpo Marx is." But funny Sherman is uproarious, especially when he gets funny about tragedy. Tragedy? His whole life. A flop with girls (as PLAYBOY readers know from the chapter called "Puberty Revisited, or Sex and the Single Sherman," first published here in July), yet bounced out of the University of Illinois for what was supposed to be turpitude, he bounced to New York. After months of spoon-feeding gags to comics for a pittance, he and a friend sat down and made up the TV show *I've Got a Secret* and sold what was to become a bonanza to the Messrs. Goodson and Todman for one dollar. In the bargain, though, Sherman became a TV producer—his secret, so far as the public was concerned. To soothe himself through repeated firings, he ate more, went to four psychiatrists and sang loud and lousily at parties. But everybody laughed. Harpo. Jack Benny. George Burns. Finally, stripped of his last producerial epaulets and living with his wife and two children in an $85,000 house on $55 a week unemployment, he decided to make a record of his party parodies. To Sherman's astonishment, the record sold a million. Forced to perform his little songs—*Sarah Jackman; 76 Sol Cohens; Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh*—in public, the bashful star was soon packing them into Carnegie Hall: "At the age of 38, after only 18 years of trying—I became an overnight success." Everybody was making nice on Allan Sherman. Only then did he sit down and try to put his life in order, between hard covers. "I say this is a funny book," he proclaims at the beginning, and this time he's not kidding.

•

Georges Simenon has probably solved as many mysteries as any writer in history. In his latest novel, ***The Little Saint*** (Harcourt, Brace and World), he merely poses one. Since it is the mystery of saintliness, his achievement lies not in providing definitive solutions but in discovering relevant clues. The book opens with what must be the least traumatic primal scene in all of literature, the little saint's older brother and sister peering through a hole in a bedsheet curtain at their mother and one of her casual lovers, then trying to imitate what they see ("Be careful with your teeth"), and continues on this elemental level through his childhood, adolescence and early years as a painter. "The-world-as-seen-through-the-eyes-of-a-child" is rendered so skillfully (and without the condescending "wonder and enchantment" so often attributed to children) that the reader not only gets the sense of a boy growing up, of a family falling apart, but of turn-of-the-century Paris itself, whole volumes of what is generously called social history condensed into single paragraphs. Some of the little saint's memories are as vivid as nightmares, some as vague as dreams. Yet it is the

measure of Simenon's talent that the world of his novel expands at precisely the pace of the child's sense of the expanding spaces of life. But why "saint"? Is the saint passionately committed to an inner vision? Or, as George Orwell insisted, merely devoid of human emotion, desiring only "to escape from the pain of living"? Does his spirit expand to encompass the universe? Or does it contract into self-protective apathy? Our only clue is his vague Leonardian smile, "a smile that was barely perceptible, like the reflection of an inner joy." Most artists try to show us what Mona Lisa is smiling at; only a few realize that it is a greater achievement to show us the smile itself. Simenon has written a mystery story of the spirit, and, while the reader is free to interpret the ambiguous clues any way he wants, to insist on conclusive answers would be as vain as trying to discover how many angels can dance on the head of a pin.

•

***The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter*** (Harcourt, Brace & World) is a trunkful of gems. It contains four stories that have never been published before (one of them—*Holiday*—very nearly among Katherine Anne's best); the others have made up her three previous collections: *Flowering Judas, Pale Horse, Pale Rider* and *The Leaning Tower*. To read them together is to be finely reminded of how fine she is, to be struck again by her range of locale and character (Mexico, New York, Germany, Texas), her fierce involvement with the fires of her time, and—along with her scope and contemporary sense—a delicacy of touch. Many of the basic materials of her novel *Ship of Fools* are treated here more subtly and succinctly: the Latin-American mess in *Flowering Judas*, the coming German catastrophe in her short novel *The Leaning Tower*, written in Berlin in 1931. Between the covers of this collection are caught the agony points of much of this century, in private life and public affairs—along with some of the high points of American literature.

•

"More books have been written about the erogenous zones of women than about the Nile Delta." You might, after that opening sentence of a book entitled ***Rich Man, Poor Man, Freud and Fruit*** (Simon & Schuster), expect its author to eschew writing yet another book about the sex life of women, especially so practiced a hand as Alexander King. Alas, he not only tackles the subject, but in doing so he fails to come up with anything new —or worthy of this wise gent with shaggy mustache, tired eyes and rapier tongue. Even the suggestive subtitle—"Advice to Amorous Ladies"—is a shill. For the advice King dispenses seems aimed at the spinster from Dubuque. His premise is very simple. Here, ladies, is what to look


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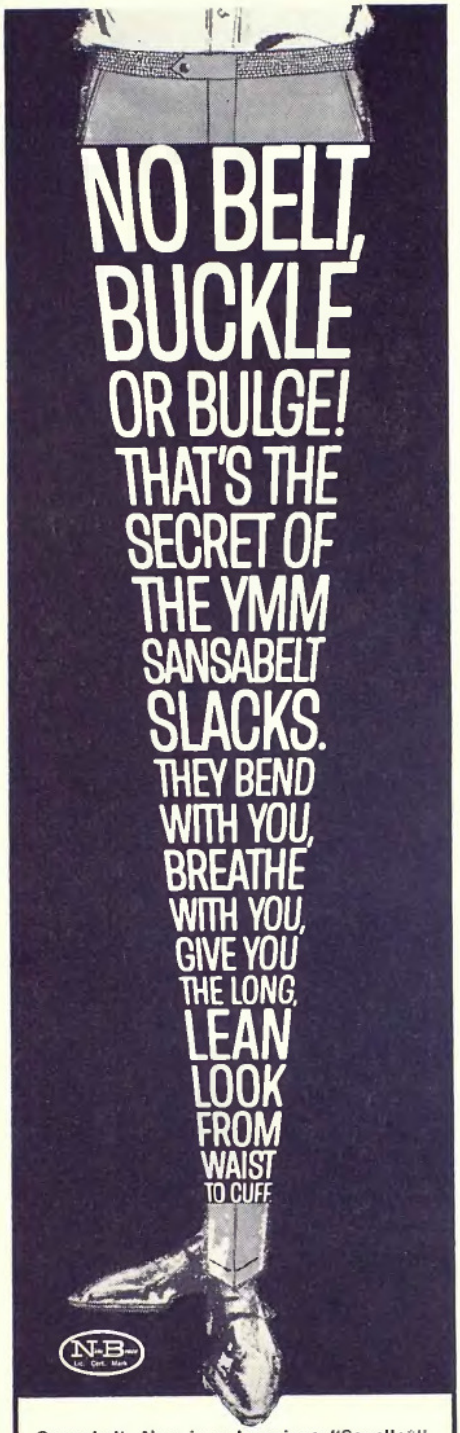


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for in potential lovers: (1) the man's occupation, (2) his nationality. King dispenses his advice with unaccustomed blandness and good temper except when dealing with homosexuals, whom he seems to have no use for at all. But what advice! For the woman who is after the tired businessman on the golf course and happens to be a good golfer herself: "Pretend that you are a duffer at the game, for you are likely to offend him in a most sensitive spot." For the woman who is after a Balkan type: "They are moody, that is to say, unreasonably gay and melancholy by turns, and easily become the victims of excessive drinking and sensuality." Well, now, Herman Wouk could have told us that. Surely we have the right to expect more from that frighteningly articulate walrus of a man who helped Jack Paar sustain a talk show on television over the years, from that master of the anecdote of individual feats of unconventionality. Jack Paar has retired from television, and if Alex King continues to deal out hands like "It is easier to fake intellect than virginity," his route will be clear.

•

John Updike probably has the most acutely perceptive eye of any American novelist working today. This comes close to being his undoing. In his latest work, ***Of the Farm*** (Knopf), his eye sees not too wisely but too well. To look at the world through Updike's eyes is like looking through a high-power microscope. What is revealed has the explosive excitement that comes from viewing the familiar in a brilliantly unfamiliar way; but like the microscope, Updike's eye is impersonal, sometimes almost inhuman, and often seems to choose its object more by chance than choice. *Of the Farm* doesn't have much of a plot—a man, with his new wife and her young son, visits his mother for a weekend. The novel, written in the first person, is all reverie and relationships. At one point, Joey, the narrator, tells his (second) wife Peggy that he loves her. "Well, you don't make me feel it," she replies. "You're so—how shall I say?—*busy*. I feel you're emotionally fussing at us all the time and making everything worse." Through much of his novel, Updike is emotionally fussing, and it certainly does make everything worse. Despite his interest in sexual coupling, he seems uncomfortable with both love and sex. His solution is to resort to hyperbole (one rhapsodic section likens intercourse to "a variety of landscapes, seeming now a snowy rolling perspective of bursting cotton bolls seen through the Negro arabesques of a fancywork wrought-iron balcony; now a taut vista of mesas dreaming in the midst of sere and dreaming ochre"); or else he resorts to clinical detachment and allows details to substitute for action. *Of the Farm* is not a novel; it is a long short story, about a


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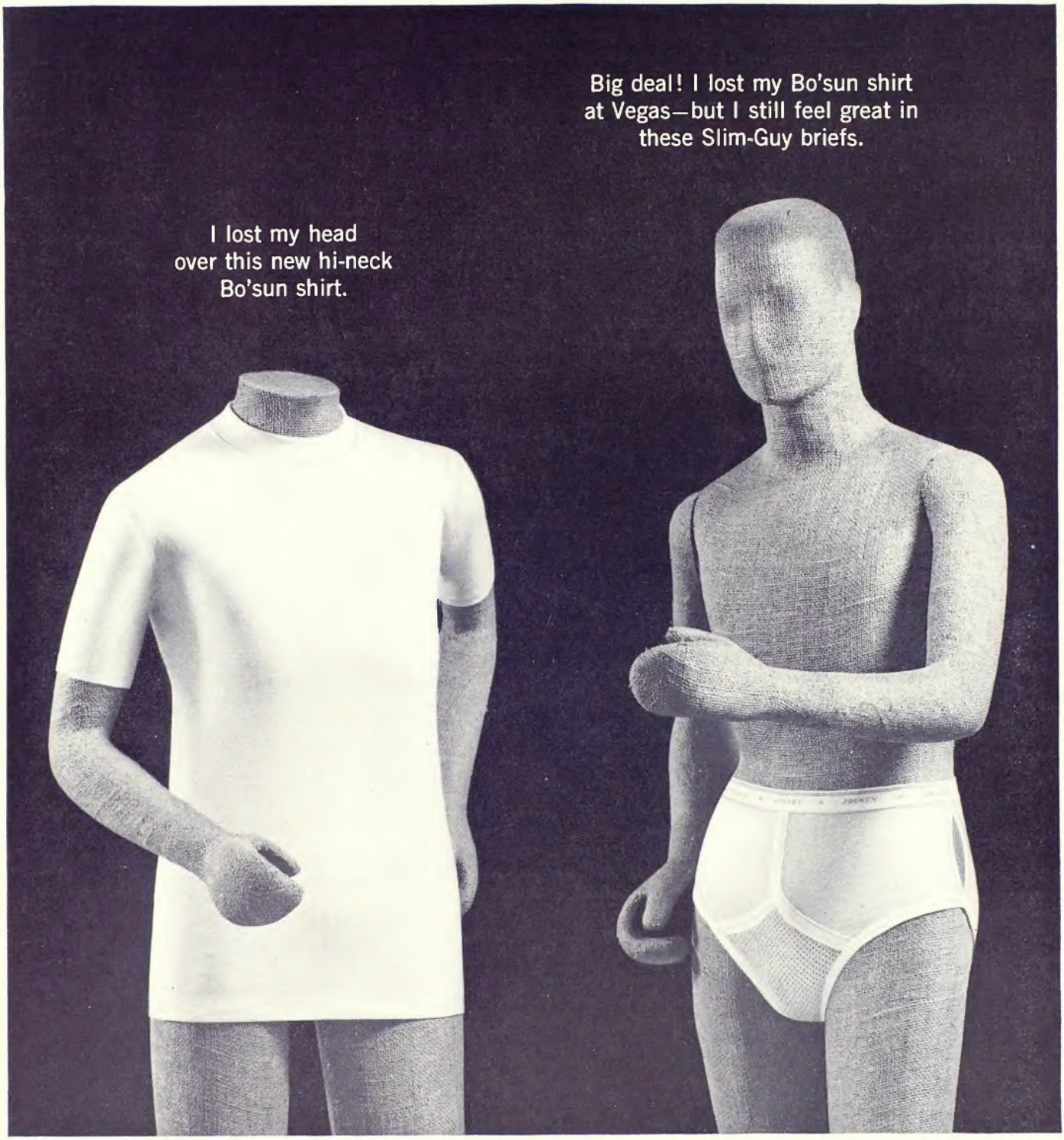


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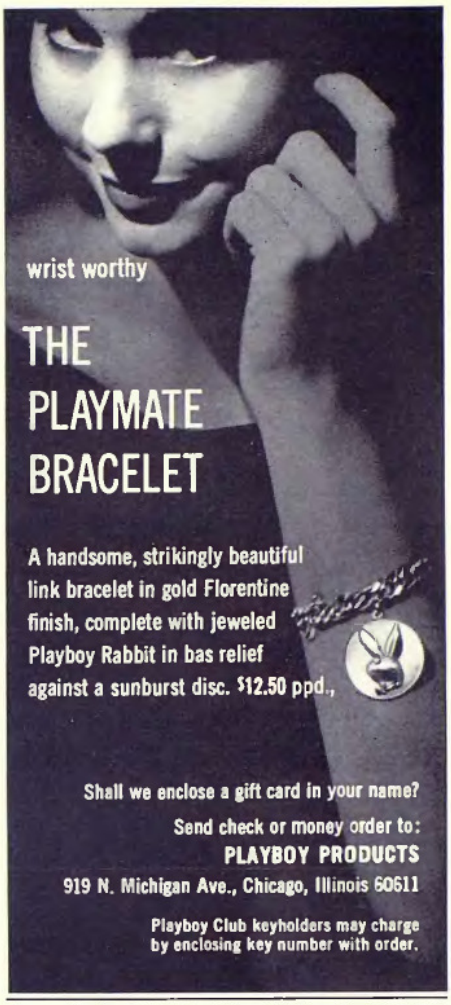
mother-son-wife triangle, and despite all the emphasis on sex, it ends not with a bang but a *New Yorker* whimper.

•

Sharply dressed men used to go down to the New York docks to greet newly arrived immigrants. They took the newcomers' baggage, sold them train tickets to St. Louis or Chicago or Kansas City, at a price as close as possible to all the money they had—and put them on the subway. It is with this kind of painful confrontation of dream and reality that the "immigrant novel" frequently deals. But in its determination to expose the "real" Land of Opportunity, this genre too often reveals only the underside of the myth—the Land of Opportunists. Peter Sourian, in his third novel, ***The Gate*** (Harcourt, Brace and World), cracks the surface of these clichés to listen for the heartbeat they muffle. For his characters, Armenians fleeing from Turkish oppression, America is, in fact, a Land of Opportunity—but his tragic point is that many crossed the ocean carrying oppressions within their own hearts. Even Sarkis, the father of the narrator, the archetypal self-made man, becomes in the end more the victim of his heritage than the creator of a new ideal. Sourian celebrates the virtues of the Old World while recognizing the sterility of clinging to them; he mourns the gap between the generations without describing it in the narrow sociology of "assimilation." This is more than just another autobiographical "immigrant novel": Spanning five generations, it expands until its central theme encompasses the varieties of ways in which we imprison ourselves within the invisible bars of the past. The narrator has a miserable love affair with a pop singer, his sister neurotically flees from parents to marriage to psychoanalysis—these second-generation Americans, like their immigrant forebears, can free themselves only by recognizing their imprisonment, by first making the bars visible.

•

***How to Be Rich*** (Playboy Press), by J. Paul Getty, PLAYBOY's Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, contains a score of the articles he has written for this magazine over the past five years, and new material never before published anywhere. In the areas covered—becoming a millionaire, succeeding in business by really intelligent trying, the value of dissent, culture and nonconformity, the art of investment, and money and values—J. Paul Getty is an authority who is able to absorbingly communicate his expertise. The book should serve as a primer for the young man on the way up, for the executive already there—hence the operative word "be" in the title—and for everyone interested in the ever-changing, often turbulent world of business, and the men who make their careers in it.

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

We are three college juniors with a unique problem we hope you can solve. We have all had intimate relations with a 23-year-old noncoed from a nearby town. She has spent a number of weekends at our apartment. No problem. But the other day a good friend told us that he intended to propose to this girl. He has no idea of our connection with her. Should we level with our friend, try to discourage the girl after he proposes, or just not interfere?—R. F., M. M. and C. T., Cortland, New York.

*According to Kinsey, nearly 50 percent of all females are nonvirgins when they marry. Unless you think that every man who slept with these girls was obligated to tell their prospective husbands about it, we suggest you mind your own business.*

Recently I was in Germany and I drank a beer made from wheat. It was very good and I wonder if there are any American producers of a similar beer.—R. D. McA., Wheeling, West Virginia.

*We think you're referring to* Weissbier *("white beer"), a brew composed of 60 percent barley malt, 40 percent wheat malt and a good deal of carbonation—all combining to make a wildly tart taste. Although it's manufactured only in Germany, your local importer should be able to accommodate you.*

Music has always been a vital part of my life. Due to financial difficulties, however, I had to stop attending music school and accept a job at a leading radio-and-television network. Through enormous good fortune, I have been promoted very rapidly and at the age of 22 I hold a junior executive position with a very generous salary. The only drawback is that this position has absolutely nothing to do with music.

During these past few years, between working and attending college, I have managed to musically direct and conduct three full-scale musicals at various theater workshops in New York. I now have an offer to take this last musical out of town for a period of six to eight months at a good salary with the promise of a permanent position as a musical director.

My musical wild oats are screaming to be sown, but it means giving up my secure job. Leaves of absence are rare, so it looks like it's either one or the other. Any suggestions?—B. M., Brooklyn, New York.

*Follow your real interest and take the musical out of town. At your age, your financial responsibilities are few. If you remain in the secure job, you may regret for the rest of your life that you didn't sow your notes. You can always go back to radio and television: your ability was recognized once; chances are it would be recognized again—if not with your former employer, then elsewhere.*

Would you please tell me how the expression "Peeping Tom" originated?—D. W., Los Angeles, California.

*The expression "Peeping Tom" is derived from one of the most celebrated legends of British history. Leofric, Lord of Coventry in the 11th Century, imposed exorbitant taxes upon his subjects. His wife, Lady Godiva, was sympathetic to the complaints of his subjects and repeatedly pleaded with him to reduce their tax burden. He refused but eventually, more to quiet her than anything else, said that he would cut taxes if she agreed to ride unclad through the streets of Coventry. To Leofric's astonishment, she accepted the challenge and, after asking that all townspeople stay indoors and close their shutters while she rode, she made the ride on a white horse. Her request was honored by everyone except the town tailor, Tom, who peeped through the shutters and, as legend has it, was struck blind for his efforts.*

While enjoying a few drinks at a local tavern in the company of three male friends, a question arose regarding proper pipe etiquette. I claimed that under those conditions it was permissible to clean my pipe with a combination tool. My friends disagreed. How say you?—B. B., Watertown, New York.

*We're with you—as long as you realize (and you seem to) that this isn't done in mixed company or under more formal circumstances than friendly elbow bending at a local pub.*

The age-old problem of difference in ages is plaguing me. I am 37 years old and she is 22. I fear this disparity in our ages will prove to be a greater problem in ten years, since I've been very active up to now and have reached a point of decline. She feels that this is not a problem to worry about at present. She is a very young 22, worries little about anything except the fact that we are not married. How does the *Advisor* feel about May-December marriages?—L. M., Miami, Florida.

*In our estimation, a difference of 15 years is hardly enough to characterize a marriage as "May-December"—a difference of roughly 10 years is, to our way of thinking, actually preferable to a couple being approximately the same age. However, even though you're not too old*


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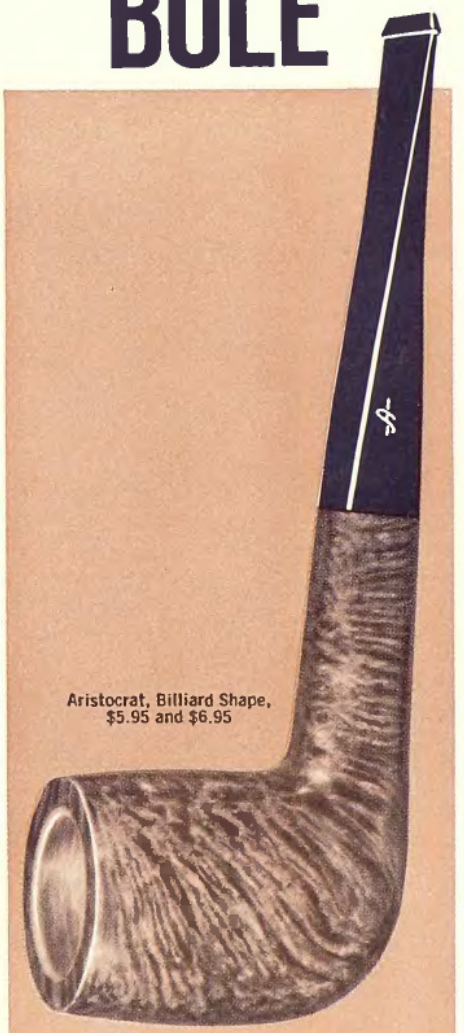

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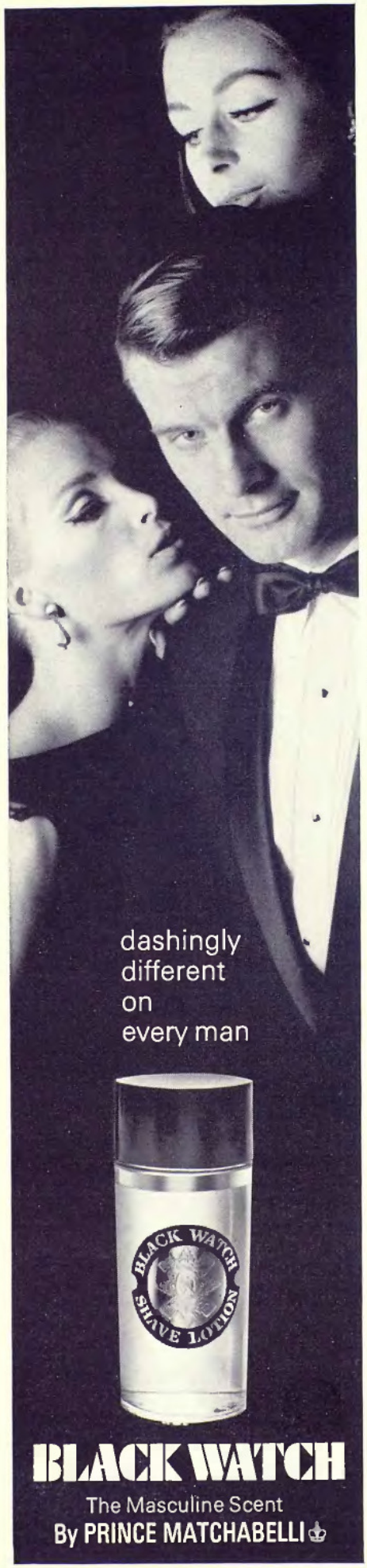


*for this girl, your description of her as a "very young 22" raises the question of whether she's mature enough for marriage to anyone. We think a short postponement of the nuptials, till you're satisfied on this point, would be a sound idea.*

The other evening, my fiancée and I were dining with another couple at a very swank restaurant. The restaurant had an attractive ashtray that I wanted to take with me. The other couple advised that I leave it, as I would be stealing. I explained that the restaurant condones this kind of pilferage as a means of advertising. The ashtray bore the name of the restaurant. Isn't this a way of life? Don't people always take a towel from a hotel, etc.?—M. P., Chicago, Illinois.

*We agree with your friends: It's stealing. If hotels or restaurants wanted you to make off with their furnishings "as a means of advertising," they would give them away as souvenirs. If you find such an item irresistible, the proper thing to do is offer to buy it; the management can then sell it to you, if they wish, or, assuming it is not an expensive item, they may give it to you. But in any case, the choice should be theirs.*

Recently I purchased three suits: two subtle herringbones and one bold glen plaid. All of the suits are three-button, center-vent, Ivy League style, and have matching vests. The pants are worn with a belt and are 16 inches at the bottom. I had the pants tailored *without* cuffs, and this is the source of my problem. My co-workers at the advertising agency where I am employed insist that suits of this type, worn under business conditions, should have cuffs, and I maintain that cuffless pants are perfectly proper. Your opinion will be greatly appreciated. —M. S., Forest Hills, New York.

*The Continental silhouette, which introduced cuffless trousers, almost always (France is the exception) calls for cufflessness. The dyed-in-the-wool traditional Ivy wearer, on the other hand, demands cuffs on his trousers. But here again, there is evidence of a trend toward the slim elegance of cuffless trousers. In short, it's optional; but gentlemen in the avant-garde of fashion favor trousers sans cuffs.*

A few months ago, a gentleman whom I have been dating for a long time commented after a small spat that he "loved me" but was no longer "in love with me." I have asked myself, as well as many friends and acquaintances, what the difference between the two statements was. The answers were interesting and also varied in thought. Since I consider PLAYBOY the *sine qua non* in male opin-

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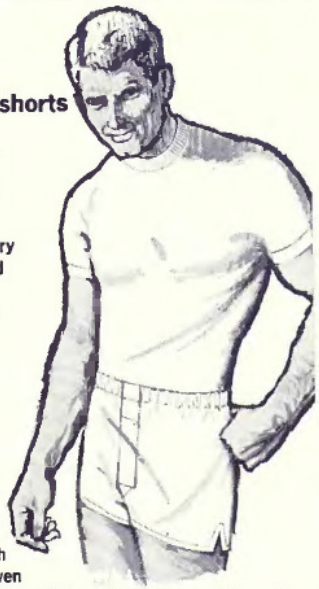

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ion, kindly enlighten me as to your understanding regarding the difference between the two phrases.—Miss L. J. B., San Francisco, California.

*The distinction between the two phrases is subtle, at best, but as we interpret them, when your male friend stated that he "loved" you, but was no longer "in love with" you, he was comparing the kind of platonic affection and concern that typically exist in a parent-child, brother-sister or similar relationship, with the deeper emotional and physical involvement possible between lovers.*

*But it doesn't really matter what we mean by these words; it's the distinction your friend had in mind that counts. And, as you describe the situation, it sounds as though he was simply setting up a semantic smoke screen behind which he could more easily end the romance. The "small spat" you refer to was not, in all probability, the actual cause of any change in feelings toward you; it was just an opportune moment for calling it quits.*

Would you please give me the recipe for a scorpion?—D. McL., Portland, Oregon.

*Sure. For four, use 6 ounces light rum, 6 ounces orange juice, 4 ounces lemon juice, 1 ounce gin, 1 ounce brandy, and 2 ounces orgeat. Mix all ingredients in an electric blender with a scoop of shaved ice.*

I have been told that men who are circumcised during infancy are not as easily stimulated as those who still have their foreskin. If this is true, can I assume that a man in his 20s could undergo circumcision with the expectation of prolonging the length of time it takes to achieve orgasm during sexual relations?—M. M., Lexington, Kentucky.

*Following circumcision, the glans penis, having lost its protective covering, is desensitized to some degree. All other things being equal, therefore, the time necessary to achieve orgasm is increased. However, this is only a minor consideration, since the duration of the sex act prior to ejaculation is more often a psychological matter than a physical one. As you know, circumcision is generally performed during infancy when it's a very minor cut indeed. At your age, it would be uncomfortable, to say the least, and hardly worth the bother.*

A fellow elbow bender informs me that one good test of a good whiskey—besides tasting it, that is—is to shake the bottle before opening and observe how long it takes the little bubbles—or "beads" as he called them—to dissolve. If these beads linger awhile, the whiskey is supposed to be of finer quality than one in which the beads disappear right away. Can you ver-


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ify or deny this theory?—I. Z., St. Louis, Missouri.

*Theory denied. This test indicates only the maturity—not the quality—of liquor. Since an aged whiskey contains more neutral spirits, the beads linger longer.*

As I grow older and my values tend to become more fixed, I find that I no longer desire to enter into any close associations with individuals whose values are markedly different from mine. This has caused some discomfort, as it seems that I have of late been behaving as if I had been an ignorant, prejudiced s.o.b. from way back.

My behavior actually stems from the results of my personal experience with individuals of different cultural and racial groups. I have become convinced that the traits commonly ascribed to these groups, in most cases, but not in all, actually serve as reliable guides in predicting an individual's behavior. Several of the kinds of behavior that annoy me most I find to be highly predictable according to the class or race of the person involved. Thus I find myself, though open to new individuals' personalities, highly prejudiced once the hint of the objectionable class trait appears.

Do you think this behavior is rational? Or do you consider all prejudice to be unjust? How can I explain my feelings to friends who might otherwise think me an ignorant s.o.b.?—R. W., Boston, Massachusetts.

*No, we don't think this behavior is rational, and we consider prejudice worse than unjust. To be prejudiced means to prejudge—in other words, to form opinions before knowing facts. Since individual differences among human beings are far greater than any similarities caused by class or race, these preconceptions you refer to are subject to the broadest kind of error and are, therefore, less than worthless. The "highly predictable" class and race traits you refer to are more a projection of your prejudice than anything else, as well as an attempt at rationalizing what is not simply an unjust, but a decidedly unsound attitude. We're afraid we can't help you explain your feelings to your friends, since the attitude expressed in your letter does make you sound, in your own words, like an "ignorant s.o.b."*

---

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

# Once again this Christmas, there'll be nothing new from The House of 4711.

Presents from The House of 4711 aren't op or pop or even au go-go. They're a tradition. Like white lights and silver tinsel. They have been for 173 years.

Oh, sure, we do some things differently for Christmas.

Instead of our beautiful classic bottle, we funnel our fragrance into a beautiful sculptured decanter. A decanter-full of 4711 Cologne like this costs $10. (The smaller size is only $6.50.)

Or we add a few bars of soap to make a handsome package. It makes a great thank-you-for-the-Christmas-dinner present. And at $5 it can be a last-minute life saver.

We also have a special for sophisticates. 4711 and Dusting Powder in a feminine little box. (It's also the perfect present for a 5-year-old femme fatale who likes to pretend she's a woman of the world.) It's priced at $7 and whoever you're buying it for is worth it.

For your wife, there's Tosca, 4711's romantic fragrance in a fizzy

spray mist that you can snuggle into the toe of her stocking (or slip into the folds of an extravagant mink coat). Tosca Spray with matching soap costs $5.

And one last suggestion. If you're the kind who always needs a last-minute gift for someone with critical taste, keep a few classic bottles of 4711 Cologne around this year, so you won't be caught off guard.

We've got lots of ideas for Christmas—gifts and gift sets from $2.50 to $17. But there's really nothing new from our house. Not unless you count the ribbons and things.

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## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

A RELAXING WEEK or two can be spent this February by cruising and fishing in pellucid waters in a charter boat off the coast of Florida. A typical beginner's run —comfortably close to shore—is down the Inland Waterway, and then along the Keys; or across the state by the Cross Florida Canal to Lake Okeechobee and on to the resort cities of Florida's west coast. Seasoned yachtsmen usually head out to the Bahamas. Bimini is only 47 miles from Fort Lauderdale—a matter of four or five hours on a good day. West End on Grand Bahama Island—about 45 cruising miles from Palm Beach—is now doubly alluring because of the new gambling casino scheduled to open in early January.

One yacht broker offers a choice of 18 vessels, all equipped with ship-to-shore telephones. Their sizes run from 28 to 37 feet, with sleeping accommodations for from two to four. December through April rentals range from $245 a week up to $475. You can pilot your own vessel or hire a captain for an additional $25 a day. If you want to do the thing in truly sybaritic style, rent a substantially larger vessel—power or sail—with crew that doubles as servants. Typically, a 50-foot cruiser with crew of two and accommodations for seven rents for about $1500 plus fuel a week. An 85-foot cruiser with a crew of three and three air-conditioned staterooms sleeping two apiece, each with bath and shower, can be chartered for $2500 a week, or $8500 a month.

Ashore, there's plenty of good living at secluded luxury resorts such as the Boca Raton Hotel. An opulent, Spanish-styled complex halfway between Palm Beach and Miami, the Boca Raton sparkles in pink-and-white medieval splendor among emerald lawns and vivid gardens beside a palm-fringed lagoon. Once an ultraexclusive millionaires' club, it boasts one of the best championship golf courses in the South and, on the barrier island just east of the hotel, one of the largest cabana clubs in the world. Not far off, at the Royal Palm polo grounds, polo matches are a Sunday event from January through April.

Farther north, up Florida's east coast, the Ponte Vedra Club encompasses 20 handsome structures along an incomparable beach of glistening white sand. Nearby, crossed and circled by lagoons, a 27-hole golf course offers unusual and dramatic challenges, because half the holes either lie across or are trapped by water. The Club has its own hunting preserve, with quail, duck and wild turkey.

More and more Eastern girls are trekking West for their vacations and, correspondingly, dude ranches are becoming a haven for admirers of female- as well as horseflesh. The carryings-on at Wickenburg, Arizona, during its annual February madness known as Gold Rush Days add a little tall-in-the-saddle color to the lush comforts of the superb dude ranches in and around the town. For example, at the Rancho de los Caballeros, situated on a 21,000-acre spread, you can indulge a steady round of chuckwagon breakfast rides into the nearby desert or laze your days away beside the pool and in casual riding through the rocky foothills. Additional activities range from golf and swimming by day to dancing and concerts in the evening. For a real change of pace, there's good winter skiing on Arizona's Mt. Lemmon (9000 feet).

If the Pacific is on your travel agenda, you'll want to be on the *qui vive* for some of these gourmet specialties: In Hong Kong, Mongolian fire pot is the specialty at Yueh Ping Lou Restaurant. A tureen of soup simmers on a charcoal brazier at the center of the patron's table; in it he cooks meat, seafood, vegetables and sharks' fins, then finishes the meal by polishing off the soup. Thailand boasts *gang tom yam* soup, combining prawns and an herb called lemon grass plus an agonizingly but appetizingly hot pepper. Additional choices include *gang pet*, a coconut-milk curry, and *haw mok*, a combination of steamed green vegetables in shrimp paste. Savor these at the Salinee, the Palms Restaurant opposite the Erawan Hotel or the Thai Room in Bangkok's Plaza Hotel. Tops in the Philippines are *sinigang*, a hot fish stew, and *baguio pechay*, a distinctive cabbage soup soured with green tamarinds. Both are served in Manila at the Aristocrat Restaurant and the Jade Vine. In Singapore, try the purest of Indian curry and saffron-flavored Oriental specialties at the Islamic Restaurant.

One of our favorite Hawaiian dining places is the Polynesian Cultural Center at Laie, where visitors file into a huge Samoan house for a buffet-styled feast served from a circular counter brilliant with tropical blossoms. Diners line up holding a platter of woven coconut leaves and on it they load such delicacies as *maori* bread; *faiai i'a*, baked fish in coconut milk; Fijian roast pig; papaya pudding; and a ginger-stewed chicken known as *moa laiki lohii*.

*For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611.*

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

### ANTIQUATED SEX LAWS

Blessings on the friend who recently gave me my first issue of PLAYBOY. It forced me to send for the reprints of the first 18 installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*, and sent me on a back-issue quest through dusty secondhand-magazine stores, finally rewarding me with a complete collection of Hefner's dissertations on society and its ills.

And soon after reading the series, I became aware that something *is* being done about our antiquated sex laws—at least in New York, where a local Bar Association has urged drastic changes in the state laws governing sexual behavior, changes which seem to be an exact copy of those urged earlier in *The Playboy Philosophy*.

It is particularly gratifying to lend the *Philosophy* to old friends, who always thought my ideas on sex were rather far out, and say: "See, I'm not such a nut after all."

Elizabeth M. Shannon
San Bernardino, California

*The New York attempt to revise its antiquated sex legislation was something less than successful. You'll find the details in the installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" in this issue.*

### KANSAS CITY BLUES

Having followed your *Playboy Philosophy* from the beginning with enthusiastic and complete agreement, I have until now considered it more hypothetical than real, and the protests valid but directed against a minuscule element of authoritarianism almost nonexistent in a constitutionally protected country such as ours. I have had the truth literally brought home to me, abruptly and in spades.

My wife and I, happily married and raising three children, have belonged for some time to a nonconformist group of married couples—a group pursuing its own form of recreation, privately and quietly, doing harm to no one.

Wanting to enlarge our group to include additional like-minded couples, we answered an ad purporting to be from such individuals, but which was in reality a plant placed by a Federal agent. His answer was cleverly suggestive and baited with a photograph of a highly photogenic blonde. In further correspondence, I made the mistake of enclosing a too-realistically detailed snapshot of my wife and myself.

You will note the irony here—an agent of the Federal Government advertising for and inviting citizens to violate certain post-office regulations and then gleefully prosecuting the violators.

The first intimation we had that the correspondence was from other than a couple of freethinkers like ourselves was when three police cars and two additional unmarked cars pulled up in front of our home and a veritable army of policemen, detectives and postal inspectors descended upon us as though surrounding a hangout for bank robbers, to do a job easily accomplished by one or two men alone.

With their little piece of paper making them gods and supermen, they literally tore our house apart, searching for God only knows what and finding nothing but additional correspondence and personal photographs in a locked safe. This was enough to suit their purposes. They timed the raid in the early evening with all the courts closed, so that we were booked and forced to spend the night in jail.

A travesty of justice followed. Various agents of the city, state and Federal governments made deals among themselves and presented my attorney with a proposition. In exchange for a guilty plea to a state misdemeanor charge, they would drop the Federal charges (cause enough for the invasion of privacy, but not worth taking to court). We were thus blackmailed into accepting a one-year jail sentence (suspended for two years on parole) or facing an indefinite term in the Federal penitentiary. The only alternative was personal bankruptcy through endless appeals in higher courts.

Though there was no publicity involved, my company was aghast, and the board of directors (half of whom probably keep mistresses) has requested my resignation. My wife and I are on the police blotter as being criminals, a "sword of Damocles" hanging over our heads for the rest of our lives. We're over $2000 poorer from attorney fees and court costs. And all of this in our constitutionally protected country!

Permission is hereby granted to print this letter with the reservation that you withhold my name from publication. The police intentionally and deliberately

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make these things as degrading and embarrassing as possible and we need no more unfavorable publicity.

(Name withheld by request)
Kansas City, Missouri

*The personal experience described in this letter is not as unusual as readers might reasonably assume—and some of the niceties of due process, and individual rights supposedly protected by the Constitution, seem to get lost when official sex zealots swoop down on private citizens whose personal sexual behavior fails to jibe with the state- and social-sanctioned norm. (A spouse-swapping club in California—included in Hefner's discussion of adultery and the law, in the current installment of "The Playboy Philosophy"—first came to the attention of authorities through a personal newspaper ad, in much the same manner as described in this Kansas City case; and was subsequently broken up by police harassment, though authorities conceded that no California laws were being broken by the individuals involved.)*

*The Kansas City couple would warrant sympathy on nothing more than their pointless persecution, since, whether one approves of such a sexually liberal marriage or not, no one was being hurt by their extramarital behavior until the official guardians of law and order stepped into the picture. But based upon no more than the facts outlined in the husband's letter, there is reason to wonder whether an additional injustice may have been perpetrated in this case, since it is possible that no crime was actually committed here.*

*No matter how sexually explicit the personal photographs in that safe may have been, the mere possession of pornography without intent to sell, reproduce or disseminate it, is not a crime in Missouri.*

*As for the alleged Federal offense, again assuming the facts to be essentially those described in the letter, this appears to be a flagrant example of entrapment. The Federal agent apparently engaged the husband in suggestive correspondence calculated to elicit a similar response, and included a photograph of an attractive blonde as further bait; it is a fundamental principle of U.S. law that no conviction can be secured on the basis of an arrest resulting from a situation in which police officials deliberately entice an otherwise innocent citizen into breaking the law.*

*In any event, when Post Office Department inspectors deliberately invite unsuspecting private citizens to send "obscenity" through the mail, it is a sick and ludicrous situation, at best. We are reminded of the pungent comment of Senator Gale McGee, who said, "I'm going to introduce a resolution to have the Postmaster General stop reading dirty books and deliver the mail!"*

### BIBLE-BELT BLUE LAWS

Being a relatively young Episcopalian priest, ordained just last winter, I am not entirely out of the mainstream of American thought, but the Church professional must always guard against the danger of being insulated from the world. All through college I faithfully read PLAYBOY during its formative years and witnessed its growth into a respectable journal of American opinion which has not completely forgotten the pleasant side of life. Therefore, I am not at all unfriendly to PLAYBOY magazine, nor am I adverse to The Playboy Club (I was fortunate enough to be a guest of a member for lunch in the Chicago Club several months ago. I went in my clericals, was treated royally, loved the food and thought the Bunnies delightful). I suppose the type of "religious person" who writes abusive and crank letters to the magazine and to Mr. Hefner is normally one of the Christian lunatic fringe, but I'm sure that the editors understand that these types do not truly represent the majority of mature, committed Christians.

Christian morality and ethical standards make sense within the context of the faith. Mr. Hefner has not quarreled with the idea of faith. In fact, he seems to have gone to great lengths to be respectful of the genuine life of faith. What he has differed with is the imposition of certain ostensibly Christian rules and regulations by the state on non-Christian American citizens. I agree with him. These rules normally take the form of blue laws and ignorant censorship of the arts. This does not make sense in the context of secular government, whether national, state or local. To the Christian who feels that he does know something about the Bible, most of this legislation and its enforcement is not really in the spirit of our Judaeo-Christian tradition. Hefner calls it puritanism (he is really a bit rough on the Puritans if he means the 16th Century English Calvinists who were finally driven out of power in England by the royalist, Anglican supporters of good King Charles II). What he is fighting, in my estimation, is the stuffy remnants of Victorian, Bible-belt, perverted Protestantism. More power to him.

I think the editors of PLAYBOY are doing a great service in raising questions about American morality both public and private. The state must probably set some minimum standards for behavior for the protection of all, but they must be arrived at within the proper context. I fervently hope that the present crisis in morality will result in newer 20th Century standards that fit our life today. May we cease dragging up antiquated blue laws from another century, letting ignoramuses enforce them, and calling the whole mess Christian.

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## GREAT AMERICAN DREAM

I can only conclude that Gloria Thorne in the August *Forum* is taking herself and life far too seriously. I can vouch for the fact that men never leave girls who offer a little sex, intellect and fun—at any age. While single, I lived with two girls and we all enjoyed ourselves and the men we knew. These men rarely if ever left us unless we decided they should. Upon analysis, we found that sex wasn't our only attraction, although it was the first attraction. If the men involved were enjoying themselves, sex became a part of a whole—a good part, admittedly—but without intelligence and vivacity, a girl's life would be nothing but a series of one-night stands. There's no point in blaming Ivy League morality or any other kind. If a man leaves a woman, it's because he hasn't found enough in her to hold him.

Develop a little wit, carry on a literate conversation, be warm, and no man on earth will leave you. There are men with morality problems, true, but such fellows can be ignored, because there are so many good men without them. My two roommates and I have all married happily and well, which leads me once again to the conclusion that a good life is rewarded to one who enjoys a good life, and virtue has nothing to do with it.

Mrs. Mary Ann Morrison
Boston, Massachusetts

## GREAT AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

My response to Gloria Thorne's letter is: "How sad but true."

Too many of us are still deluded by the Great American Nightmare which proclaims: "When I find the one I truly love I will marry and live happily ever after."

I wish to make a plea in behalf of love for the sake and joy of loving without the necessity for permanent commitment.

Surely it is possible to truly love someone you could not live with for the rest of your life. Surely it is possible to really love before reaching the point in life of choosing a permanent mate. Surely it is possible to love simply for the reward and joy of loving another person.

Surely this loving or sharing or communion or compassion—or any other term one may choose for the process of investing in and partaking of another—will go far toward making our liberated sexuality a constructive force in uniting people and banishing the aloneness Gloria has so often felt.

Sexuality above all should not breed aloneness, for it has the potential for the richest communion. The liberated woman of today does not require permanent commitment for personal love any more than for sexual closeness. Is today's man ready for the challenge?

David M. Bee
Los Angeles, California

*(continued on page 225)*

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# THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

*the twenty-fourth part of a statement in which playboy's editor-publisher spells out—for friends and critics alike—our guiding principles and editorial credo*

## editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

THE TRADITIONAL Judaeo-Christian conviction that sex is moral only within the bonds of matrimony was not derived from early Hebrew scripture nor from the teachings of Christ. As we have previously discussed in some detail, an extreme antisexualism developed during the Dark Ages, was codefied by the medieval Church, and enforced by the ecclesiastical courts and eventually by the Church-controlled secular courts as well.

After the Reformation, sexual restrictions became even more severe, with suppressive Puritanism becoming the primary religious-moral influence in both England and Colonial America. Thus, while the U. S. Constitution guarantees religious freedom through the separation of church and state, numerous puritan prohibitions that have no place in our supposedly open, pluralistic society are, nevertheless, firmly established in all of the 50 states.

As a conclusion to our current consideration of the legal aspects of the American Sexual Revolution, in last month's installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* we proposed an alternate approach to sex legislation that is, we believe, more consistent with the interests and welfare of a secular society. While the Government properly protects the individual from unwelcome acts of sexual aggression, violence, coercion and exploitation, with special consideration given to the protection of children and reasonable prohibitions against public indecency, there remains an area of *private* sex morality that should not be interfered with by the state—not if the individual citizen and society itself are to be considered free.

The religious concept of sin should not be confused with the secular concept of crime, just as the jurisdictions of minister and magistrate are kept separate in America. Our Government, which derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, should not be empowered to intrude into the private sex conduct of consenting adults—this should remain a matter of religious and ethical determination to be made by the individual alone.

We noted, in the November installment of *Philosophy*, the extent to which our views on this subject parallel those of many prominent members of both the clergy and the law, and the conclusions reached in the famous *Wolfenden Report* in England and The American Law Institute's Model Penal Code for sex offenses. Our summation on U. S. sex legislation began last month with a final consideration of *fornication* and *cohabitation*, and continues in this issue with our conclusions on *adultery*.

### THE ORIGIN OF ADULTERY LAWS

In our society, adultery is considered a more serious sin than fornication; this is reflected in our state statutes, which tend to treat adultery as a more serious crime. The legal distinction between adultery and fornication is not a clear or precise one, however, and what is defined as adultery in some states is considered fornication in others.

The difficulty in defining adultery goes back to its religious-legal origins. Adultery is the only sexual act seemingly significant enough to be included in the Ten Commandments, but the "adultery" condemned in the Old Testament was quite different from the meaning we give the word today. The original Hebrew injunction against adultery was not a matter of sex morality—it related to the protection of family property rights, inheritance and lineage. As Reverend William Graham Cole, Chaplain and Assistant Professor of Biblical Literature and Religion at Smith College, Chairman of the Department of Religion at Williams College, and currently President of Lake Forest College, states in his book *Sex in Christianity and Psychoanalysis*: "There is a stern prohibition against adultery in the Law, but this springs from the concern for the seed, the family line. That this is not antisexual is demonstrated by the glaring absence of any ban on fornication, an omission which embarrassed later Christians of puritanical hue . . ." And G. Rattray Taylor writes, in *Sex in History*: "It must be understood that in this period, just as in Rome and Greece, adultery was a property offense and meant infringing the rights of another man. It did not mean that a man should restrict his attentions to his wife; indeed, when a wife proved barren, she would often give one of her handmaidens to her husband that she might bear children for him. Moreover, as the Bible often reminds us, men were free to maintain mistresses . . . in addition to their wives; and on the number of wives a man might have there was no restriction."

Morris Ploscowe, Director of the American Bar Association Commission on Organized Crime, former judge of the New York Magistrates' Court, Adjunct Associate Professor of Law at New York University, comments on the evolution of the legal definition of adultery in *Sex and the Law*: "The Roman law, which influenced much of our thinking on this question, differentiated between the illicit sexual intercourse of a married man and that of a married woman. A married man might have sexual intercourse with a single woman and not be guilty of adultery or any other crime. A married woman was guilty of adultery whenever she had sexual intercourse with a man who was not her husband, whether that man was married to someone else or was single. In such a case, both the married woman and the paramour were guilty of adultery. . . .

"Many of our modern criminal statutes on adultery are interpreted in the same way, making sexual intercourse with another man's wife adultery and sexual intercourse by a married man with a single woman fornication or no crime at all . . ." Contemporary Italy still reflects the early Roman view of adultery, making it a crime punishable by imprisonment for up to two years for a wife to have extramarital intercourse, but no crime for a husband.

Adultery was not generally considered a crime at common law, being traditionally punished by the Church, which—by the Middle Ages—had added the strong antisexual significance that the Sixth Commandment has for us today. The Puritans broadened the prohibition to include men and women alike. Ploscowe writes, "The English ecclesiastical law took an entirely different approach to adultery than the Roman law. . . . Adultery was defined by the ecclesiastical as 'the inconstancy of married persons, a sin arising out of the marriage relation,' which was equally great whether the offender was male or female . . ."

The Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay

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Colony, like their English counterparts, made adultery a crime punishable by death, though that penalty was rarely invoked (juries in adultery trials would acquit the defendants of that crime and find them guilty of lesser immoral conduct, such as "lascivious, gross, and foul actions tending to adultery," "very suspicious act leading to adultery," "very filthy carriage," "being in bed together," etc., for which a lesser penalty was prescribed). In 1694, the death penalty for adultery was abandoned and whipping, public humiliation on the stocks, and the perpetual wearing of the letter "A," sewn "on the upper garments in open view," were substituted. The latter penalty was first used in the Plymouth Colony, where the adultery statute of 1658 called for whipping on two separate occasions, as well as the wearing of the letters "Ad" on the outer garments. Connecticut improved upon this legislation when it provided, in 1672, that adulterers should have the letter "A" branded on their forehead with a hot iron. The more lenient Pennsylvania legislation did not provide for such branding until after a third conviction. Pennsylvania was reportedly the first colony to use imprisonment as a standard punishment for adultery, with its Great Law of 1682 providing that "whoever shall defile the marriage bed shall for the first offense be publicly whipped and suffer imprisonment in the House of Correction for one whole year, and longer if the magistrate see fit." Imprisonment for life was possible for a second offense.

The punishment for adultery was not as severe in other colonies, but the English ecclesiastical definition was widely accepted by the early American courts, and also received statutory sanction in many states. The New York Penal Code reads, for example: "Adultery is the sexual intercourse of two persons, either of whom is married to a third person." Under this statute, both the man and woman are guilty of adultery, even if only one of them (either one) is married. In still another variation, there are some states which hold husbands and wives to the same standard of sexual fidelity, but make a distinction between the guilt of the married and single partners in illicit intercourse; in these states, the married partner (of either sex) is guilty of adultery, while the single partner (also of either sex) is guilty only of fornication or, in states that have no fornication law, of no offense whatever.

### ADULTERY IN AMERICA TODAY

But whatever definition is applied, it appears that the combined prohibitions of church and state have been notably unsuccessful in suppressing adultery in America. Alfred Kinsey's statistics on extramarital intercourse cover only a portion of the activity that is legally considered adultery in many states, since the unmarried members of adulterous relationships are recorded as premarital and postmarital intercourse in his two famous volumes, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*.

The extensive research of Dr. Kinsey and his associates indicates that approximately 50 percent of all U. S. husbands have sexual intercourse with women other than their wives at some time while they are married. In the study of American women, 26 percent admitted to having had extramarital intercourse; among women with some college education, the figure is 29 percent. The unusual amount of attempted cover-up and reluctance to answer questions related to extramarital coitus led Kinsey to the conclusion that these should be considered minimum percentages for both sexes.

Very few of the common forms of sexual activity occur more irregularly than extramarital intercourse. This, Kinsey suggests, is primarily because of limited opportunity and the fear of discovery, though religious-moral convictions must also act as a serious deterrent in some cases; in addition, many married persons limit their extramarital relations in order to avoid emotional involvements that might seriously endanger their marriages.

There are a variety of psychological, emotional and physical causes for adultery. We won't attempt to evaluate, in this installment, the moral issues involved, or the effects that extramarital relations may have upon a marriage—though obviously the effect is far more dependent upon the attitudes of the individuals involved than on the sexual activity itself. The only question to be considered at this point is whether the behavior should be the business of the Government, or better left to the determination of the individual members of society.

### CONTEMPORARY U. S. ADULTERY LAWS

All but five of the 50 states (Arkansas, California, Louisiana, New Mexico and Tennessee) have specific statutes making adultery a crime; the maximum penalties prescribed range from a $10 fine in Maryland to five years in prison in Connecticut, Maine, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Vermont.

As we have indicated, the crime of adultery is not defined the same in every state; to complicate matters further, a number of U. S. adultery statutes have cohabitation clauses in them, just as many fornication statutes do, so that single acts of extramarital sexual intercourse are not prohibited. Only when the activity is continuous, or "open and notorious," does it become illegal.

### LEGAL WIFE-SWAPPING

A dramatic example of the legality of occasional acts of adultery *vs.* adulterous cohabitation, in those states where adultery laws include a cohabitation require-

ment or where, as in California, there is a cohabitation statute but no law against simple adultery, appeared in a recent UPI newspaper story from Sacramento, which carried the headline: "WIFE SWAPS HELD LEGAL BY CITY'S OFFICIAL." The story reads as follows:

> Wife-swapping may be a bit unorthodox, but it's perfectly legal as far as the Sacramento district attorney's office is concerned.
>
> "Occasional acts of illicit intercourse do not constitute adulterous cohabitation," said Chief Asst. Dist. Attorney Robert Puglia.
>
> His opinion was occasioned by a police investigation of a 64-member club that engaged in spouse swapping. Puglia explained that adultery is against the law, but only when it is more than a "casual act" between consenting adults. Regular cohabitation must occur before the adultery laws can be invoked.
>
> As for the wife-swapping club, police said it apparently broke up during the investigation. Officers had learned of it through a couple who advertised for new couples seeking "mature fun." The husbands in the group were mostly white-collar executives in their 20s, police said. Single persons and unmarried couples were not admitted. One husband told police that the clubs eliminated the need of going to taverns to strike up acquaintances with strangers of the opposite sex.

This newspaper story illustrates the legal distinction made between occasional acts of fornication and/or adultery and the more sustained activity that is necessary to constitute an offense in some states. It is worth noting, however, that even though the Sacramento spouse swapping was "perfectly legal," the police department conducted an extensive investigation into the matter, and finding no laws had been broken, still felt obliged to make a public report to the press on this supposedly private activity—concluding, with seeming satisfaction: "As for the wife-swapping club, police said it apparently broke up during the investigation."

In ways such as this, society's suppressive sex prejudices are often perpetuated by the state *even when applicable laws do not exist for the purpose.**

**The Sacramento spouse-swapping investigation began when police followed up on a couple's advertising for others seeking "mature fun"; for a similar example of a husband and wife who found themselves in serious difficulty with the authorities after responding to the same sort of personal ad, placed in the paper as a "plant," see the letter titled "Kansas City Blues" in "The Playboy Forum" in this issue.*

## A PERMISSIVE VIEW OF ADULTERY

With the possessive feelings that most U.S. husbands and wives have for each other, and often assume to be virtually synonymous with love, it may be difficult for some of our readers to imagine a normal, happily married couple with such a permissive attitude that they would allow one another to have extramarital intercourse. But such personal concepts of sexual morality are obviously dependent upon the individual's acceptance or rejection of the sexual taboos of the society in which he lives.

It is relatively easy for us to acknowledge that an Eskimo may give his wife to a male friend or guest for the night, without suffering the outrage and indignation that we consider to be the customary emotions of the cuckold, because this activity exists in another culture in a foreign land. It is more difficult for most of us to appreciate the extent to which the sexual attitudes and tastes of others in our society may differ from our own; and to be willing to accept these differences in private behavior as each person's right and privilege in a society intended to be free.

Most Americans think of adultery as secretive, irresponsible and destructive to a marital relationship, but the following statement by a wife about her sexually permissive marriage suggests that this is not necessarily always the case. These comments are from a case history that appears in *The Sexually Responsive Woman*, an excellent new book by Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, published recently by Grove Press. The Drs. Kronhausen quote the wife as follows:

"I was hesitant about having extramarital sex as I did not want anything to disturb my relationship with my husband whom I love. But after several years of marriage we came to a decision which would allow us both to have sex with other persons, and since neither of us is the jealous type, this has worked rather well with us.

"I would never dream of having a secret affair behind my husband's back, as I think honesty and trust are the foundations of any good personal relationship and therefore certainly essential for marriage. I think it is important to tell my husband if I have been to bed with someone and with whom.

"Even though I have enjoyed these experiences, I have never been in love with any of the other men in the same way that I am with my husband, but I would never consider going to bed with someone I don't like. . . . I do not feel guilty about my extramarital affairs, because I would only feel badly if my husband did not know or did not approve. . . .

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expect too much once they go to bed with them, but this can work the other way round too. Most men just don't seem to believe that I might want to go to bed with them only once, but not a second time, or just a few times, but not forever. . . .

"Another problem I have run into with extramarital sex is that the other fellow may insist that my husband must get jealous. It's a hopeless task to try and convince this type of man that my husband is not jealous and that the guy doesn't have to worry about his coming after him with a gun. . . .

"Could I do without extramarital affairs, if needs be? Certainly; I'm sure I would survive, but I think sex would become more and more monotonous to me. Extramarital affairs seems to keep me younger in spirit and, I think, make me a more affectionate person, as well as a better sex partner: I know, the more I love, the better lover I become. If that were not sufficient reason for my wanting to continue having extramarital affairs when the right opportunities present themselves, I can only add that doing so has enriched my marital sex life as well.

"As far as my husband's extramarital affairs are concerned, I feel that they have the same good effect on his personality and on our marriage. His affairs do not threaten my inner security and I know that mine do not threaten his. We know too well what we have in each other's love."

We're not offering this example of unorthodox marital morality as an endorsement, for we seriously doubt whether most U.S. husbands and wives would be apt to find very much happiness or peace of mind in similar circumstances; we do not hesitate to state, however, that we consider the unusual sexual ethics that exist in this marriage far more mature and moral than the quite common opposite extreme, in which the discovery of adultery *demands* that an otherwise successful marriage be ended and is sometimes even accepted by both the deceived individual and society at large—as justification for murder. We've included this testimony about an admittedly atypical American marriage to illustrate the extent to which extramarital intercourse can represent different things in different marital relationships, as further evidence that such personal behavior is better left to the individual determination of those involved than to the impersonal dictates of a state statute.

### ADULTERY AND DIVORCE

In those states that do not have a cohabitation clause in their legislative definitions of fornication and adultery, proof of a single act of nonmarital coitus is sufficient for criminal prosecution. As in the case of fornication, however, adultery laws are only occasionally and, necessarily, capriciously enforced. The lack of enforcement is emphasized by the fact that adultery is one of the commonest grounds for divorce in the United States (its popularity in divorce cases is at least partially explained by the fact that it is the only grounds accepted in *every* state); each year thousands of divorces are granted in the U.S. for adultery (in one recent 12-month period, there were 1700 in New York City alone), but criminal charges are seldom instituted on the same evidence that has already been accepted by the courts as the basis for the granting of divorce decrees.

Judge Ploscowe concludes his own indictment of American adultery laws, in *Sex and the Law*, with the statement: "Nowhere are the disparities between law in action and law on the books so great as in the control of sex crime."

As in the case of fornication, the usually unenforced adultery statutes are always available to the unscrupulous and spiteful. Most criminal charges of adultery are, in actual fact, lodged by someone—usually a spouse, in-law or other relative—who has a personal grudge or grievance against the defendant. In such a situation, these state statutes can be a handy weapon, since they make a serious crime of conduct not uncommon in the later stages of an unsuccessful marriage.

It should be noted that the frequency with which adultery is officially recorded as the cause of divorce gives a distorted impression of the actual significance of such activity. While illicit sex can be both a cause and an effect of marital disharmony, the limited number of legal grounds for divorce in many states forces a great many couples who wish to end their marriages for other reasons to resort to the charge of adultery, since the real reasons are not legally acceptable.

The State of New York has the most extreme example of such a severe civil code, with adultery the *only* legal grounds for granting a divorce. To satisfy this unreasonably restrictive requirement, couples regularly perjure themselves, lying under oath about nonexistent adulterous affairs in order to satisfy the letter of the law, if not its spirit. It is not uncommon in such cases to actually invent the necessary evidence by staging a mutually prearranged raid on an apartment or hotel room in order to find the husband or wife in circumstances incriminating enough to satisfy the court that justice has been done when handing down the divorce decree.

A few especially enterprising lawyers specialize in such cases in states where the lack of more legitimate grounds for divorce creates a ready clientele; for a small additional fee, these lawyers may even supply the necessary third party for the bedroom scene—a complete stranger who neither the husband or wife will, in all probability, ever see again. The investigation of a well-organized racket of this kind in New York a few years ago revealed that several of those connected with the group had played the part of the "other woman" or "other man" in dozens of divorce proceedings over a relatively short period of time.

But in most divorces involving a charge of adultery, no such elaborate evidence is required—the uncontested testimony of either spouse, with a confirming witness, is sufficient. New York Judge Ploscowe states, "The fewer the grounds for divorce, the greater the incentive to commit perjury." To which we cannot resist adding our favorite oft-repeated quip about New York divorce: "The Bible says, 'Thou shall not commit adultery'; but New York says, 'You *must!*' "

Though our subject in this installment of *Philosophy* is the criminal laws on adultery, we can't leave these related references to divorce without adding a few conclusions on that subject also.

### CONCLUSIONS ON DIVORCE

The divorce laws of the United States are, in our opinion, a hodgepodge of confusion, hypocrisy and suppression. We urge the establishment of a uniform divorce law for all of the 50 states, permitting the dissolution of a marriage for any of a number of reasons that may be considered due cause (of which adultery might be one), *or* by carefully considered mutual consent.

Lack of uniformity is a serious problem in all U.S. sex legislation. It means that sex behavior that is perfectly legal in one state may be a serious criminal offense in another. The disparity in the divorce laws throughout the country is responsible for the abuse known as *migratory divorce*—a discriminatory situation which permits those able to afford it to seek divorce in a state other than their own, where the legislation is more lenient, by establishing temporary residence there. Thus the wealthier resident of New York who desires a divorce can obtain it with relative ease outside the state, but the New York citizen of only average means has no such opportunity—he is forced to comply with the adultery-only edict of his state, if he wants a divorce, or else he does without.

The state-by-state differences in divorce legislation can also produce bizarre cases like this one, which we mentioned in an earlier installment, but which is pertinent enough to deserve repeating. A man and woman were married in Wisconsin. The marriage was unsuccessful and they separated, the wife moving to Minnesota. The husband then obtained an uncontested Wisconsin divorce; however, under Wisconsin law, the divorce would not be final for a year. A short time later, the woman married a second man in Iowa. Under Iowa law this second marriage was valid—the Wis-

consin one-year waiting period notwithstanding. The newly married couple then made the mistake of moving back to Wisconsin. They were both arrested, tried and convicted for criminal adultery, because under Wisconsin law the woman was still married to her first husband. (*State vs. Grengs*, Wisconsin, 1948.)

We won't attempt to enumerate the various reasons that might logically be included in a model divorce law as justification for terminating a marriage. The important point to be made in this regard is that the reasons ought to be related, as much as possible, to the actual causes of divorce, and to the welfare of the individuals involved, rather than to any superficial or secondary considerations.

And, additionally, divorce ought to be granted whenever it is desired on both sides. A serious attempt at reconciliation should be ordered by the court when there are young children involved; but, failing in that, the mutual consent of the spouses is reason enough for concluding a marriage.

No justifiable end is served by making divorces difficult to obtain, or by requiring legal grounds that are frequently unrelated to the actual causes of marital dissatisfaction, or by forcing couples to continue in marriages against their wills —making the bonds of matrimony literally bondage.

Our society makes the institution of marriage easy to enter and difficult to leave, but we have never heard a satisfactory explanation of why this is so. If the aim is, as we assume, to make marriage a more important, responsible and ultimately successful relationship, we certainly applaud the purpose, but must point out that it would be better served by stricter statutes governing marriage than divorce, since the best way of reducing the number of unsuccessful marriages is to prevent them from occurring in the first place. Any significant reduction in teenage marriage, for example, would have a favorable effect on the divorce rate, since the majority of teen marriages end in divorce.

While a strict set of marriage laws would certainly make more sense than the restrictive divorce legislation currently in existence, we favor neither, because we think such personal problems are less likely to be successfully resolved with a universal edict handed down by a legislator than through the decisions of the individuals directly involved.

We would tighten existing marriage laws only in those few states that do not have adequate health provisions requiring a medical examination prior to the issuance of a marriage license (primarily as a check for venereal disease) and that cater to spur-of-the-moment marriages (that usually lead to spur-of-the-moment divorces) by not requiring any reasonable

*(continued on page 220)*

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: AL CAPP

## *a candid conversation with the caustic, iconoclastic creator of "li'l abner"*

*In August 1934, a heroically built young lunkhead named Li'l Abner, wearing supersize clodhoppers and the beatific grin of an idiot, was born, fully grown, in a mythical hamlet named Dogpatch and promptly established himself as a national institution. He also established his creator, a brash, bumptious New Englander named Alfred Gerald Caplin, as one of the most successful cartoonists of all time; he is better known to his 80,000,000 readers as Al Capp.*

*Published in more than 1000 newspapers throughout the world, Capp's comic strip is far more than the hick humor it seems to some. According to one student of comic art, it can be read as "the adventures of a queer lot of bumpkins—or as a considered, Hogarthian attack on American shibboleths and pretensions." Another critic has called it "a decoction of surrealistic action, mystery, horror and adventure featuring the most outlandish collection of caricatures since Daumier."*

*Capp himself has been seriously compared with Jonathan Swift, Lewis Carroll, Voltaire, Mark Twain, Dickens and even Dante. He has been called "an intellectual Gargantua," "an oddly concocted mixture of optimist, cynic and lover of humanity," and "a cheerfully angry middle-aged man with opinions about almost everything." The last description is his own. Whichever one fits, it is true that Capp uses his strip as a sounding board for his own irreverent, and often bitterly iconoclastic, views on politics, society, economics, world affairs and human folly. Recently "Abner" included a sequence in which the Yokum family set out to help its even more poverty-stricken relatives, the Deep Misery Yokums, whom it invites to share its home and hospitality; before long Abner and his family are forced to move out by the filth, indolence and ignorance of their unregenerate kinfolk. A thinly veiled attack on the Government's War on Poverty, the strip immediately touched off a storm of mail—pro and con—and a few rumbles even from those in Washington who administer the program. Their concern was understandable, for when Capp strikes, his impact is felt widely. Once when he ran a contest among his readers, he received a phenomenal total of 1,000,000 entries. Rubber dolls of his ingratiating Kigmy and Shmoo characters flooded the country within months of their invention. And when Capp invented Sadie Hawkins Day, a Dogpatch holiday during which unattached females run down, hog-tie and marry helpless bachelors, he created a national festival.*

*The instigator of all this profitable but not-so-innocent fun began inauspiciously in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where, as a boy, he lost his right leg in a streetcar accident. After studying in nine different art schools (he usually quit when the bursar's office presented its bill), he finally landed his first job at the age of 23—as a cartoonist for the Associated Press, where he lasted for several months. "Finally," he says, "I couldn't stand my stuff, so I quit." Others say he was fired. But two years later he walked into the office of United Features Syndicate with the idea for his "Li'l Abner" strip (now owned by Chicago Tribune–New York News, Inc.), and thereby began his flamboyant career as cartoonist, comic and social critic.*

*In addition to working on "Abner"—a labor reputed to net him between $500,000 and $1,000,000 a year—Capp has turned a talent for verbal satire into a regular spot as critic-without-portfolio on NBC's "Monitor." He will also be debuting shortly as an asp-tongued news commentator on a series of hourlong television specials with Art Buchwald as a comic Huntley to Capp's sardonic Brinkley. United Artists, meanwhile, is preparing for NBC a situation comedy based on "Abner" (which already enjoys the distinction of having been the only comic strip to inspire a hit Broadway musical); and producer David Merrick is putting together still another series—on the misadventures of Capp's intrepid sleuth, Fearless Fosdick. A chain of Li'l Abner restaurants is opening from Canada to California; Kickapoo Joy Juice, now a bottled soft drink, is being sold in at least seven states; and Capp is being plagued by manufacturers who want to market Li'l Abner overalls, Daisy Mae*

*"Comic strips are the best art being produced in America today. I judge them by the same standards I apply to Daumier or Michelangelo. And by those standards comic-strip art is damn good."*

*"Police look different from other people. They're colored blue. So they aren't treated like other people. They're despised. There is no other minority group in America treated so brutally."*

*"When I hear anything described as 'humanitarian,' I ask: 'To whom?' Being a humanitarian is to demand more-than-human rights for any subhuman on the grounds that he's 'underprivileged.'"*

National Aeronautics and Space Administration

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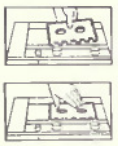

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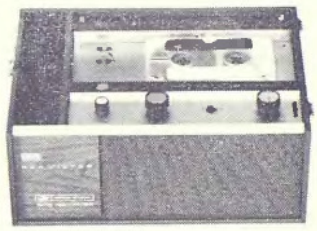

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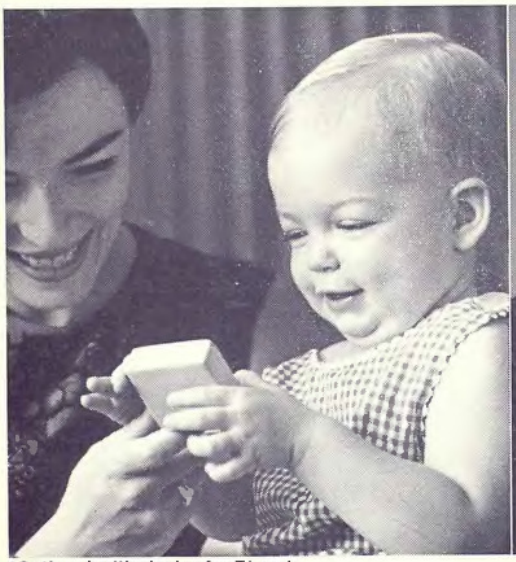
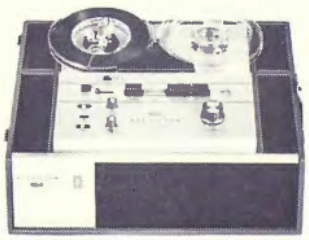


*Optional with dealer for *Tiros I*.

Five RCA Victor Solid State reel-to-reel models. (with a choice like this, why look further?)

It's battery operated so you can get the message *wherever* you go. It's also Solid State (no tubes to burn out). The *Tiros I* is a two-track reel-to-reel model with VU meter recording level monitor and battery level indicator. Complete with microphone, batteries, earphone, 3" reel of tape and reel.

Language students who parlez poorly will get a quick pick-up with the *Tiros II* battery-operated reel-to-reel recorder. Plays on house current, too, with optional AC adapter. 4" oval speaker, earphone jack, tone control, VU meter, fast forward. Comes with its own shoulder-strapped carrying case plus mike, batteries, earphone, tape reel.



For steno or senior veep, the *Score I* is a deluxe 4-track reel-to-reel model. Comes complete with microphone, 7" reel of tape, reel and auxiliary cable. Storage space for reels and accessories.

Have a picnic with the Solid State *Relay II*. Big 6" oval speaker, VU meter, and controls for volume, record, rewind/off/play, tone, fast forward, speed and track selectors, public address and earphone switches. More, it's lightweight, compact—and snap-in cartridge loading lets you get the action fast—as it happens.

Stereo—for the really big sound. *Relay III* has two 9" oval speakers, two 3½" tweeters in swing-out detachable enclosures. Sound-plus-Sound lets you add sound to previously recorded tape. Four-track recording at 3¾ or 1⅞ ips. Output jack for use with optional stereo headphones. VU meter. RCA Victor's finest—the tape recorder of tomorrow.

Here's the audiophile's delight —the *Module Mark I*—a Solid State stereo tape-cartridge recorder deck. Play through your own amplifier-speaker system. Frequency response is 50 to 15,000 cps (at 3¾ ips).

Stereo and Solid State—with Space Age reliability of RCA Solid Copper Circuits that won't come loose, won't short circuit, won't go haywire. The *Score II* has two 9" oval speakers, two 3½" tweeters in swing-out, detachable enclosures. Sound-plus-Sound feature lets you add sound to previously recorded tape. Complete with two ceramic microphones, 7" reel of tape, reel and cables.

For the purist's pleasure, the *Module Mark II* is a Solid State stereo reel-to-reel recorder deck that plays through your own amplifier-speaker system. Frequency response of 50 to 15,000 cps at 7½ ips. Special "pause" switch. VU meter recording level indicator. Handsomely styled Danish Walnut veneer and selected hardwood base.

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## "I WON'T WEAR A THING BUT TOWNE AND KING!"

says JERRY MASON, lawyer

BASTILLE, ALA., Dec. 6—The "Case of the Swiped Sweater" was won for the plaintiff, when his attorney, Jerry Mason, proved that his client would only wear the T&K brand, and the garment marked Exhibit "A" was from some other outfit. Said Mason, "It's a clear case of mistaken identity – like comparing the Dodgers with the Mets. Towne and King's garment is a novelty texture, 100% virgin wool, 5-button cardigan, with variations of ribbed links, hob-nail and waffle stitch combined. You can buy one just like it, Judge, for 22.95."

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*blouses and Mammy Yokum corncob pipes.*

*All of this keeps Capp shuttling busily among a farm in New Hampshire, a studio in Boston and an elaborate pad in Manhattan, where our interviewer, Alvin Toffler, recently bearded the 56-year-old cartoonist for an exclusive 11-hour interview. Amid nervous gestures with his hands, frequent interruptions by the telephone, and outbursts of laughter provoked by his advance knowledge of what he was going to say, Capp sprayed forth acerbic opinions—as a crop duster does DDT—on everything from avarice to adultery, and everyone from L. B. J. to Liberace. We began by asking him his opinion of himself.*

**PLAYBOY:** John Steinbeck once described you as "possibly the best writer in the world today." What's your reaction to that?

**CAPP:** I revere John Steinbeck far too deeply to question his literary judgment.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't you call yourself a cartoonist rather than a writer?

**CAPP:** Oddly enough, I don't think of myself as a cartoonist, or of *L'il Abner* as a cartoon. I think of myself as a novelist and of *Abner* as a novel, a page of which is published every day. At the end of the year I've written 365 pages, fully illustrated. After 31 years at it, that's a pretty damn big novel.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever thought of writing a conventional novel instead?

**CAPP:** No, because I discovered long ago that if you publish a page a day in an odd size with illustrations, you can make about 100 times the money and get millions more readership than if you publish it all together, between covers, and without pictures.

**PLAYBOY:** We've never heard you called a novelist before, but some critics regard you as a bitingly satirical social critic. Do you agree with them?

**CAPP:** I cringe when people say "social critic" or "social commentator." You can't write or draw *anything* without making some comment on society. No cartoonist, no matter how talentless or obscure, has ever drawn a dog without having made a comment on the state of dogs. He's never drawn an outhouse without making some incidental comment about rustic life in America.

**PLAYBOY:** The satiric social comments you make in your strip could hardly be called incidental. They form the heart of much of your material. Sometimes your cartoon attacks on leading political figures are not even veiled behind caricature. You once called William Miller, for example, a "boy Madam Nhu."

**CAPP:** Did I say that?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes.

**CAPP:** Well, I was so terrified at the prospect of Goldwater and Miller, that Laurel and Hardy of statesmanship, running this country that I actually got up off my rump and on the stump for Johnson—no, not so much for Johnson as against those other guys. Not that their views terrified me much. Most people who get to be President turn into Dwight Eisenhower. It's hard to be anybody else in that job. Anyone who gets to be President of the U.S. behaves pretty much as all Presidents have behaved. The job itself remakes the man. For the Johnson cause, I even consented to campaign with groups of—ugh!—folk singers. Not only did I have to bring them to the microphone with flattering introductions, I also had to listen to them. Folk singers are perfectly pleasant people, you know, but the sounds they make I find unbearable. And they all seem to want to be Secretary of State or head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Joan Baez keeps advising the President in song how to run the war in Vietnam—namely, to run away. Pete Seeger also sings foreign-policy folk songs telling the U. S. Army to take it easy on the Communists. His advice is to stop shooting at them because we may hurt them. Tragically, however, many people are content to leave our foreign policy in the hands of the White House, the U. S. Senate and the State Department—groups who haven't even *one* hit record to their credit.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you just against folk singing, or against folk singers who involve themselves in social-protest movements?

**CAPP:** I am against primitive singing, primitive guitar strumming and primitive political solutions. I remember when we used to complain about conformist students. I miss them now. I long for those good old money-crazed kids of yesteryear who didn't carry placards and banners and chain themselves together in front of courthouses; they didn't get involved in anything that didn't lead to becoming vice-president of General Motors. I trust an 18-year-old who has an ungovernable passion to make a buck; but I don't trust an 18-year-old who wants to remake a world he hasn't been in long enough to understand. That produces idealistic young leaders like Fidel Castro, Robert Shelton and George Lincoln Rockwell. No, avarice is a most refreshing and reassuring quality in a youngster. It's the only honest, trustworthy motivation. A kid who wants to make good and earn his keep is a kid who is going to be of service to his fellow man.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you give our young rebels any credit for humanitarian ideals?

**CAPP:** I'm suspicious of the "humanitarian ideals" that inflame the young today, and have set them marching, picketing, rioting and demanding—just as I was suspicious of the "humanitarian ideals" of Lenin and Trotsky when they inflamed the young of my teens. But there's little danger in mistaking our campus nonconformists for the sane young. It's the uniforms they wear that warn you:

"Here comes hysteria!" All kid nonconformists think, dress and riot exactly alike. All nonconformist girls wear their hair in bangs in front, and cascading in back like berserk batwings over the shoulders, every strand unwashed. And all nonconformist boys wear the blue jeans of laborers, but live on the labor of their fathers. They wallow in the best of both worlds—disdaining the decent manners of the bum and the patrimony of the patrician, while other and better kids are doing their sit-ins in Vietnam rice paddies and their lie-ins in Saigon hospitals.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the sacrifices of civil rights workers who have been beaten and killed in the South? Don't you believe in the sincerity of their dedication to the ideal of racial equality?

**CAPP:** I'm suspicious of any form of selflessness other than that of parents to their kids. I, myself, have found selflessness in myself only in momentary flashes and only when it concerns my children. I don't mistrust idealism, but I mistrust idealism that is romantic, self-indulgent and exhibitionistic—and that's the way most of it comes lately. If I have any talent at all, it's a gift for sniffing out fakery, and our current crop of college rebels is redolent with it. They've been *taken* by their leaders.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you consider Norman Mailer a leader of nonconformist youth?

**CAPP:** Naturally. He has every quality the nonconformist young admire: His language is uncouth, his actions are violent, he despises the institutions that protect him, and he seldom buttons his fly. And just as the students who adore him are too busy protesting to do any studying, Mailer is too busy protesting that he's a great writer to do any of the great writing he is capable of.

**PLAYBOY:** What about James Baldwin?

**CAPP:** He is pompous, ill-tempered and hates everybody. And yet everybody doesn't love him. This so infuriates Baldwin that he keeps threatening to write another play. While there is still time to prevent that, I urge that a law be passed compelling everyone to love Baldwin, or be sentenced to sit through a complete performance of *Blues for Mister Charlie*.

**PLAYBOY:** At the opposite end of the political spectrum, what do you think of William Buckley and his archconservative philosophy?

**CAPP:** Buckley is a profound thinker, a dazzling scholar, a fearless crusader, and is therefore considered unfit to hold public office.

**PLAYBOY:** You campaigned for Johnson. Do you like him as President?

**CAPP:** I've never been able to generate any affection for Johnson, whereas I did in a rueful way for Goldwater. Goldwater is genial, ingratiating and warmly impulsive. Johnson is cold, tough, tyrannical and won't ever lose a poker game because of a warm impulse. So I'm glad

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**PLAYBOY:** And yet you've attacked certain aspects of his War on Poverty. Don't you regard it as a worth-while humanitarian program?

**CAPP:** When I hear anything described as "humanitarian," I ask: "humanitarian to whom?" Say a restless young chap mugs and robs a senior citizen. Say he's caught in the act. Naturally, he lunges at the cop with a switchblade. The cop shoots him. Immediately an army of humanitarians springs to the defense! But to the defense of whom? The mugged senior citizen? Certainly not. He's left to die on the sidewalk or use up his life's savings in a hospital. The policeman? Don't be silly; he's brought up on charges of brutality. Today being a "humanitarian" is to demand more-than-human rights for any homicidal subhuman on grounds that he's "culturally underprivileged." Today it's considered inhuman—and, more importantly, unfashionable—to demand as decent treatment for the guy who was mugged as for the guy who mugged him.

**PLAYBOY:** What's this got to do with the poverty program?

**CAPP:** Well, I'll be for the poverty program when I see just who it is going to impoverish. It certainly won't impoverish that splendid army of humanitarians who have selflessly volunteered to administer the program at $50 an hour.

**PLAYBOY:** For many years you've been regarded as a political liberal. But you sound disillusioned with liberal programs. What's changed you?

**CAPP:** I haven't changed. Liberalism has. The liberal fought for welfare. It began as compulsory Christianity; it has degenerated into something maudlin and mindless. Under today's corruption of welfare, any slut capable of impregnation is encouraged to produce bastards without end—for which she is given welfare checks without end. A woman who has proven herself an unfit driver has her license taken away; yet the unfit mother is given unbridled license to continue to produce children doomed to lovelessness and neglect from the moment they are born. And society is doomed to support them, to cure their dope addiction, to jail them, or to terminate their terrible little lives because we will not take away from the unfit the license to reproduce.

**PLAYBOY:** Who is to decide who is unfit to reproduce?

**CAPP:** Who decides who is unfit to drive a car? I think the right to inflict these children on society should be taken away by the same authority. Our society, I think, can impose the necessary discipline without resorting to sterilization. We don't amputate the hands of unfit drivers; but we might try amputating the Aid to Dependent Children checks we send to any unfit mother who remorselessly continues to reproduce.

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't what you've said really amount to a wholesale condemnation of public welfare?

**CAPP:** No. I'm simply asking who will fare well under welfare—and who will fare ill. Millionaires don't pay for welfare. There aren't enough of them. Welfare's millions come from those millions of Americans who just about scrape by—who prefer to fight their own private war against poverty with no weapons but their energy and dignity. What I fear is that it won't be long before it's possible to lead a far better life being on the bum and on welfare than being on the job and paying your own way—that those who take welfare will outnumber those who provide it; and I'm against the persecution of any minority group—even one so primitive that they still prefer to earn their own living.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you propose, then? How do we lick the poverty problem?

**CAPP:** A thornier problem than licking poverty is *finding* some. You certainly won't find it on Malibu Beach, among that immense colony of sun-tanned gods and goddesses, the surfers. All of them—and their sports cars, too—are supported by unemployment. They are the most decorative specimens, of course, but you'll find their kind everywhere—refusing to repair fenders, refusing to clean streets, disdaining to run elevators, sitting stubbornly on their rights and on their rumps, getting up only to collect their welfare checks or to knock up a girlfriend so she can produce another child and be rewarded with an extra monthly check.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you any happier with the Administration's foreign policy than you are with its domestic program?

**CAPP:** Our foreign policy is perfectly sensible; it's our *explanation* of it that's absurd. We ought to abandon the pretense that we're in Vietnam or Santo Domingo to protect *their* rights. We can no longer afford the luxury of permitting our excitable little neighbors the right to choose their own form of government—not if there's the slightest chance that it may be one dedicated to joining our enemies in destroying us. It's more honorable, I think, to admit that you're pushing a little guy around because you know damn well that if he gets any bigger he'll push you off the planet, than to claim you're doing it for his own good.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel we can afford to risk intervening militarily in the affairs of any foreign country, whatever the provocation?

**CAPP:** It's not our military intervention that's dangerous; it's the sanctimonious reasons we give for it that could lead to trouble.

**PLAYBOY:** After these remarks, can you still deny that you're a social critic?

**CAPP:** I won't bother to—if you think that adds class to the interview. But to be honest about it, I'm no more a social critic than Ian Fleming was. Pick up any paperback from *Peyton Place* to the James Bond yarns, and you'll find social comment in them.

**PLAYBOY:** What social message do you find in James Bond?

**CAPP:** The message is that if Sherlock Holmes was in business today, he'd be getting laid instead of playing the violin. He never did get laid, you know. Holmes was exactly the same guy Bond is, but he reflected the morals of his time. Bond reflects the morals of *our* time.

**PLAYBOY:** If that's what accounts, at least in part, for the popularity of the Bond stories, how do you explain the appeal of your innocent hero Li'l Abner?

**CAPP:** I am puzzled that anyone regards Li'l Abner as any sort of hero at all. The size of his feet is heroic, but not much else about him. A hero is modest; Abner is vain. A hero's wife adores him; Abner's wife deplores him. A hero is innocent; Abner is merely ignorant. Maybe that's it: Maybe it's his ignorance the public admires. The scope of his ignorance *is* heroic. And when ignorance triumphs over intellect, we all feel more personally secure. English humorists, as in *Tom Jones*, used class as the yardstick of ignorance. Americans are apt to use geography. Dogpatch, because it is so far removed from the centers of culture, is accepted as a Fort Knox of ignorance. And the ignorant are accepted as Fort Knoxes of goodness, mainly because they aren't smart enough to be rotten.

**PLAYBOY:** What is there about the hillbilly setting that fascinates the American public? How do you explain the popularity of television series such as *The Beverly Hillbillies*?

**CAPP:** Simple. Hillbillies seem so ignorant that the sight of them makes even TV viewers feel smart. But there's nothing ignorant about the producers of those shows. They've been resourceful enough to rummage through my old wastebaskets for stuff I didn't have the guts to use in *Li'l Abner*.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of *Gomer Pyle* and *Petticoat Junction*?

**CAPP:** They've been rummaging through *The Beverly Hillbillies*' wastebaskets.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree with the critic who charged that these three shows are "intellectual atrocities"?

**CAPP:** If it's intellectual atrocities you're after, turn off your TV set and open a copy of *The New Yorker*. As primitive as the stories in *Gomer Pyle* and *The Beverly Hillbillies* are, they do have vitality and comprehensibility—two qualities *The New Yorker* clearly regards as intellectually atrocious. But possibly I'm not being fair; *The New Yorker* has risen to a level above that of mere disposable reading matter. A copy of *The New Yorker* is now *furniture*, a quietly elegant piece which when placed on a

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Everybody picks on *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Gomer Pyle*, but you realize what immense quality the worst of commercial television has when you look at the *best* of educational television. Then you find out that even the most paralyzing "entertainment" shows are works of art by comparison. Commercial television is bad because it has to be; if it isn't, the sponsors won't pay for it. But educational television is bad because it *chooses* to be. It could be original, intelligent, startling, informative, courageous, muscular. Instead, it prefers to be tiresome and timid, flabby and faggy.

**PLAYBOY:** Will your own projected program, *The Capp-Buchwald Report*, fall into the category of educational television?

**CAPP:** Naturally. The purpose of *The Capp-Buchwald Report* will be to explain *The Huntley-Brinkley Report*.

**PLAYBOY:** What will you report on?

**CAPP:** The great issues—like the brutal treatment of minority groups.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as Negroes?

**CAPP:** I've already fought for the Negro—when it wasn't as fashionable as it is now, when it wasn't as safe. Others have taken on that fight—and so I've turned my attention to another minority that's being treated with increasing brutality: the police. There are less of them than there are of us nonpolice. And they look different from other people. They're colored blue. And so they aren't treated like other people. They're despised, avoided and mistreated. One out of every ten policemen in this country was violently attacked last year. Eighty were killed. They get the most dangerous and menial jobs at the lowest pay. There is no other minority group in America that's been treated so brutally.

**PLAYBOY:** Will any other minority groups get coverage on *The Capp-Buchwald Report*?

**CAPP:** Yes. Parents. Parents are another vastly underprivileged minority group. I picked up a copy of *The Washington Post* the other day and read at least seven different articles telling parents how to understand their children—but not a single piece telling children how to understand their parents. Nobody cares enough to take the trouble to point out to kids how revolting they are to us. That's why they grow into savages. The only reason we don't murder them in their teens is that we're willing to wait for a crueler revenge—the day when the little bastards become parents themselves.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there anyone else on your list of persecuted minorities?

**CAPP:** Yes. Junkyard owners. Everybody complains about how unsightly junkyards are, how they're cluttering up the highways and making America ugly and all that. Not me. I find a junkyard one of the most reassuring evidences of American superiority. We throw *away* things that would be prized possessions in any other country. I think the sight of an immense mountain of automobiles rusting away, some of them just ten years old, must have been the most impressive thing Khrushchev saw in America. We were throwing stuff away that they couldn't yet even hope to attain.

**PLAYBOY:** But must these junkyards line the highways?

**CAPP:** Where else can they do more good? If you leave a pile of junk unguarded long enough, Andy Warhol will come along and sign it. Instead of lugging our junk piles away, have them signed by pop artists and call them outdoor exhibitions of modern art. As I see it, the freedom to live in this beautiful country also includes the freedom to destroy its beauty, and we're taking full advantage of it. I think I was the one who launched the first nationwide campaign to preserve the natural beauty of our billboards. I had Abner decide to take a trip with Daisy Mae to visit a great scenic wonder. They arrived at the road that was supposed to look down upon this lush, magnificent valley, and there it was, all right—behind unrelieved miles of road signs. Abner ripped them all up, and then he said, "America shore is somethin' to see, once yo' kin see it." Gangs of kids instantly sprang up all over the country, uprooting billboards by the thousands. I claimed they were inspired by love of beauty. A few misanthropes claimed they were inspired by love of destruction. But in the end it didn't matter: those kids abandoned beautification and went on to stealing hubcaps and mugging. That's the sort of issue *The Capp-Buchwald Report* will come to grips with.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you say that your program will be an effort to elevate the standards of television?

**CAPP:** Mainly it will be an effort to elevate our *incomes*. I don't know what all this talk about elevating standards is supposed to mean. The public gets what it asks for. Somebody once asked me if the Government should subsidize "needy artists." What an outrageous idea. Boston, my city, for example, supports exactly the art it wants and enjoys. It supports Doris Day movies. Boston supports those arts in which Boston is interested. I think it would be outrageous to tax all Bostonians to support a form of art which only a handful enjoy. Who is to decide whether the choreography of a basketball game is a baser art than ballet? Imagine a community in which rodeos and ice-skating shows are considered cultural events by the elite, but the masses prefer opera and Hindemith concerts. Would you tax those people who prefer to spend their money on concerts and operas to provide funds for the support of ice-skating shows and bronco-busting because a tiny group of taste makers has decided that these are art? And while we're on the subject of art, why don't you ask me how I'd define that catch phrase "needy artist"?

**PLAYBOY:** How would you define that catch phrase "needy artist"?

**CAPP:** A needy artist is a guy who stubbornly continues to produce something that the world doesn't need enough to pay him for. Suppose this guy handmakes agonizingly uncomfortable bicycle seats which no one will buy; yet he refuses to do something useful for a living to enable him to indulge in this macabre hobby; is the public compelled to subsidize this pest? If a private patron wants to support "artists" who frame used paint rags and build plaster replicas of Brillo boxes, that's their aberration—but I can't see allowing the Government, in the name of culture, to tax the bejesus out of people who don't want this kind of crap.

**PLAYBOY:** Is all of it crap?

**CAPP:** A lot that's palmed *off* as art sure as hell is. And that brings us to Picasso. He isn't nearly as high-principled or talented an artist as Chester Gould, who draws *Dick Tracy*, and to be fair about it, he doesn't get as good prices. There was young Picasso, burning with ambition—to get rich. And yet his best—those "academic" paintings that are now reverently offered as proof of his early greatness—was plodding and third-rate. Well, Picasso was a sensible kid. He knew he couldn't go any further—not along the traditional classic path, where talent was measured by the classic standards of truth and beauty. So he beat out another path—a crazy, crooked one, leading nowhere; and despite the jeering of the art world, he kept at it, turning out more and more balmy and offensive stuff every year until the art world began wondering if it hadn't made a mistake, if there wasn't something secretly good in stuff that looked so bad. The answer, of course, is that they were right in the first place—and history will someday make that judgment. But I'm sure Picasso couldn't care less. He's loaded. And the world's galleries are loaded with his fakery.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any so-called serious contemporary artists whom you admire? Jackson Pollock, for example?

**CAPP:** That's what happens when you don't teach a kid to clean up his messes. He grows up to make *other* people's homes unlivable.

**PLAYBOY:** How about De Kooning?

**CAPP:** Isn't he the same guy? And aren't they both Mark Rothko? It's all the same thing, no matter who signs it. Some people dismiss abstract artists as frauds. I don't. I think quite a few are perfectly sincere, as sincere as those mystics of another great society—those Romans, I mean, who read augurs and portents into a slit lamb's intestines. The only difference is that our mystics splash and

splatter paint until they create something as distasteful as a lamb's intestines—and *we* read augurs and portents into their messes.

**PLAYBOY:** If abstract art is as worthless as you say it is, why has it endured so long?

**CAPP:** Because it's one of the very few rackets anybody at all can get into these days, and make a buck.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think there's any art of genuine worth being created today?

**CAPP:** Masses of it. Only you won't find it in the galleries; you'll find it mainly on the comic page. Comic strips are possibly the best art being produced in this country today. The only reason most people don't realize it is that they've been brainwashed into thinking that if you draw a picture in comic-strip size, with pen and ink, it isn't art. But if it's big and you do it in oil, it's art. That's self-swindling snobbishness. A work of art is a work of art, regardless of form or materials. I've seen ads for Chrysler cars that were finer works of art than a lot of the stuff hanging in the Metropolitan. There are murals covering entire walls that haven't a fraction of the craftsmanship of cartoons covering three square inches in the newspapers. I judge comic strips by the same standards I apply to Daumier or Michelangelo. And by those standards comic-strip art is damn good.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you consider the best comic strips being published today?

**CAPP:** *Steve Canyon* by Milton Caniff, *Juliet Jones* by Stan Drake, *Abbie 'n' Slats* by Rae Van Buren, *Miss Peach* by Mel Lazarus, anything Mort Walker does, *Dick Tracy* by Chester Gould. I'm awed by the draftsmanship of *On Stage* and *Dr. Kildare*. I'm furious when Walt Kelly isn't as good as he can be, which is better than anybody. People say there aren't many good political cartoonists anymore, and that's true, but two of the few we have—Herblock and Bill Mauldin—are better than any *ever* were. Then there's Walt Kelly and *Pogo*. Walt, when he chooses to be, is one of the funniest men in the world.

**PLAYBOY:** How about *Peanuts*?

**CAPP:** I find *Peanuts* not as exciting as some people do. It's a trick that's wearing thin—having kids speak like adults. It *is* damn well drawn, however. I also enjoy everything Jules Feiffer does; he's a hell of a better artist than anyone gives him credit for being. He doesn't draw elaborately, but he draws with truth and pity.

**PLAYBOY:** As you know, Feiffer recently wrote an article for PLAYBOY called *The Great Comic-Book Heroes*, in which he reminisced about his childhood fascination with such legendary characters as Batman, Superman and Captain Marvel. Did you have any cartoon heroes of your own as a boy?

**CAPP:** Many—Mutt and Jeff, Maggie and

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Jiggs, Barney Google, Happy Hooligan, and all of Rube Goldberg. There were many great comics in the newspapers, but, frankly, the comic *books* bored me. That's why I was disappointed in Feiffer's piece. I thought he deified a lot of dreary old comic-book characters who don't deserve it. Superman, Batman, Captain Marvel—these guys were the Alan Ladds of the comic book. Feiffer's nostalgia for them is sentimental.

The strangest character Feiffer recalled from the golden age of comic books was Dr. Fredric Wertham. The doctor, however, was no creature of pen and ink; he was as real as any old Salem judge who ever ordered any Salem granny burned alive as a witch. His book *Seduction of the Innocent* fearlessly put the blame for crime and corruption where it belonged: on ten-cent comic books! He pointed out that big, muscular Batman lived with a little boy named Robin and frequently wore a dressing gown! Wertham needed no further proof that this was a homosexual relationship—and neither, to its credit, did the public. Wertham's book was bursting with such revelations, and it wasn't long after it came out before the nation was banning and burning comic books. I remember a TV show on which I defended Wertham's attack on *Li'l Abner*. He claimed that Abner's devotion to his mother was a pure and simple case of incest, and a depraved example for the young. Then, after the show was over, he asked me for an autograph for his little grandson. *Li'l Abner* was the child's favorite comic strip. I asked Wertham if his daughter had ever had any trouble with the kid. He said not at all: he was a sweet, loving child. Nonetheless, the hysteria launched by critics like Wertham finally killed the comic book. Time was when only a well-heeled kid could have his own library. The inexpensive comic book had made it possible for all kids to create little libraries of their own with adventure yarns, science-fiction fantasies, nature stuff, Bible stories, condensations of the Stevenson and Henty classics. This new branch of book publishing was beginning to develop its fine writers, and fine illustrators—and then it was destroyed.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't you once accused by a New York State investigating committee of peddling pornography in *Li'l Abner*?

**CAPP:** Yes, and that was an experience so incredible that if I had used it as a sequence in *Li'l Abner*, readers would have been convinced that Capp had finally gone off his rocker. If I'd drawn politicians in my strip as cheap and mindless as those I met in the course of this nightmare, I'd have been denounced for attempting to undermine the democratic system. At the peak of Wertham's campaign against comics, the New York State Assembly voted a substantial sum to a committee of assemblymen to "investigate pornography in comics." None of us doing newspaper comic strips paid the slightest attention to it, of course, because newspaper comics are the most carefully laundered of all mass literature. First, the cartoonist is his own most merciless censor; he knows that the slightest hint of hanky-panky in his stuff will wreck him and his career. And so before he sends his work to his syndicate, he examines every word, every drawing, for anything that anyone, no matter how warped, could possibly interpret as anything but clean fun. Even then we don't quite trust our own judgment. Our strips are sent to our syndicates about five weeks ahead of publication. There, once again, they are subjected to thorough study by several suspicious and short-tempered editors, all with full and freely given authority to make any changes. Once approved, the strips usually arrive at newspaper offices three weeks ahead of publication, and once more are scrutinized by each individual publisher, each with the right to refuse to publish anything he might consider even remotely borderline. Any newspaper comic strip that has survived this tortuous process and finally appears on a newspaper comic page has been given a clean bill of health by the world's sternest jury.

And so the newspaper-comic-strip world was stunned when the committee issued a report, in the form of a book, that its investigators discovered pornography in a popular newspaper comic strip—namely, *Li'l Abner*. We obtained a copy of the report and it was indeed full of filthy *Li'l Abner* drawings—all forgeries. Photostatic copies of *Li'l Abner* strips had been made and tampered with: phallic symbols had been drawn in, figures from one strip combined with figures from another strip in obscene positions. These were then rephotostated and mailed to the investigating committee by a nonexistent member of a nonexistent branch of the Parent-Teacher Association. The investigating committee, without investigating the authenticity of the drawings, or even of the P.T.A. branch that sent them, had rushed muck into print with a stern rebuke to newspaper publishers for being so careless as to let this depraved stuff get by.

Well, the head of my syndicate, my lawyer and I summoned the head of the investigating committee to a meeting at the Waldorf Towers, where we confronted him with the evidence of his idiocy. He begged us not to publicize our findings about him, in return for which he'd bury the report with *his* "findings" about *Li'l Abner*. We were satisfied to drop the whole squalid thing. However, the National Cartoonists Society pursued it. They unearthed the forger, and I have no hesitation in giving his name. He was Ham Fisher, the creator of *Joe Palooka*. I'd worked for him as an assistant when I was a kid, and he had never forgiven me for leaving him and whomping up something of my own. A committee of the National Society, including Milt Caniff, Walt Kelly, Bill Mauldin and Rube Goldberg, voted to expel him. Fisher committed suicide.

**PLAYBOY:** Beyond the general self-censorship you mentioned a moment ago, are you forced to observe any specific sexual taboos in preparing *Li'l Abner*?

**CAPP:** There is only one sexual taboo: If there's anything sexual, it's taboo. But I don't feel limited. It's a privilege to contribute something wholesome and ennobling for kids to come back home to after their parents have sent them off to see *Harlow, Seduced and Abandoned* and Steve Reeves' Roman rapes.

**PLAYBOY:** Some commentators say we're drifting toward an asexual society as the roles of men and women are becoming increasingly indistinguishable. Do you agree?

**CAPP:** If there is, I don't see anything to be alarmed about. It's an exhausting profession, being a girl. For instance, from the age of 12, no really nice girl admits she has bowel movements. Well, maybe it's come time for girls to drop the simpering, complicated, degrading Girl Act, and to enjoy being human beings for a few centuries—and for men to take over the role of peacock. But as for boys and girls becoming indistinguishable, our exploding population figures are proof that they can still tell which is which.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel, as some critics do, that America is going through a period of "moral decay"?

**CAPP:** Change is often called "decay." Our moral values are changing, that's all. I think the most shocking thing I ever saw in my life—I couldn't have been more than 10 or 11 years old—was a woman smoking. I was positive I'd seen my first prostitute. But a few years later my grandmother was sending me out for packs of cigarettes. I remember when the sight of a woman's calf was enough to snap a man's mind. Yet today parents proudly watch their little drum-majorette daughters parading half naked down Main Street.

**PLAYBOY:** Many of these same critics say the sexual revolution may change the institution of marriage.

**CAPP:** Marriage, like all social institutions, *needs* to be changed. But I suppose it'll have to do, as it is, until we come up with a more sensible arrangement. Maybe marriage licenses should expire every two years, like automobile licenses.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about adultery?

**CAPP:** I feel that there *must* be some other plot for Doris Day movies.

**PLAYBOY:** To return to *Li'l Abner*: It's been said that most of your readers are

male. Is this because of the pretty girls in the strip?

**CAPP:** Whether most of the readers are male or female depends on when the survey is taken. If it's taken at a time when the strip involves the activities of Honest Abe, the child, the readership rises to better than 60 percent women. But during a Fearless Fosdick sequence, I lose 20,000,000 women. They stop reading right away and the men start.

**PLAYBOY:** Might this be because of some difference between the male and female sense of humor?

**CAPP:** Yes. Men enjoy Fosdick's bad aim, for example. In order to scare off a guy who's selling balloons without a license, Fosdick will shoot three or four innocent housewives through the head—all in the line of duty, of course. Men enjoy this sort of humor; but housewives don't seem to see anything funny about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you set out to aim for any particular segment of the population when you're working on the strip?

**CAPP:** When you're writing for 80,000,000 readers, you can't aim for any special reader. I've never avoided using any idea because I thought kids wouldn't understand it, or because I thought it would be too childish for Ken Galbraith. All I do is make anything I'm saying as clear as I can. There is nothing you can say about the human condition—oh, I hate using phrases like that—that won't be understood if it's clear enough.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you tell us how you work, how you go about preparing the strip?

**CAPP:** I work in a studio near Boston. It's always a crashing disappointment to anyone who saw that Jack Lemmon movie, *How to Murder Your Wife*, in which he plays a rich cartoonist with a lush triplex pad. Mine isn't. It's just a grubby place with about three rooms where I sit around with a couple of very wealthy men who are my assistants and who begrudge every moment they have to spend in such squalor. One has been with me 31 years. The new boy came in 27 years ago; we haven't decided yet whether he's permanent. They both sit solemnly and listen to ideas of mine, and every now and then they'll give me a profound critique like, "That's a lot of crap." Then I know I'm on the right track. But to tell the truth, I won't go ahead on an idea without their approval. Finally we agree that one idea is less stomach-turning than the other.

At that point, I'll sit down behind my desk and start improvising dialog. I'll take all the roles and recite them out loud. Every now and then one of them will throw in a line or suggest a change. In this way, I'll write a week of strips at a time. Then I'll transfer the dialog onto the strips themselves, draw stick figures of the action, and ink in all the faces. Then it'll go to my assistants, to develop and complete the drawing and


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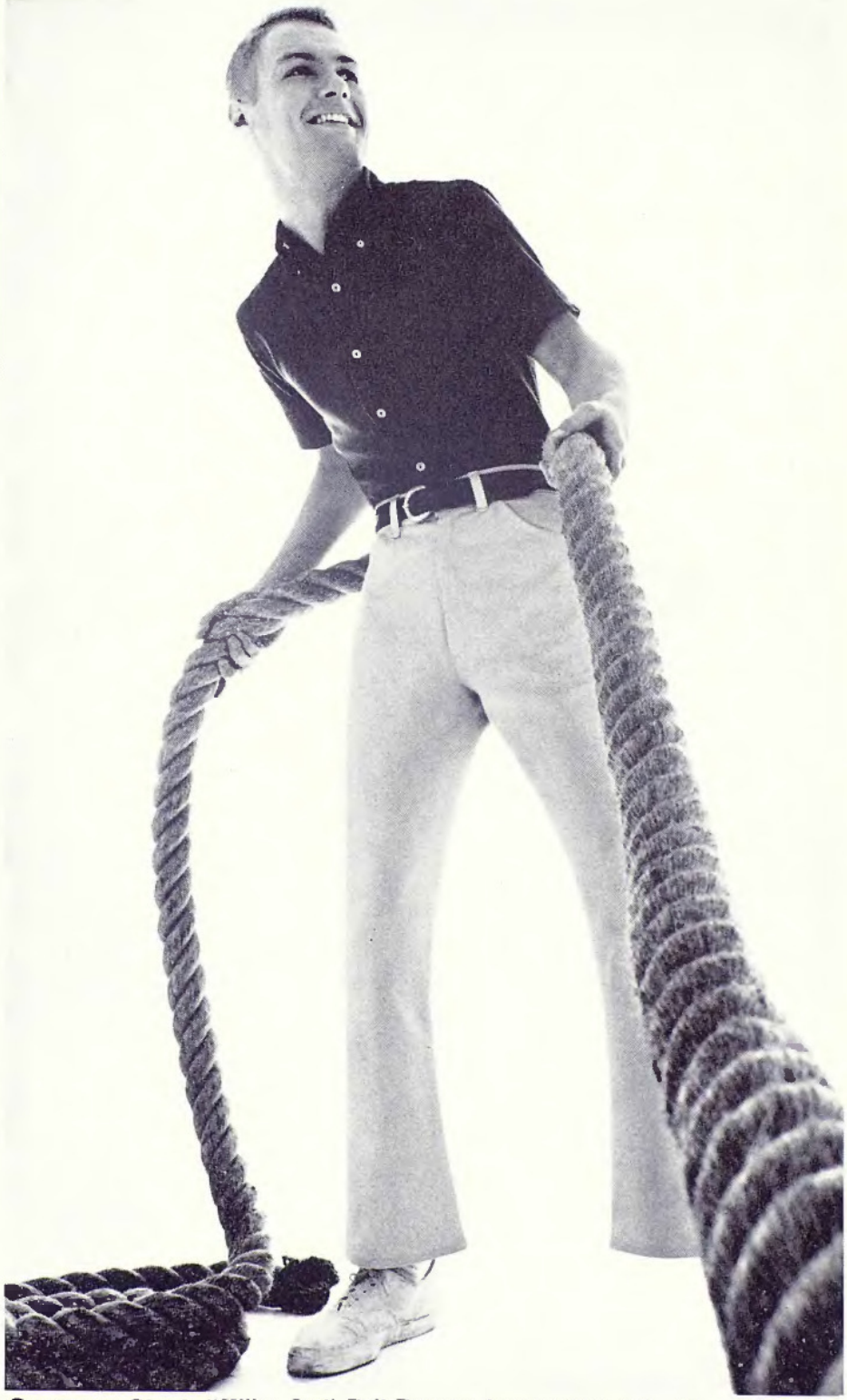

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inking. By now we've developed something called the Al Capp style—an arrangement of my errors in drawing which my assistants have mastered.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it hard work?

**CAPP:** It gets harder, damn it, every year. You know the legend is that once a cartoonist has made it, he turns the whole job over to a little Arab boy, never works again, and the public never knows the difference. That's a snare and a delusion! After 32 years, I've finally discovered who the little Arab boy is: It's me. The reader *does* know if the creator leaves the strip, no matter how cleverly he's imitated. The reader can't put his finger on any specific difference; it's simply that the total effect on him is different—and he drifts to a different comic strip.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do you get the ideas for your characters and situations?

**CAPP:** I try to hit upon some secret, universal dream—or dread—and make it come true in the strip. A while ago, for instance, we had General Bullmoose develop a sports car for kids. It was excruciatingly uncomfortable, smelled terrible, it was expensive, and it was like traveling in a cement mixer. It was the most agonizing, noisy, useless, dangerous automobile ever invented, so Bullmoose says, "Let's charge the kids $8000 apiece for them." It only cost $400 to make them, but this has every possible inconvenience built in, so naturally every kid will demand one. Bullmoose knows he's got the biggest seller of all time—until Slobbovia comes out with a car called the Coldsmobile. It's made of solid ice; it costs nothing to make and nothing to run. It runs off the power generated by the trembling and shuddering of the driver. It sells for $1.29, and it's even more uncomfortable than the Bullmoose car. What's more, it's foreign. Consequently, it's completely irresistible to American kids. A lesser man than Bullmoose might be ruined. But he knows the teenage mind. He has one of his ad agencies flood the country with a campaign endorsing his rival, the Coldsmobile—testimonials such as "Your father and mother want you to drive the Coldsmobile," "Guy Lombardo prefers the Coldsmobile," Your police chief recommends the Coldsmobile." The result is that no self-respecting kid would be found dead in one, and Bullmoose makes billions on his $8000 monstrosity.

**PLAYBOY:** Most readers regard Bullmoose as a heavy. Do you?

**CAPP:** No. I *like* the son of a bitch. He's so completely heartless; he thinks he knows more about everything than anybody else. And he's magnificently horny.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't your Kigmy character the opposite of Bullmoose? It's been called "the epitome of masochism."

**CAPP:** Yes, the Kigmy is the universal scapegoat. Every state trooper should carry one with him so that a guy who gets a ticket can let off steam by kicking it. Not long ago I revived the Kigmies. Factories started turning them out. That's not the only *Abner* character, of course, that's been manufactured. Aside from all kinds of Li'l Abner products, there's Kickapoo Joy Juice, a new soft drink that does no lasting harm—except to me. Soon as we started flooding the country with it, Joan Crawford snubbed me. Turns out she's the front man for a rival drink called Mountain Dew.

**PLAYBOY:** Apart from Abner himself, what's been your most successful creation?

**CAPP:** The Shmoo, probably. When the Shmoo first appeared in the strip about 15 years ago, the excitement was so great it blotted out everything else. I just wondered what we would all be like if our prayers were answered and we suddenly had everything we wanted, and it wasn't necessary to fight or work anymore. I boiled it down to this inanely happy little creature and set it loose. After that, the story wrote itself. But the name helped: Shmoo. The "sh" is a soft, ridiculous, affectionate sound, and "moo" sounds sort of cowlike.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you give that much thought to names for your other characters?

**CAPP:** We work damned hard on them. We'll spend four hours to come up with just the right name for a character who will pass in and out of the strip and never be seen again. I want a name to describe the character, as Dickens does. So when I name a girl Moonbeam McSwine, you don't need to be told that she's a beautiful and unsanitary character.

**PLAYBOY:** You've gotten in trouble now and then caricaturing prominent people, haven't you?

**CAPP:** Only once. Some years ago, I received a telegram from a California lawyer claiming that my character Loverboynik, a delicious, dimpled darling of a piano player, resembled a client of his. Actually, I thought that was a hell of a thing for him to say about a client. He also stated that his client's name was Liberace. I asked showbiz friends of mine what sort of creature this guy was who was going to sue me—this Liberace. There were several theories. Somehow *Time* magazine found out about the lawsuit—possibly because I tipped them off—and asked me what my defense would be. I said my defense would be that there was no resemblance whatever between Loverboynik and Liberace—because Loverboynik could play the piano rather decently. *Time* published that and I never heard from the lawyer again. I never heard Liberace again either, but that was just luck. In any case, Liberace's was the only petulant complaint I've gotten about being caricatured in *Li'l Abner*. Less revered public figures—Hubert Humphrey, Ernest Hemingway, Barry Goldwater, Cary Grant—have all been delighted.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**CAPP:** Because it is, in a macabre way, a status thing to be caricatured in *Abner*. Clearly, a guy writing for a public of 80,000,000, over most of the world, isn't going to use any name that isn't internationally famous.

**PLAYBOY:** Does this vast readership give you a sense of power?

**CAPP:** Hell, no. The real power resides with the editors who carry your strip. Without them, I'd be about as powerful a social influence as a guy who decorates men's-room walls.

**PLAYBOY:** We'll rephrase the question: With the world-wide readership editors have given you over the years, do you feel you've influenced public attitudes?

**CAPP:** I'd be a damn fool to delude myself that I have. Actually, it works the other way. Public attitudes have influenced *me*. Lately, for instance, I've sensed something that I'd been feeling myself taking place in the public: a growing suspicion that a hell of a lot of the help we've been giving foreign countries has developed into them helping themselves to the fruits of our labors. I tried one or two stories on that theme. The response was extraordinarily heavy and grateful fan mail. I did more. More "hurray for you" mail. So if there is now an increased national surliness about foreign aid, I didn't create it. It was already there. I just applauded it.

**PLAYBOY:** The tenor of your remarks throughout this interview might lead some readers to conclude that you're a rather bitter cynic. Would they be right?

**CAPP:** Cynical, perhaps; bitter, no. Actually, I'm a rather merry old soul. As a matter of fact, I don't know anyone more cheerful than I am.

**PLAYBOY:** Despite your cynicism?

**CAPP:** Not despite it, *because* of it. If you have no illusions about yourself, about the quality of saintliness, the quality of selflessness, the quality of patriotism, if you have no illusions about anything, then you can never be disappointed or disenchanted, and you can go on living quite a cheerful life. It's only those idealists who devoutly believe in the achievability of perfection who are shattered when they find out they can't quite make it. But cynicism alone won't give you a cheery life; you must combine it with irritability.

**PLAYBOY:** Irritability?

**CAPP:** There used to be a lot of it around. But now we have to go abroad—to France—to find it. We're tolerant of those who swindle us, insult us, betray us, mug us, cheat us. There are those, in fact, who urge us to be tolerant of those who are killing us. What this country needs is less good will, and more bad temper.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you follow your own advice? Are you irritable yourself?

**CAPP:** I try to be.

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# GIFTING THE GIRLS

Above left: A triad of molded-bross and nickel velvet-lined jewel boxes from Western Germany; the middle chest holds a Swiss music box, $200, the small one above, $50, and large below, $150, all from Hammacher Schlemmer. Above center: Single-manual three-stop harpsichord in brushed-black hard finish, model CG-III, by the Connan Guild, $2500. Above right, a fragrant assembly of perfect perfumes, from left to right: Tosca (5.7 ozs.), in decanter bottle, by the House of 4711, $8. Chanel No. 5 (4 ozs.), by Chanel, $70. On top of Chanel bottle: Cabochard perfume from Paris (1 oz.), by Gres, $28. Hypnotique (½ oz.), by Max Factor, $8.50. Présence (1 oz.), by Houbigant, $28. Below left: Lisa Larson's marvelous menagerie of Swedish ceramic animals, from Georg Jensen of New York, $8 to $34. Below center: A portable 9 x 12 dance floor, by Sico, $495. Other dancing essentials, from left to right: Black-lace dress with flamenco skirt, from Bramson's, $160; black *discothèque* satin-crepe shoe with steel buckle, $19, gold kid-lined velvet dancing slippers, $29, and black antelope low-shell silhouette shoe with jet-strap trim, $35, all from Andrew Geller. Below right: Purebred Bedlington terrier puppy, will become silvery blue when he grows up, from Tanglewood Kennels, $175.

WHEN IT COMES to finding the proper present for the proper girl, we are firm believers in gifting by association. Match your *cadeau de Noël* to her most personal tastes and dreams and you'll ring the Christmas belle for being a thoughtful Santa. Even the most opulent gift that shows little imagination on your part will take second place to the personal offering that tells her you really have been paying attention all year long.

The first step is to figure how many of the lovelies in your life are to receive largess this season, so get out your address book and go over it page by page, keeping your winners and weeding out the losers. Remember the golden yule rule: Each girl remaining is different from the others and your gift should be particularly chosen for the particular miss.

Each of your female friends probably fits into one of these categories: the ultrachic, felinely feminine type; the crisply competent business girl; the lithe-limbed, healthy outdoor girl; the culture-conscious, aesthetic-intellectual type; or the tantalizingly changeable child-woman. The niche into which each *femme* falls should give you a hint about what is apt to please her.

Now, with list in hand, you are almost ready to purchase the perfect presents. But linger a bit longer to answer these questions about each girl on your list: Should her gift be practical or frivolous? Intimate or personal? How much does she mean to you and, more important, how much do you want her to mean?

In choosing the right gift for the right young lady, the length of time you've known her is important. If the ink is still damp in your book, but you'd like to pursue the contact—an inexpensive yet unusual present is the best move. Build on your shared past—from where you met, what you talked about, what you had in common. If you talked about skiing, send her a pair of wild mittens or a crazy woolen cap with a card that tells her you're ready to hit the slopes whenever she is. If you talked about food and she prides herself as a *cordon bleu* cook, go to a secondhand bookstore and search out an antique cookbook, or look in on a gourmet grocery and get an unusual utensil such as a heavy French crepe pan.

If you're old friends but your times with her have been pla-

## *for a golden yule: a guide for guys on pleasing their playmates* By ROBERT L. GREEN

Above left: Collopsible opero glasses, from Rigoud, $75. Bracelet wotch in 18-kt. gold mesh, by Elgin, $775. Rosewood ond gold phone dioler, from C. D. Peocock, $27. Gold-filled Accutron con be used as pendont, brooch or boudoir clock, by Bulovo, $175. Above center, o collection of certificotes for the proctical girl; from top to bottom: A shore of Revlon, o shore of A.T.&T. ond, for o reol flier, o shore of Campbell Chibougomou Mines, plus o "Mirocle Morning" ot Elizobeth Arden's, $30. Above right: Wool tights, $13, ond sweoter, $17, designed by Jeonne Compbell for Sport Whirl Designs. Below left: A Courrèges-style ensemble designed by Goyle Kirkpatrick; coordinoted hood ond cape, $35, ore complemented by wool skirt with suspenders, $20, ond matching wool slocks, $25, oll from Atelier. In front of ensemble ore white-kid toeless Courrèges boot, from Joseph Solon Shoes, $50; ond sunglasses, from Allied of Chicogo, $2.98. Below center: Coq-feother boo and opero mosk, by Adolfo for Soks Fifth Ave., by speciol order only. Below right: Brozilian jaguor coat, from N. H. Rosenthol Furs, $2475; shown with Sung dynosty–styled telephone in rosewood cose fitted with bross ond corved ivory, by Ross Electronics Corp., $149.50.

tonic and you want to keep it that way, an impersonal gift is in order. Umbrellas, fountain pens, candy, luggage, handkerchiefs, books, records, colognes, traveling clocks, cigarette lighters and costume jewelry, chosen to conform to her tastes and her other possessions, all indicate friendship pure and simple.

Christmas spirits, if well chosen, make fine presents and can be relatively easy on the budget. To get a bit of offbeat memorabilia, give your young thing a fine old bottle of wine bearing the vintage year of her birth. For an older flame, get a great champagne bottled the year you met. In either case, include a pair of just-for-the-two-of-you glasses. For eye-catching last-minute gifts, liquor stores offer a safe haven, with a wide range of special holiday gift bottles. Along more luxurious lines, you might consider the jewellike splendor of a Baccarat crystal decanter of Louis XIV cognac encased in green velvet. If she knows her wines, or wants to learn, give her an expandable wine rack made of interlocking aluminum sleeves, and include a sampling of good stock to get her cellar started.

In choosing a really important present for that very special someone, remember that every female is born with a taste for luxury furs. The never-fail offerings of sable, mink and chinchilla come in many varieties from hats, stoles, scarves, ascots and short jackets to full-length coats. But many girls can be made just as happy with something a bit less rich. A leopard-skin turban and scarf, a rib-cord raincoat with a lining of natural fox fur, a quilted suede jacket lined with raccoon or a tigerskin blouse are all good bets.

The old bromide that good things come in small packages is really true, especially when you contrast them with an oversized present that substitutes bulk for value. Always try for best of breed when selecting your purchases. The finest of its kind makes for a lasting gift, no matter how small. Go to Cartier's, Arpels, or your own local top-quality jewelry store and buy a simple gold lapel pin rather than an extravagant array of inexpensive costume jewelry. The better jewelers understand this and many of them have gift bars with items from $10 to $100 available and packaged with the same distinction as their more expensive jewelry.

If you're in the market for gems, be very careful about

giving a girl a ring with any kind of diamond, unless you really mean the permanence that goes with it.

By far the easiest of the luxury line, both on purchaser and purse, is perfume. It's a breeze to buy and can usually be found—even at the last minute—almost anywhere. If you're going to send her scent, be sure the sweet smell is a success. If she's loyal to one fragrance, buy her the whole set from purse *flacon* to dressing-table cologne, or add a Swedish-crystal atomizer. If she has a collection of aromas, give her a gift order for a custom-made blend of her very own from a fine cosmetics house.

In considering a gift of garb, it is usually best to avoid the quickly outmoded high fashions or eccentric shades, except for eccentric girls. Bothersome fabrics that spend most of their lives at the cleaners don't do her any good at all. Be sure that whatever you get her complements her existing wardrobe in taste, color and size. Cashmere sweaters, silk blouses, scarves, elbow-length gloves, stretch pants, Japanese kimonos, one-of-a-kind belts, and handbags of all sizes are always accepted with open arms. If you give her a purse, enclose an extra surprise: a pair of tickets to the opera, a monogrammed key ring or a silver cigarette case.

If she's sentimental, a small gold charm that recalls a special event or date will enchant her. If she's a softie, she'll also be swayed by a silver cigarette box, lighter or telephone desk pad engraved with your secret nonsense word or the first letters of a significant message, a line from her favorite poem or your special song.

No matter how levelheaded she may appear to be, the chances are that deep down she wants to be surprised by her present. If there's something she really needs, she can buy it for herself. Our idea of the ideal gift is one she wants but wouldn't go out and buy. Things like a silver and teak ice bucket, a solid-gold lipstick brush, a locket on a chain with your picture in it, a porcelain demitasse set, precious-jeweled charms, a luxuriously tapered umbrella, an ermine throw, limousine service for a dozen evenings of her choice, a pair of at-home *fantaisie* evening slippers or toe-ring jeweled sandals for *discothèque* action at Arthur, an asymmetric gilded sari, a hip-belted skirt of white snakeskin, a printed cashmere leotard, a brown leather windbreaker suit, a zigzag skiing sweater, peacock-blue paisley seraglio pajamas, a trim mushroom-colored cavalry jacket, a challis handbag—any of these are elegant, sought-after Christmas specials.

Coupling a pair of gifts into one adds fun and flourish to what might otherwise be a brace of ho-hum presents. A giant brandy snifter filled with multi-colored silk scarves in layers, to look like an oversized parfait, is an example.

In furniture and furnishings, be guided by what she already owns and avoid superimposing your own taste on hers. It's a good idea to stay in the area of design she has already selected for herself. If she digs Victorian, or high camp and Tiffany lamps are lighting the scene, even the best Lightolier modern would be a mistake. But—if her decor is contemporary—you can help her add a new dimension to her apartment by giving her an antique to serve as a single accent. If she opts for the plastic arts, a Chinese porcelain or a small bronze statuette might be welcome. Even if her pad is ultramodern, a Victorian paperweight could sit nicely against a starkly contemporary coffee table.

A girl likes to take pride in herself as she is, so don't give her something along the self-help line—such as soaps, diet books or exercise guides, unless you're going to send her for a week to Elizabeth Arden's El Dorado, the Maine Chance Farm in Arizona, or at least for a Miracle Morning at one of Arden's local salons.

To protect yourself from the perennial last-minute oversight and to avoid being embarrassed by the unexpected girlfriend with the unexpected present for you, buy a few extra all-purpose gifts (handsomely gift-wrapped, of course), such as a Florentine-leather jewel box, or perhaps a set of handkerchiefs. Failing these, you can still save the day with perfume—eminently available and usually found on the ground floor near the door in pocket-size already-gift-wrapped packages.

Before you actually buy anything, however, it's a good idea to brush up on the rules of the curious native ritual known as Christmas shopping.

Go it alone. This will mean you can get around easier and faster and make your decisions without a lot of extraneous discussion and unhelpful hints.

We don't want to sound like an advertisement for the post office, but you should start shopping as early in the season as possible. That way you can avoid the crowds and, more important, the temporary sales clerks, who usually need more help themselves than they can ever give you. Friday is the best day, or any time when the weather is bad. But whatever day you pick, start shopping early—preferably before 11:30 A.M.

You can avoid backtracking by making a list before you start. A loose-leaf notebook you can slip in and out of your pocket is better than loose slips of paper.

Make sure your yule log includes street addresses as well as names: You may stumble on an unexpected find that can be gift-wrapped and sent directly. Take your own pen, and carry your personal card to include in the packages.

Carry small bills and loose silver. You can save yourself hours if you are able to pay the exact amount without having to wait for change.

Monogramming not only helps personalize your gift, but it keeps her from rushing back to exchange the present and thus finding out what you paid for it. But the real advantage is that initials can transform a simple gift such as stationery into something special. If you are going to have something monogrammed, give the stores time.

Many of the top department stores and specialty shops have come to the aid of the beleaguered male shopper and have organized personal shopping consultants who will go over your Christmas list with you and even accompany you through the store to help you make your selections.

Other stores have separate areas set aside for men only. Surrounded by a galaxy of girlish gifts, you are asked to sit down, have a smoke and a cocktail while a skilled salesgirl wheels a cart full of gifts to you for your selection.

Remember to pay special attention to department-store sections that cater to women's particular interests. These shops-within-a-store usually consist of: the *boutique*, small items collected from far-flung craftsmen; the gourmet shop, tinned, glassed and packaged food to suit the most exotic taste; the bar shop, decanters, glassware, swizzlers and all bar accessories; and the perfume bar, providing all the name brands and some special holiday packages as well.

Most big cities have professional shopping services that provide a consultant who will go over your list, suggest items, shop for you and even have packages wrapped and delivered. They are not confined to one store, but can shop the whole town for you. But remember, the professional shoppers charge a fee that depends on the assignment, while in individual stores the service is part of customer relations and is free.

You're well on the way to the perfect present if whatever you give her is beautifully wrapped. Virtually all department stores have a special gift-wrapping service which transcends mere bow tying. Skilled hands will here transform even a modest wee giftie into a gala gift. You can leave the aesthetics of the job to the wrapper, but, once again, it's more effective to impart a personal touch: Remember her favorite color combinations (from her attire or apartment decor) and request that these be used for that extra subliminal touch.

Then, when your shopping's over, you can relax secure in the knowledge that it is better to gift than to receive—when you know she'll enjoy your presence as well as your presents all year long.

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# despair

*is it a crime in itself for two people to be as alike as two drops of blood—and which of them was the impeccable hermann, which the ubiquitous felix?* Part I *of a novel*

By VLADIMIR NABOKOV

Foreword

THE RUSSIAN text of *Despair* (*Otchayanie*—a far more sonorous howl) was written in 1932, in Berlin. The *émigré* review *Sovremennye Zapiski*, in Paris, serialized it in the course of 1934, and the *émigré* publishing house Petropolis, in Berlin, published the book in 1936. As has happened in the case of all my other works, *Otchayanie* (despite Hermann's conjecture) is banned in the prototypical police state.

At the end of 1936, while I was still living in Berlin—where another beastliness had started to megaphone—I translated *Otchayanie* for a London publisher. Although I had been scribbling in English all my literary life in the margin, so to say, of my Russian writings, this was my first serious attempt (not counting a wretched poem in a Cambridge University review, circa 1920) to use English for what may be loosely termed an artistic purpose. The result seemed to me stylistically clumsy, so I asked a rather grumpy Englishman, whose services I obtained through an agency in Berlin, to read the stuff; he found a few solecisms in the first chapter, but then refused to continue, saying he disapproved of the book; I suspect he wondered if it might not have been a true confession.

In 1937 John Long Limited, of London, brought out *Despair* in a convenient edition with a *catalogue raisonné* of their publications at the back. Despite that bonus, the book sold badly, and a few years later a German bomb destroyed the entire stock. The only copy extant is, as far as I know, the one I own—but two or three may still be lurking amidst abandoned reading matter on the dark shelves of seaside boarding-houses from Bournemouth to Tweedmouth.

For the present version I have done more than revamp my 30-year-old translation: I have revised *Otchayanie* itself. Lucky students who may be able to compare the three texts

will also note the addition of an important passage which had been stupidly omitted in more timid times. Is this fair, is this wise from a scholar's point of view? I can readily imagine what Pushkin might have said to his trembling paraphrasts; but I also know how pleased and excited I would have been in 1935 had I been able to foreread this 1965 version. The ecstatic love of a young writer for the old writer he will be some day is ambition in its most laudable form. This love is not reciprocated by the older man in his larger library, for even if he does recall with regret a naked palate and a rheumless eye, he has nothing but an impatient shrug for the bungling apprentice of his youth.

*Despair*, in kinship with the rest of my books, has no social comment to make, no message to bring in its teeth. It does not uplift the spiritual organ of man, nor does it show humanity the right exit. It contains far fewer "ideas" than do those rich vulgar novels that are acclaimed so hysterically in the short echo-walk between the ballyhoo and the hoot. The attractively shaped object or *Wiener Schnitzel* dream that the eager Freudian may think he distinguishes in the remoteness of my wastes will turn out to be on closer inspection a derisive mirage organized by my agents. Let me add, just in case, that experts on literary "schools" should wisely refrain this time from casually dragging in "the influence of German Impressionists": I do not know German and have never read the Impressionists—whoever they are. On the other hand, I do know French and shall be interested to see if anyone calls my Hermann "the father of existentialism."

The book has less White-Russian appeal than have my other *émigré* novels*; hence it will be less puzzling and irritating to those readers who have been brought up on the leftist propaganda of the Thirties. Plain readers, on the other hand, will welcome its plain structure and pleasing plot—which, however, is not quite as familiar as the writer of a certain rude letter that appears later assumes it to be.

There are many entertaining conversations throughout the book, and the final scene with Felix in the wintry woods is of course great fun.

I am unable to foresee and to fend inevitable attempts to find in the alembics of *Despair* something of the rhetorical venom that I injected into the narrator's tone in a much later novel. Hermann and Humbert are alike only in the sense that two dragons painted by the same artist at different periods of his life resemble each other. Both are neurotic scoundrels, yet there is a green lane in Paradise where Humbert is permitted to wander at dusk once a year; but Hell shall never parole Hermann.

The line and fragments of lines Hermann mutters in Chapter Four come from Pushkin's short poem addressed to his wife in the 1830s. I give it here in full, in my own translation, with the retention of measure and rhyme, a course that is seldom advisable—nay, admissible—except at a very special conjunction of stars in the firmament of the poem, as obtains here.

*'Tis time, my dear, 'tis time. The heart demands repose.*
*Day after day flits by, and with each hour there goes*
*A little bit of life; but meanwhile you and I*
*Together plan to dwell . . . yet lo! 'tis then we die.*
*There is no bliss on earth: there's peace and freedom, though.*
*An enviable lot I long have yearned to know:*
*Long have I, weary slave, been contemplating flight*
*To a remote abode of work and pure delight.*

The "remote abode" to which mad Hermann finally scurries is economically located in the Roussillon where three years earlier I had begun writing my chess novel, *The Defense*. We leave Hermann there at the ludicrous height of his discomfiture. I do not remember what happened to him eventually. After all, 15 other books and twice as many years have intervened. I cannot even recall if that film he proposed to direct was ever made by him.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

March 1, 1965
Montreux

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IF I WERE NOT perfectly sure of my power to write and of my marvelous ability to express ideas with the utmost grace and vividness . . . So, more or less, I had thought of beginning my tale. Further, I should have drawn the reader's attention to the fact that had I lacked that power, that ability, et cetera, not only should I have refrained from describing certain recent events, but there would have been nothing to describe, for, gentle reader, nothing at all would have happened. Silly perhaps, but at least clear. The gift of penetrating life's devices, an innate disposition toward the constant exercise of the creative faculty could alone have enabled me . . . At this point I should have compared the breaker of the law which makes such a fuss over a little spilled blood, with a poet or a stage performer. But as my poor left-handed friend used to put it: philosophic speculation is the invention of the rich. Down with it.

It may look as though I do not know how to start. Funny sight, the elderly gentleman who comes lumbering by, fowl flesh flopping, in a valiant dash for the last bus, which he eventually overtakes but is afraid to board in motion and so, with a sheepish smile, drops back, still going at a trot. Is it that I dare not make the leap? It roars, gathers speed, will presently vanish irrevocably around the corner, the bus, the motorbus, the might mortibus of my tale. Rather bulky imagery, this. I am still running.

My father was a Russian-speaking German from Reval, where he went to a famous agricultural college. My mother, a pure Russian, came from an old princely stock. On hot summer days, a languid lady in lilac silks, she would recline in her rocking chair, fanning herself, munching chocolate, all the blinds down, and the wind from some new-mown field making them billow like purple sails.

During the war, I was interned as a German subject . . . jolly bad luck, considering that I had just entered the University of St. Petersburg. From the end of 1914 to the middle of 1919 I read exactly one thousand and eighteen books . . . kept count of them. On my way to Germany I was stranded for three months in Moscow and got married there. Since 1920, I had been living in Berlin. On the ninth of May 1930, having passed the age of 35 . . .

A slight digression: that bit about my mother was a deliberate lie. In reality, she was a woman of the people, simple and coarse, sordidly dressed in a kind of blouse hanging loose at the waist. I could, of course, have crossed it out, but I purposely leave it there as a sample of one of my essential traits: my lighthearted, inspired lying.

Well, as I was saying, the ninth of May 1930 found me on a business trip to Prague. My business was chocolate. Chocolate is a good thing. There are damsels who like only the bitter kind . . . fastidious little prigs. (Don't quite see why I write in this vein.)

My hands tremble, I want to shriek or to smash something with a bang. . . . This mood is hardly suitable for the bland unfolding of a leisurely tale. My heart is itching, a horrible sensation. Must be calm, must keep my head. No good going on otherwise. Quite calm. Chocolate, as everybody knows . . . (let the reader imagine here a description of its making). Our trademark on the wrapper showed a lady in lilac, with a fan. We were urging a foreign firm on the verge of bankruptcy to convert their manufacturing process to that of ours to supply Czechoslovakia, and so that was how I came to be in Prague. On the morning of the ninth of May I left my hotel in a taxi which took me . . . Dull work recounting all this. Bores me to death. But yearn as I may to reach the crucial point quickly, a few preliminary explanations seem necessary. So

*(continued on page 202)*

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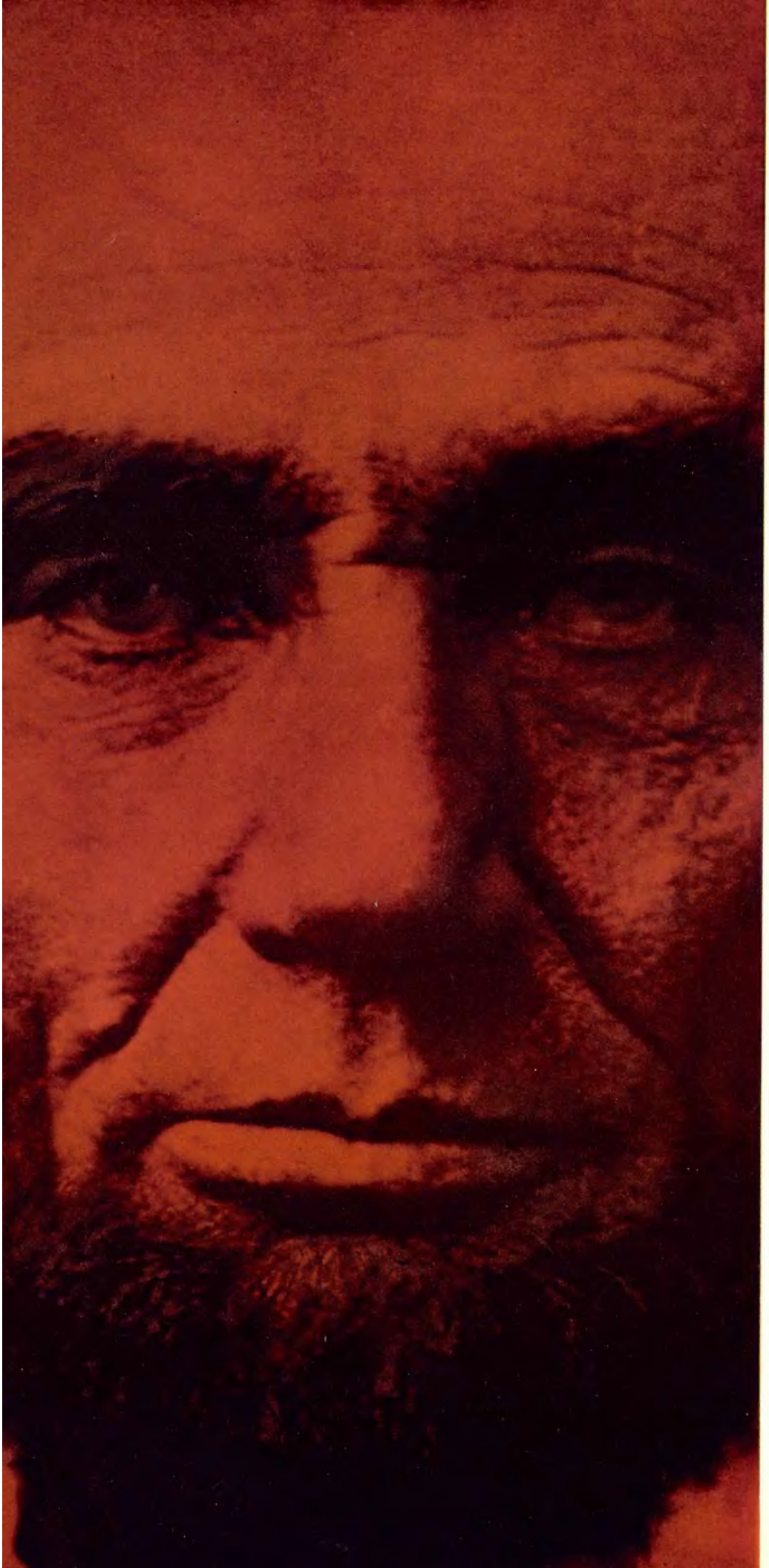
**This did not prevent a Communist reviewer (J.-P. Sartre), who devoted in 1939 a remarkably silly article to the French translation of "Despair," from saying that "both the author and the main character are the victims of the war and the emigration."*

*"It's camp, George. But is it Christmas?"*



# LINCOLN AND KENNEDY

*striking similarities—and fateful parallels—in the lives of two visionary presidents who governed in crises and were struck down at the height of their powers*

*article* **By JIM BISHOP**

THE SECRET SERVICE phoned from Dallas and asked if the President wanted the men to ride the bumpers of the car. Mr. Kennedy, in the Fort Worth hotel, listened to the question and said no, the people would be there to see him and he did not want Secret Service agents crowding the car. He parted the curtains and looked out and up at the morning drizzle.

A moment later, he was chatting with Kenneth O'Donnell, his appointments secretary. Assassination was in his thoughts. After all, he said, anyone who wanted to exchange his life for the President's could do it. No amount of protection could prevent it. The time was 7:30 A.M. on Friday, November 22, 1963. Mr. Kennedy was five hours from being shot in the back of the head.

President Abraham Lincoln left the White House by the west gate with his bodyguard, Major Crook. The sun was down over Lafayette Park. The President walked slowly toward the War Department building and was almost bumped by a group of shouting drunkards. Crook pushed them away.

"Crook," said the President, "do you know, I believe that there are men who want to take my life." He pulled his thick lips into a small smile. "And I have no doubt they will do it." After a moment, Mr. Lincoln said, almost apologetically: "I have perfect confidence in those who are around me. In every one of you men. I know no one could do it and escape alive. But, if it is to be done, it is impossible to prevent it."

The time was 4:30 P.M. on Friday, April 14, 1865. Mr. Lincoln was 5 hours and 45 minutes from being shot in the back of the head.

The parallels between the 16th President and the 35th run deep, beyond the credibility of the word coincidence. In some ways the two men walked together in separate centuries; the older man slow and rheumy at 56, sick of the venality of men; the younger one bouncing and buoyant and new to the job, his granite ideals barely chipped by political chisels.

Less than a month before the assassina-

tion, I sat with President John F. Kennedy in his office discussing the final research on a small book. He moved a rocker between the sofas flanking the fireplace and propelled it slowly with gleaming black shoes. We talked of many things and I noted that, on Sundays, he attended Mass at one of three churches—St. Matthew's Pro-Cathedral, St. Patrick's and Holy Trinity in Georgetown—and asked how he made his choice.

"Depends on the crowds," he said. "If there is a big crowd at the cathedral, I order the Secret Service to take me to one of the others." He stopped speaking. I waited. He said that he had read a book of mine about the assassination of President Lincoln. This opened the door to the graceless question. "How do you feel about assassination, Mr. President?"

The smile could be translated into a shrug. "It doesn't worry me," he said, glancing at Mrs. Bishop as though to find additional understanding. "A man in this office must develop a philosophy about it. Mine is the same as President Lincoln's—if anyone wants to do it, no amount of protection is enough. All a man needs is a willingness to trade his life for mine."

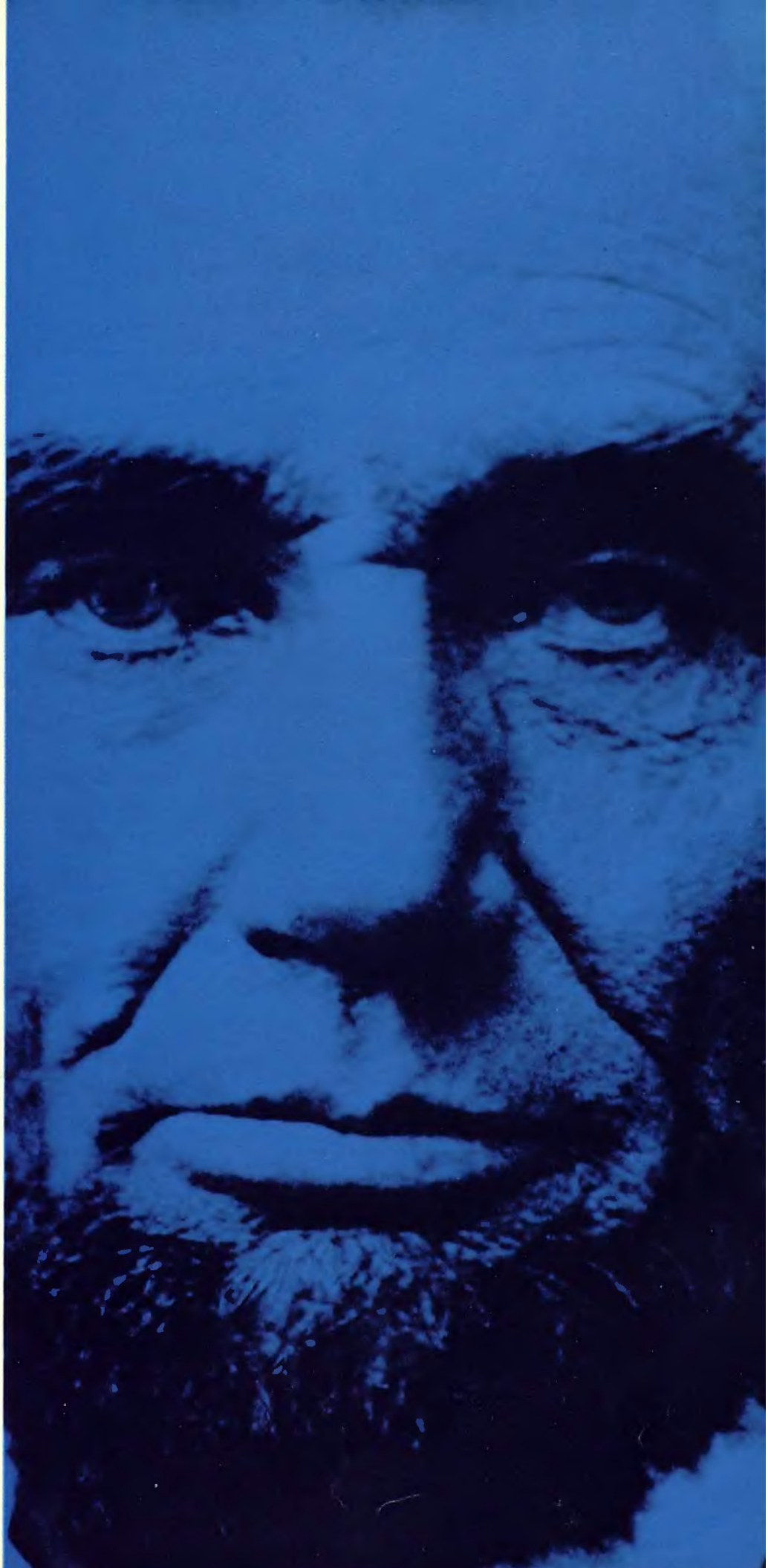
The tone was too somber for him. The formal smile broadened into a real one. "In church," he said, "I have a little joke. Two Secret Service men are in the pew in front of me at Mass, and two are behind me. When I am ready to leave, we all get out together. As we walk toward the back of the church, two are in front, and two behind." The smile became a sheepish grin. "I keep bending my knees to make myself smaller. When I get way down, I whisper to the men in front: 'If anybody in that choir loft is trying to get me, they're going to have to get you first.' "

Soberly, he admitted that assassination intruded on his thoughts now and then. On the White House bookshelves, the only repeated literary work was not, as might be expected, *Profiles in Courage*. It was Carl Sandburg's *The War Years*. There were four sets of the four-volume series. "Bear in mind," Mr. Kennedy said, "that, in Lincoln's case, fifty-odd coincidences had to occur in sequence. If any of them had not occurred, there would have been no assassination."

The young man seemed to be trying to erase some inner fear; he was selling himself—rather than me—that assassination was difficult. And yet, 28 days later he was hit as casually as a boy might shoot a tin can in an empty lot. The only coincidence necessary was a Presidential order keeping a Secret Service man off the right rear bumper. The man's figure would have screened President Kennedy.

When I sat at a typewriter and ticked off similarities between Lincoln and Kennedy that came immediately to mind, I found I could write about the two Presidents as if they were one man:

"He was in the fruitful middle years when the end came. His heart's desire



was to be known as the President who brought peace. He didn't live to achieve it.

"The First Lady had four pregnancies. Two children survived. The President enjoyed the innocent affection of the younger child. The President's wife was fashionable but restive in the White House. She appreciated poetry and music and the company of a small circle of friends. She was suspicious of politicians. Often, she fought her husband to maintain a family life.

"The President consulted the Bible frequently. He could quote from the Old Testament as well as the New. He had strong private feelings about God, and he bristled when these feelings were questioned.

"He was an omnivorous reader until he assumed office. Then he gave up the reading of good books, except those which anesthetized travel time. He devoted most of his reading time to newspapers, and was grievously hurt by what he called 'unjust criticism.'

"His political program was blocked by members of his party. The support he needed came from a coalition of liberal wings. He began his term certain that he could persuade the Congress because he had been a member. After the first year, the President was equally certain that the strong right wings of both parties would sabotage his program.

"In public, he had patience. In private, he displayed petty pique. He saw his own image as a political realist and logician when, in truth, he was an idealist opposed by realists. At his desk he ascribed mean motives to his enemies. Sometimes he wondered why anyone would want to be President.

"He never courted the opinions of his Vice-President and seldom invited him to Cabinet meetings. He was chronically aggravated by the petty politicians who asked for a minute of his time and stayed for 30.

"He was a spare eater who enjoyed plain food. In social matters, he catered to the whims of his wife. In private, he enjoyed a funny story and was not averse to a sexy one. He had an old friend at hand who could always lift his mood with a story. He expected everyone except his wife and children to address him as 'Mr. President.'

"Death came to the President on Friday. The assassin was a political malcontent. The bullet smashed through the back of the President's head. It occurred when the President's popularity was at its zenith. The First Lady was at the President's side when it happened. She diluted her natural grief with undying bitterness. Her husband was succeeded by a Southerner named Johnson."

Lincoln and Kennedy, a century apart, were elected to Congress in '46. Exactly 14 years later, each was elected President. In the campaign, Lincoln debated the issues with Stephen A. Douglas. There were no more such historic debates until John F. Kennedy debated the issues with Vice-President Nixon.

When Lincoln took office in 1861, the person who worried most about his safety was John Kennedy, Superintendent of Police of the City of New York. When John Kennedy became President in 1961, the person who worried most about his safety was his secretary, Evelyn Lincoln.

John Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln in a theater. Lee Harvey Oswald was captured in a theater. Both assassins were shot to death before trial. In both cases, the press cast doubt on the assassination; in Lincoln's case they hinted that leaders of the defeated South were behind the plot; when Kennedy died, the press involved the leaders of the Soviet Union.

When Lincoln was buried, his son Robert moved to 3014 N Street, in Georgetown. When Kennedy was buried, his son, John, lived at 3014 N Street in Georgetown. Both widows declined, with thanks, all invitations to the White House. Both could speak French.

Both Presidents will go down in history as champions of the rights of the American Negro. Yet both men were reluctant to face the problem. When serving as Congressmen, neither man uttered a historic cry for freedom of the Negro, but both in time were swept by a tide of public opinion toward strong actions against the South.

Once committed, however, neither President retreated from his position, and both were plagued with it to the end of their days. Lincoln's pre-Presidential feelings are best summed up in a letter he wrote to Congressman John Gilmer of North Carolina: "I have no thought of recommending the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, nor the slave trade among the slave states . . . I am for no compromise which assists or permits the extension of the institution on soil owned by the nation."

He was promising that the *status* would remain *quo*. Before John F. Kennedy assumed high office, the May 1954 decision of the Supreme Court that the Negro was entitled, under law, to equal rights—not equal and separate rights—in schools, public conveyances, public houses and interstate commerce had reverberated like an echoing clap of thunder across the nation and men everywhere began to take positive stands for or against, but John F. Kennedy saw the situation as a political liability either way. As the junior Senator from Massachusetts, he could have graced the meetings and marches of those who shouted for "Freedom now," but he didn't.

In 1955, his eye was on Estes Kefauver, Democratic Party favorite for nomination the following year as Vice-President. John Kennedy was out to beat him, and almost did. Four years later, Kennedy was after the Presidential nomination, and he needed the South.

In November 1960, he was shocked to find that he had barely beaten Richard Nixon for the Presidency. It was, he admitted, "a squeaker." Less than 12,000 properly placed votes, out of almost 70,000,000 cast, would have defeated him. A year later, he was being called a minority President because he had lost the endorsement of the Democratic right wing. He did not like the tag, but suffered it in silence.

Lincoln, saddled with the same political contempt, said to Congressman Charles Morehead of Kentucky: "If I am a minority President, I am not the first. At all events, I obtained more votes than you could muster for any other man." Both Presidents learned that there is one virtue in being a minority President: One can afford strong stands on public questions because they quickly divide the friends from the enemies and move the doubters into one camp or the other.

Lincoln became the friend of the Negro and, in 1863, signed the Emancipation Proclamation, which freed all slaves and placed the power of the Federal Government behind them. When civil strife became inevitable in 1963, Kennedy placed the power of the Federal Government behind the Negro and urged his brother Robert, then Attorney General, to fight for civil rights everywhere they appeared to be abrogated.

Both men had personal courage. Both saw military service: Lincoln in the Black Hawk War and Kennedy in World War Two. Lincoln was aware that Washington was a "secesh" town and that a great number of people despised him and that some plotted against his life. Still, he never canceled a public appearance after he assumed office.

More than a century later, President Kennedy was conscious of personal danger in visiting Dallas. He knew that Adlai Stevenson had been spat on there and struck with a placard. He also knew that General Walker had been shot at while working in his home in Dallas. Still, he was impelled to go.

The courage that both men showed in fulfilling the demands of their office was undeniable. Kennedy, in the fall of '62, walking the tightrope over the abyss of nuclear war, sifted methodically through the advice offered by his military and political advisors on the best course of action against the Soviet's Cuban missiles, discarded one as too rash, another as too indecisive, then calmly but firmly instituted the quarantine, set our conditions for peace and gave Chairman Khrushchev the opportunity to pull his country back from the brink. At the end of the crisis, Kennedy, showing no outward signs of stress, sincerely but unemotionally thanked the members of his staff

*(concluded on page 250)*

# the lass menagerie

*a bountiful bestiary of fauna-guised females*

**By EUGENIO HIRSCH**

*A lecherous reptile named Jacques,*
*Who liked being "first on his block,"*
*Gave a virginal gator*
*A line, so's to mate her.*
*To which she replied, "That's a crock!"*

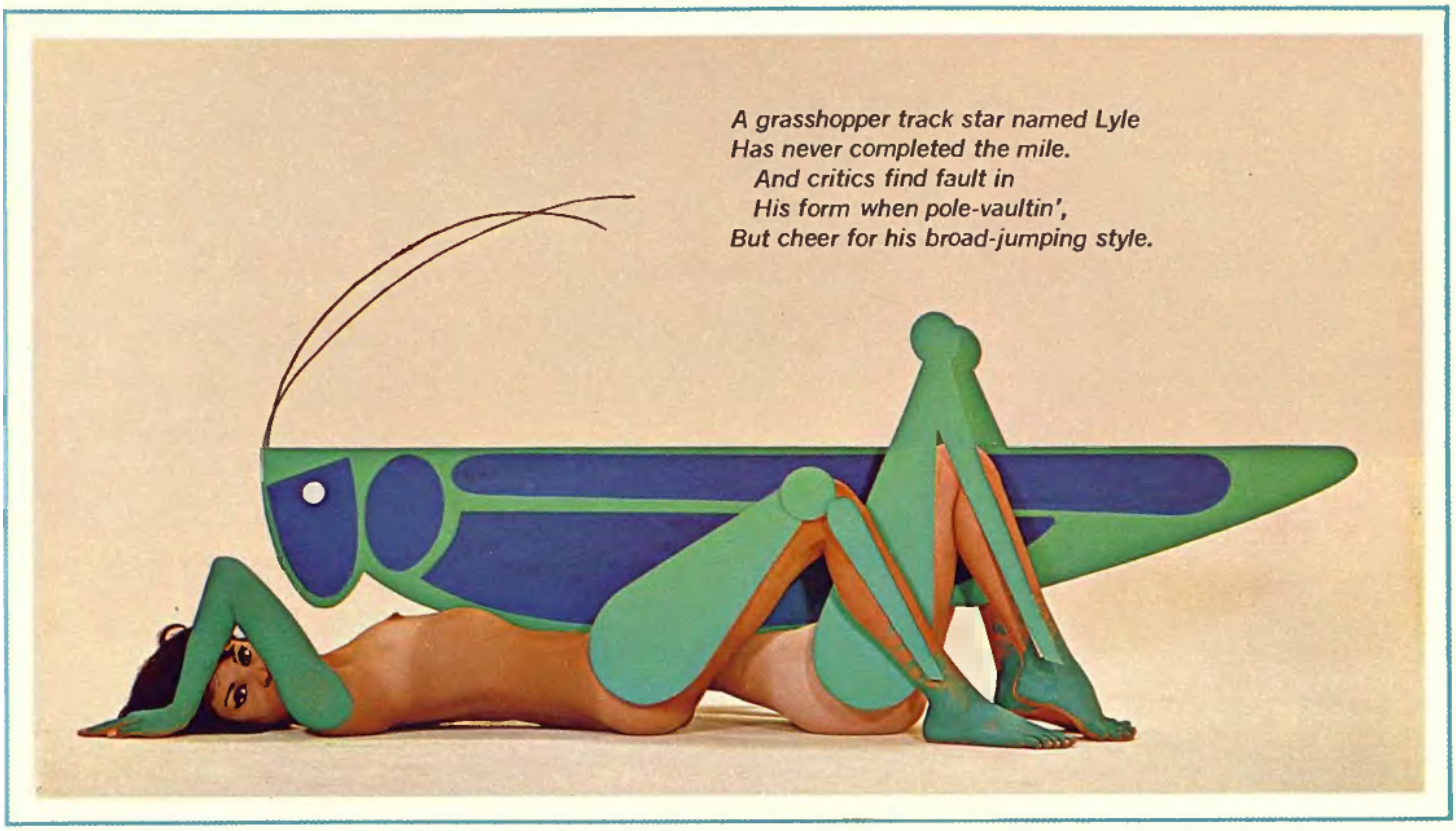
WITH APPROPRIATE VERSES BY JAY WEISS

*Here's Cyril, a rakish bird (mocking),*
*The state of whose psyche is shocking.*
*Though publicly Cyril*
*Shows aspects quite virile,*
*In private it's garter and stocking.*

*A thoroughbred stallion named Chief,*
*To his jockey brought no end of grief.*
*When they'd go to the post*
*With fillies, he'd coast.*
*"Ladies first!" was his gallant belief.*

*A cat with a wife and nine tots*
*Had a penchant for touring low boites.*
*Momma screamed up a storm,*
*And he swore he'd reform.*
*But a leopard just can't change his spots.*

*There once was a reindeer named Marty*
*Who thought dirty movies were arty.*
*For what others deem corny*
*Renders male reindeer horny,*
*And so he devised the Stag Party.*

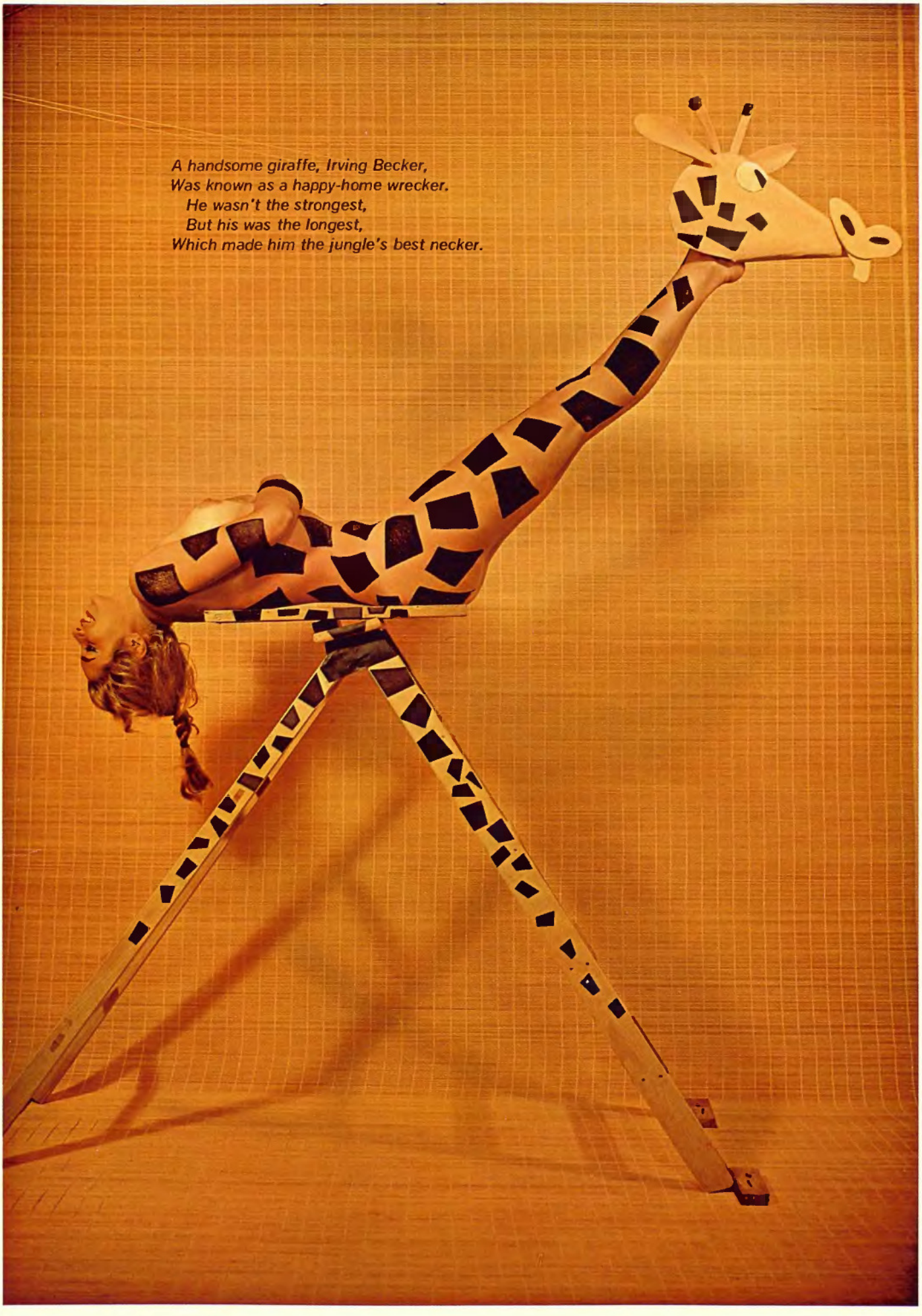

A grasshopper track star named Lyle
Has never completed the mile.
And critics find fault in
His form when pole-vaultin',
But cheer for his broad-jumping style.

A demure Pekingese known as Lo-Wing
Wears her hair very stylishly flowing.
But her glory hirsute
Doth discourage pursuit;
Dogs can't tell if she's coming or going.

*A basset hound, Bonzo, inquired*
*Of his mate how their litter was sired:*
*"Ah, my dear, it seems queer,*
*Since each night this past year,*
*You've complained you were just too dog-tired!"*

*A decadent owl left the nest*
*To seek sundry vices with zest.*
*His language was blue,*
*And in his Who's Hoo,*
*The Marquis de Sade led the rest.*

*A lion, it should be quite plain*
*(No need to be Tarzan or Jane),*
*Is distinct from a lioness.*
*To distinguish His Hioness,*
*You must always "Remember the mane!"*


A handsome giraffe, Irving Becker,
Was known as a happy-home wrecker.
He wasn't the strongest,
But his was the longest,
Which made him the jungle's best necker.

# THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD

*memoir*

## By HENRY MILLER

*a teeming, roughhewn paradise of saloons, burlesque houses, factories, funeral parlors, chinese laundries, fire stations, heroes and harridans—this was the brooklyn of his youth*

IT'S THERE in "the halls of memory," like some old, old map of a lost world which still exudes a faint odor of musk. It's a world without dimensions, constantly in process of becoming, constantly undergoing transmogrification. When I picture myself astir in it I see a little boy with eyes of wonder roaming through a familiar and beloved countryside. But it's a countryside in which I never encounter a blade of grass, a tree (though there must have been some), a cow or even a muskrat. But there are horses, horses pinned to the earth, at the veterinary's opposite my home: they are being castrated in full view of the passers-by. There are wooden horses, too, on the carrousels, and they are awesomely beautiful, as if snatched bodily from myth and legend.

Only five years I had of it in this paradise—the years from five to ten—but they remain the most vivid in all my memory. Everything of vital importance to me seemed to occur in these years. There was the police station to which I was sometimes dragged by the ear; there was the beer saloon to which I was sent to fetch pitchers of beer; there was the burlesque house (The Bum) with its bawdy posters and a long queue of horny sailors fresh from the Navy Yard; there was the kindergarten where learning was not a torture, where the teacher was a friend and not an ogre; there was the tin factory with what seemed like Carthaginian slaves always on the trot, always staggering under heavy loads or pushing wheelbarrows filled with bright pieces of tin; there was the undertaker's and next door to it the Chinese laundry; there was the firehouse with the wonderful Dalmatian dogs which followed the chief's buggy at breakneck speed; there was the ferry slip and the big saloons blazing with warmth and cheer at each corner. There was everything, it seems, that goes to make up the world we know, including churches, clinics, lunatic asylums, almshouses, drugstores and, at the butcher's, mountain oysters always on display on a bloody platter. *(continued on page 148)*

PAINTING BY ROY SCHNACKENBERG

*"Tell the truth, Miss Doolittle—haven't you ever wondered why a computer hasn't replaced you?"*

# WHAT DO THEY MEAN, EXISTENCE?

## OUR AMBASSADOR TO UNESCO AND FORMER UNITED STATES SENATOR DISCUSSES THE DANGERS OF ASSUMING THAT AMERICA AND THE SOVIET UNION ATTACH THE SAME SIGNIFICANCE TO THIS CRUCIAL CONCEPT

OPINION BY **THE HONORABLE WILLIAM BENTON**

AN APPEALING and seemingly reasonable phrase has crept into the world-wide vocabulary of international politics. That phrase is "peaceful coexistence." In the last few months I have encountered it in articles by two of America's most sophisticated political writers, Walter Lippmann and John Kenneth Galbraith; both used it without qualification in a context which suggested that the phrase means what it seems to mean, that it means "peace."

"Peaceful coexistence" is a Soviet term, but not a new-minted slogan fresh out of Agitprop. It goes back many years—it is said to go back to Trotsky—and it is used to describe a basic Communist tactical formula. As the Russians mean it, peaceful coexistence does indeed mean avoidance of nuclear or "hot" war. However, it also means the encouragement of many other forms of conflict which might advance world communism. It embraces all forms of subversion against democratic regimes as well as support of local "wars of liberation." The latter, of course, are wars for the overthrow of non-Communist regimes such as those in South Korea and South Vietnam.

In May of 1964, while I was in Moscow, Mikhail Suslov, the longtime accepted theoretician in the Party Presidium, restated the position: "In the conditions of the struggle for peace and peaceful coexistence, the national liberation movement is gaining ever more victories and the class struggle in the capitalist countries is mounting steadily." The struggle for peaceful coexistence, he said, "strengthens the positions of the Communist Parties as a nationwide political force."

In Paris in November 1964 I collided with the phrase when I served as chairman of the U. S. delegation to the biennial General Conference of UNESCO. The delegation of the U. S. S. R. came to the Conference armed with 102 draft resolutions—resolutions which in effect called upon UNESCO to adopt as its own much of the ideological baggage of international communism. I pointed out that UNESCO hadn't the time, the competence, the authority or the disposition to debate such politically inspired resolutions. Such debates, if they were to be held, were for the UN itself. I announced that if the Soviet Union persisted in its submissions I would ask the State Department to draft 204 U. S. ideological resolutions for the 1966 General Conference.

I chose one Soviet resolution as an example—a declaration that virtually would have centered UNESCO's entire program in the social sciences around the phrase "peaceful coexistence."

The Messrs. Lippmann and Galbraith understand that Russia has no intention of abandoning the Cold War. But most delegates to UNESCO conferences—like most readers of Lippmann and Galbraith—instinctively seek to define the phrase "peaceful coexistence" in terms of their cherished dreams—their yearnings for a world in which nations will live as neighbors, even if not good ones; and, ideally, will cooperate with one another for the achievement of a better world for all. Most see in the phrase the promise of a world in which each nation can pursue its own destiny in ways of its own choice, quite free from outside political or military interference.

It isn't only the West that would like to interpret peaceful coexistence to mean nonaggression and even peaceful cooperation. The heads of the nonaligned states, meeting in Cairo shortly before the UNESCO conference, solemnly defined peaceful coexistence as meaning that "every state must abstain from interfering in the affairs of other states, whether openly or insidiously, or by means of subversion and various forms of political, economic and military pressure."

• • •

Do the inventors of peaceful coexistence accept any such definition? What do they say it means? I documented this for the benefit of the UNESCO delegates.

In August 1963, the Soviet critic Leonid Timofeyev put it this way for domestic consumption in the U. S. S. R.:

"Many of those in the West who in principle accept peaceful coexistence between capitalist and Socialist countries interpret it in a different way from Marxist-Leninists. Many bourgeois and Social Democratic ideologists take peaceful coexistence to mean a reconciliation of the two warring, irreconcilable classes and say that it leads to a 'fade-out' of the struggle between the antagonistic class ideologies. We cannot accept this distorted *(continued on page 126)*

# PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

missives and missiles
for the
jolly season

## TO THE PERSECUTED GIRL IN TOPLESS FASHIONS

Be of good cheer though you're hauled into court
For having no visible means of support.

## TO A DISCOTHÈQUE PARTNER

*(who must be somewhere in this room)*

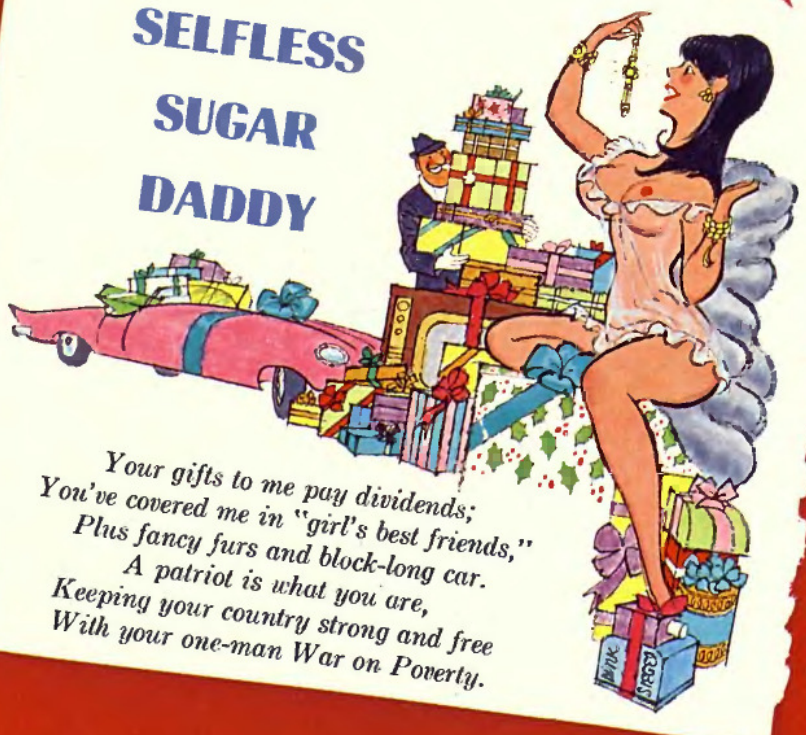
We used to fox-trot cheek to cheek,
My eager arms entwined you.
But as we frug this Christmas Eve,
I cannot even find you.
Before this record started, dear,
I planned to woo and win ya.
But while I'm dancing in New York,
I think you're in Virginia.
I long to nibble on your ear,
I'm sure that would excite you.
I'd whisper nothings sweet, and then . . .
Oh, never mind—I'll write you.

verse by
JUDITH WAX
and
LARRY SIEGEL

## TO A COMELY CIVIL LIBERTARIAN

We marched-in at Selma, we taught-in at Yale,
We sat-in at Nashville, and CORE paid our bail.
We stalled-in at Flushing, we prayed-in at church,
We spoke-in at Berkeley, and jeered-in John Birch.
I dig all these "in" things, I think they are right,
But just for a change, dear, let's sleep-in tonight.

## TO A SELFLESS SUGAR DADDY



*Your gifts to me pay dividends;*
*You've covered me in "girl's best friends,"*
*Plus fancy furs and block-long car.*
*A patriot is what you are,*
*Keeping your country strong and free*
*With your one-man War on Poverty.*

## to a somewhat stodgy santa

That bit with the reindeer is really passé;
There's been "he's-not-keeping-apace" talk,
'Cause only a square would be caught in a sleigh,
Get out there and show 'em your space walk.

# COEXISTENCE *(continued from page 123)*

interpretation of the policy of peaceful coexistence. This slurs over its class substance and direction. This ignores the irreconcilable, antagonistic social contradictions of the modern world."

In other words, it is not peaceful and it contemplates coexistence only as a means to maneuver or subvert non-Communist nations into communism.

Nikita Khrushchev had this to say about it:

"The policy of peaceful coexistence, as regards its social content, is a form of intense economic, political and ideological struggle against aggressive forces of imperialism in the international area. Peaceful coexistence helps to develop the forces struggling for socialism, and in capitalistic countries it facilitates the activities of Communist parties." Khrushchev equated peaceful coexistence with support of the so-called wars of liberation. He declared: "Peaceful coexistence is Communist doctrine of political and propaganda warfare." One can hardly put it faster than that.

What does Mr. Brezhnev, the new First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, have to say about it? Mr. Brezhnev makes it clear that peaceful coexistence is a term to describe partisan political warfare, warfare designed to gain the objective of world communism. In a statement to the Supreme Soviet in September 1963, he declared:

"The Soviet Union and other socialist countries stand firmly on the position of a Leninist policy of peaceful coexistence. Nothing and no one will shake their resolution to struggle consistently for the triumph of socialism and communism."

And Premier Kosygin said a year ago in Bratislava: "The Soviet Union and Socialist Czechoslovakia again confirm the intrepid loyalty of our country to the policy of peace, friendship and cooperation and loyalty to the Leninist course of peaceful coexistence."

I pointed out to the UNESCO Conference that the International Law Association, at its Tokyo meeting in August 1964, dropped the phrase "peaceful coexistence" from its agenda after years of wholly unsuccessful efforts to clarify or codify what it means. The Association decided that the phrase is too murky and tendentious to use. Nor has the General Assembly of the United Nations ever accepted the concept of peaceful coexistence. Indeed, it has consistently refused to do so. If the term is to be used in international discourse the Assembly is the forum where it should be debated. The General Assembly quite rightly promotes the positive concept of neighborly relations and international cooperation, not the negative concept of peaceful coexistence.

When I returned from Paris to the U. S. in late November 1964 I invited to dinner Mr. Alexander Chakovsky, the editor of the Soviet newspaper *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, along with other Soviet visitors to New York. I didn't get a chance to press him on peaceful coexistence. But Mr. George Feifer, writing later in *The New York Times Magazine*, reported that Mr. Chakovsky had a far more temperate version than those I have quoted:

"We stand 100 percent for peaceful coexistence between our nations. But antagonistic ideologies cannot possibly coexist peacefully. Inevitably they remain at war until the inevitable demise of capitalism. But mind you this is a *peaceful* war—no guns, no bullets, not even insults—simply the competition of ideas, goals, values, philosophies."

Perhaps Mr. Chakovsky's "not even insults" is the export definition; one reads and hears plenty of insults in the Soviet propaganda output!

I cannot claim that my "intervention" before UNESCO in Paris permanently transformed the attitudes of the UNESCO delegations—but it helped to clear the atmosphere. The Soviet resolution on peaceful coexistence was shelved, and most of the remaining 101 Soviet resolutions died a natural death. Further, it was agreed that henceforward when the phrase was used it would be translated in Spanish and English texts as "peaceful cooperation" and "peacefully living together." This partially kills off within UNESCO the patented and loaded Soviet term. However, the dictionary sponsored by the French Academy translates the phrase literally—apparently on the theory that it is widely used and must therefore be listed—but without a definition. The Russians, of course, will stick with their phrase. But the issue had been dramatized for UNESCO and it is to be hoped that a similar debate will help achieve clarification in other UN agencies.

• • •

For 50 years after Marx and Engels published the *Communist Manifesto* in 1848, communism was kept alive, with little organization, backing or support, by the propaganda of a handful of disciples. V. I. Lenin, their greatest disciple, was a propaganda genius. Two of his earliest polemical tracts, written from exile just after the turn of the century, *Where to Begin* and *What Is to Be Done*, stressed the primary role of propaganda. "Without a revolutionary theory there can be no revolution. . . . We must go among all people as theoreticians, as propagandists, as agitators and as organizers. . . . The principal thing, of course, is propaganda and agitation." Lenin perceived that theory could serve not only as an instrument of internal discipline but a formidable external striking weapon.

When the Russian disciples of Lenin aggressively promote phrases such as "peaceful coexistence," to what extent are they deliberately being wholly propagandistic in the Lenin tradition, and to what extent are they merely overly enthusiastic crusaders? I suspect something of both is often present. This is a relatively new phenomenon. In Moscow last May I spent an afternoon with the top editors of the Soviet encyclopedia. They asked in wonderment why *Encyclopaedia Britannica* has no article on peaceful coexistence. They contended that this concept is the most important doctrine in the international relations of our era. (Recent editions of *Britannica* have so many articles on international relations that a separate 1000-word article is included merely to list them—but there is none on peaceful coexistence.) Were these editors deliberately propagandizing me? I think not. They believe this phrase describes a Soviet foreign policy which aims to prevent open warfare while awaiting the Communist subjugation of the world. To them, it is thus at the hopeful heart of our era. Russian intellectuals often express astonishment to hear that many Americans are suspicious of the word propaganda. To the confirmed Communists—public education, journalism and propaganda tend to be much the same thing.

To almost every "communicator" in the U. S. S. R., communism and its slogans are the right and natural objectives; they are central to education for the good society. They dominate every aspect of life. They lie at the heart of the hope to convert the human race to the Communist cause. Thus to the Russian communicators, propagandizing is their obligation and civic duty, and if the propaganda sometimes overstates or distorts, well, it's all in the good cause established in Leninist doctrine as the end which justifies the propaganda means.

One purpose of Communist propaganda outside the Soviet Union, to paraphrase Professor Harold Lasswell of Yale, is "to economize the material cost of world domination." Thus the propaganda, such as the phrase "peaceful coexistence," is no more than an inexpensive kind of weapon.

• • •

Shortly after V-J Day in 1945, after I had become Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, I was dismayed to find the U. S. S. R. swinging its world-wide propaganda guns away from Germany and Japan and training them on the United States. Never had this country been subjected to such verbal ferocity. In several dozen languages, and on every conceivable count, we were labeled as "jackals" and "hyenas," without heart or culture. If the United States refused loans and favors to other nations, it was portrayed as rich and selfish. If it made loans or granted favors, it was seeking to

*(concluded on page 299)*

# JEEVES AND THE GREASY BIRD

**things looked bleak indeed for bertie wooster until the world's most resourceful gentleman's gentleman stepped in and took over**

**fiction By P. G. WODEHOUSE**

AS I CLOSED the front door behind Aunt Dahlia, whom I had been entertaining to lunch at the Wooster apartment, I had rather the feeling you get when parting company with a tigress of the jungle or one of those fiends with hatchet who are always going about the place slaying six. This aunt is my good and deserving aunt and as a rule as genial a soul as ever downed a veal cutlet, but she's apt to get hot under the collar when thwarted, and in the course of the meal which had just concluded I had been compelled to thwart her like a ton of bricks. It was with quite a few beads of persp bedewing the brow that I went back to the dining room where Jeeves was cleaning up the debris.

"Jeeves," I said, brushing away the b. of p. with my cambric handkerchief, "you were offstage toward the end of lunch, but did you happen to drink in any of the conversation that was taking place?"

"From time to time fragments of it penetrated to me in the kitchen, sir. Mrs. Travers has a *(continued on page 134)*

"And scarcely had she started to nestle when the doorbell rang. And who should come in but Roderick Spode, the last caller I was expecting."

# THE FESTIVE FOWL

*food By* THOMAS MARIO

*fine feathered friends for a fabulous holiday groaning board*

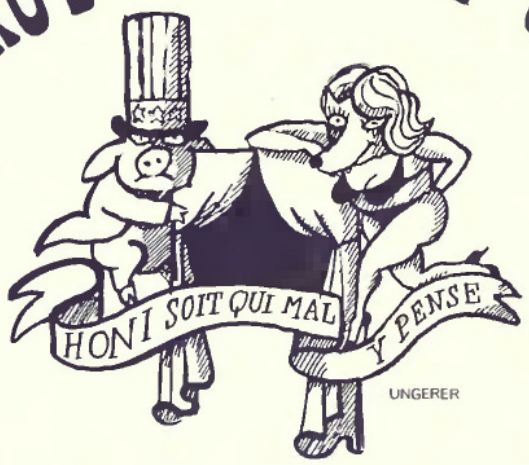
LONG BEFORE trenchermen ever talked turkey, they talked peacock. Until the emergence of the hearty American classic gobbler, the effete peacock was the prime chef-d'oeuvre of the holiday festive board. Nowadays the peacock is reserved largely for historical movies, but even the lordly turkey has to struggle to keep his place of honor in the face of the challenges laid down by guinea hen, goose, capon, duck, partridge, pheasant and the other rich lures of the season Europeans fondly call "the Liberties of December." There's something in

the climate of Christmas that makes the beasts give way to the birds. Rare steaks and mutton chops yield before the feast of roast goose, its russet skin crackling in the oven, the casserole of red cabbage fragrant with burgundy, mountainous whipped potatoes white as the angels, finished off by a moist plum pudding ablaze with cognac.

Each year more and more enlightened chefs are carving their meat from the smaller birds which almost always outshine their more cumbersome rivals. Giant tom turkeys of 30 pounds, in spite of all stratagems used in their roasting, are destined to be dry on the outside before they're done on the inside. A man who really knows how to cook his own goose will take a 10-pound gosling rather than the more imposing but older 18-pound gander. Also, there is the more savory, if slightly more venial reason that the smaller fowl means a shorter tour of guard duty at the fire and allows the chef that extra cup of holiday cheer. Hosts with adventurous palates who want to hold open *(continued on page 243)*

*"You could at least leave me my intermission pianist."*

# JACK GELBER KO'S A CHINESE COMMIE, MAYBE




*in castroland, an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation between one of mao's minions and the author of "the connection" indicates that the twain still aren't meeting*

*humor* **By JACK GELBER**

STANDING AT THE window of my 18th-floor suite in a swank Havana hotel, I gaze at the empty six-lane sea-front highway below: With State Department approval and at the invitation of Commie Cuba, I had been attending the fourth annual festival of Latin-American theater. Red China's representative, Wo Shue, was due any moment. Why did he request to interview *me*?

A white blur on the blue horizon catches my eye. Ah, our American ship on vigilant embargo duty, choking off trade with Commie Cuba——

Suddenly a noise behind——

A Chinese Commie girl coughs politely. She is the spitting image of Little Orphan Annie. How can that be? It is so. Her curly black hair is a perfect setting for her moon-face, blanked-out eyes and short teeth.

"Come right in!" I give her the boisterous American glad hand.

"Wo Shue will be here in minute," Oriental Annie says.

I answer in Mandarin Chinese, "Good." I can say six phrases in Mandarin Chinese, courtesy of a United Nations language course. (Many years ago I worked as a mimeograph operator in the second sub-basement of the United Nations, where I partook of the language course until my instructor left to open a Chinese restaurant.)

Wo Shue appears at the doorway. His impassive face flashes a smile as he blurts out his heathen Chinese greeting.

I reply with another of my Chinese expressions, which delights this yellow son of a banker turned fanatic.

"Wo Shue greets you on behalf of the Chinese people," Oriental Annie hisses. "He say you friend. In conference room Wo Shue speak out against the aggressions of the American Imperialist Pigs. Wo Shue not mean you. People of China love people of United States."

I mutter, "I come to Cuba to hear this crap!" Before the girl can translate, I offer them a seat, but Wo Shue will not sit until I do. We play a little game of Who will sit first? I lose.

The hotel door is left open, reminiscent of dormitory life. Wo Shue has traveled to the festival at great expense from Peking with a translator (not the girl, but a boy fanatic who is ill and forced to luxuriate in bed with the door open.)

I look at Wo Shue and wonder if I am playing Who will speak first? Ostensibly, I have come to see the festival, too. The truth is that I don't give a damn about the conference but am immensely curious about Cuba. (More on Cuba in my next action-packed episode.)

"I welcome Wo Shue." I hear myself speaking first, thereby losing my second encounter with this wily man. "I welcome Wo Shue on behalf of room 1817 of the Havana Riviera Hotel."

Wo Shue barks an order to the girl to hand me a large envelope. Inside are production photographs of a dozen shows. Guess who is masterfully disguised in every photo? None other than the chief of the Peking Youth Theater himself, Wo Shue.

"Very good." I say with yet another of my Chinese phrases. Wo Shue erupts with gales of laughter, *(continued on page 235)*

*"I'm getting tired of making passes— I think it's time for the Moment of Truth . . .!"*

Vargas

# GREASY BIRD *(continued from page 127)*

robust voice. I received the impression that she was incensed."

"She was. And why? Because I stoutly refused to portray Santa Claus at the Christmas orgy she's giving at her rural residence to the children of the local yokels. She kept trying to bend me to her will, but she ought to have known that argument would be fruitless. As the wise old saying has it, you can take a horse to the water, but you can't make it put on white whiskers and go around saying 'Ho-ho-ho.'"

"Very true, sir."

"You think I was justified in being adamant?"

"Fully justified, sir."

"Thank you, Jeeves."

I must say I thought it pretty decent of him to give the young master the weight of his support like this, for only that morning I had had to thwart him as inflexibly as I had thwarted the recent aunt. He had been trying to get me to go to Florida after Christmas, because he likes the fishing there and yearns someday to catch a tarpon. Well, I sympathized with his hopes and dreams, but I particularly wanted to be in London for the Drones Club darts tournament, which comes on in February, so I said Florida was out. And the point I'm making is that he might quite easily have exhibited umbrage or dudgeon or whatever you call it when somebody looks puff-faced, but he didn't, and I honored him for this display of the feudal spirit.

I don't know if it's the same with you, but I've always found, after emerging victorious from a battle of the wills, that I get a touch of remorse and feel I ought to do something to bind up the wounds of the poor slob I've had to crush beneath the iron heel, so now it seemed to me that it would be a graceful act to blow a few bob on flowers for Aunt Dahlia. An olive branch, you might call it, or possibly the amende honorable. Luncheon digested, accordingly, I trickled off in quest of the blooms, and I was approaching her door with them, when who should I see legging it up the steps but Madeline, only daughter of Sir Watkyn and the late Lady Bassett, and I halted abruptly, as though I had had it drawn to my attention that I was about to stub my toe on a scorpion.

This Bassett is a girl I particularly dislike, and owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding too complicated to go into now, she is under the impression that I'm pining away for love of her, and she has constantly assured me that, should anything occur to cause her to sever relations with her current betrothed, a tough egg of the name of Roderick Spode, she will switch to me and, as she puts it, make me happy. So naturally it is my unswerving policy to steer clear of her as far as possible. I abandoned, accordingly, my plan of going in and delivering the olive branch, and after an hour or two at the Drones, brushing up my darts game, I returned to *chez* Wooster. And I had scarcely placed umbrella in stand when the phone rang. It was Aunt Dahlia.

"Bertie?"

"Hullo, aged relative."

"I hope you thoroughly understand that after your craven exhibition at lunch I'm not speaking to you."

"Oh, aren't you?"

"Certainly not. I'm treating you with silent contempt. But, after all, you are my late brother's son whom I frequently dandled on my knee as a baby, and a subhuman baby you were if ever I saw one, though I suppose you were more to be pitied than censured if you looked like a ventriloquist's dummy. So when I see you waist-high in the soup and likely to sink without a trace at any moment, my humane instincts come uppermost, I remember that I am an aunt, and I tell myself that I can't let you go unwarned. Weak of me, of course, but there it is."

"Very creditable," I said, though wishing she could make it a bit clearer. She seemed an aunt who spoke in riddles.

"Madeline called this afternoon."

"Yes, I observed her crossing your threshold. I was on my way to bring you a few long-stemmed roses."

"You and your long-stemmed roses! It would take more than long-stemmed roses to change my view that you're a contemptible cowardly custard and a disgrace to a proud family," she said haughtily. "Your ancestors fought in the Crusades and were often mentioned in dispatches, and you cringe like a salted snail at the thought of appearing as Santa Claus before an audience of charming children who wouldn't hurt a fly. It's enough to make an aunt turn her face to the wall and give up the struggle. However, we threshed all that out at lunch, so I won't go into it now. You're wanting to hear about Madeline Bassett, so here it comes. She's broken her engagement!"

"What!"

"Yes, she has returned Spode to store and tells me she intends to call on you tomorrow afternoon around the hour of four. She predicted that after she's seen you and told you that your patient love is at last to be rewarded you will go singing about the Drones Club."

I tottered. "But this is frightful!"

"I thought it would make you sit up."

"What shall I do for the best?"

"Don't ask me. Ask Jeeves."

I did so without delay.

"I wonder if you could spare me a moment of your valuable time, Jeeves," I said. "A problem has arisen and I want your advice. I must begin by saying that it's one of those delicate problems where one can't mention names. You see what I mean?"

"I understand you perfectly, sir. You would prefer to term the protagonists A and B."

"Or North and South?"

"A and B is more customary, sir."

"Just as you say. Well, A is female, B, male, and owing to a concatenation of circumstances A has got it firmly into her nut that B's in love with her. But he isn't. He views her with concern. Now, until recently A was engaged to——"

"Shall we call him C, sir?"

"Caesar's as good a name as any, I suppose. Well, as I was saying, until quite recently A was engaged to Caesar and B hadn't a worry in the world. But now the fixture has been scratched and A is talking freely of marrying B, and what I want you to bend your brain to is the problem of how he can oil out of it. Don't get the idea that it's simple, because B is what is known as a *preux chevalier*, so when A comes to him and says, 'B, I will be yours,' he can't just say, 'You will, will you? That's what *you* think.' He has his code, and the code rules that he must kid her along and accept the situation. And frankly, Jeeves, he'd rather be dead in a ditch. Anything stirring?"

"Yes, sir."

I was astounded. This was certainly quick service.

"Obviously, sir, A's matrimonial plans would be rendered null and void were B to convey the impression that his affections were engaged elsewhere."

I began to see what he was driving at.

"You mean if I—or, rather, B—were to produce some female and assert that she was betrothed to me—or I should say B—the peril would be averted?"

"Precisely, sir."

I mused. "It's a thought, Jeeves, but there's a dickens of a snag—viz., how to get hold of the party of the second part. You can't rush about London asking girls to pretend they're engaged to you. At least, I suppose you can, but it would be quite a nervous strain."

"I would suggest that B apply to a theatrical agent, sir. Such a person would be in an admirable position to supply some resting artiste who would be glad to cooperate in an innocent deception in return for a moderate fee."

I slapped the brow.

"Jeeves," I ejaculated, if ejaculated is the word, "I believe you've hit it. Those theatrical agents assemble in gangs in the Charing Cross Road, don't they?"

"So I have been given to understand, sir."

"I'll tell B," I said, and bright and early on the following morning I might have been observed entering the premises of Jas. Waterbury in a dingy building about halfway up that thoroughfare.

The reason my choice had fallen on Jas. was not that I had heard glowing reports of him from every side, it was simply because all the other places I tried

*(continued on page 238)*

# THE CIRCLE OF SEX

*article*

**By ALAN WATTS**

*an ingenious delineation of the age-old magnetism between male and female in which a clock face is used to chart the 12 libidinal types that attract and repel*

EVERY SO OFTEN someone comes up with a key idea that makes sense of what had seemed to be chaotic or simply perverse facts. Frequently these idea men are not "authorities" of the academically respectable variety, because official specialists of all kinds are apt to get so absorbed in details and routines that they have little opportunity for a truly fresh look at their problems. It takes a maverick, an outsider, an inspired eccentric—just such a person as Gavin, grandson of the 21st President of the United States, Chester Arthur. Gavin Arthur (actually Chester Alan Arthur III) lives in San Francisco, and almost everyone knows him. He has sold newspapers on Market Street and been secretary of California's Democratic Central Committee. Now 64 years old, this aristocrat of bohemians makes his living by casting horoscopes, and lives in a crummy downtown apartment-turned-museum. Every square inch of wall space is covered with autographed photos of the great or the inspired far-out: Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, Walt Whitman, Havelock Ellis, Edward Carpenter, Robinson Jeffers, Alfred Kinsey, Woodrow Wilson, Henry Wallace, Aneurin Bevan, Ernest *(continued on page 166)*

ISLAND

# RED RYDER NAILS THE HAMMOND KID

## NOSTALGIA

By JEAN SHEPHERD

*two renowned good guys, santa claus and iona pearl bodkin, combine forces to teach that deadeye gunslinger of warren g. harding elementary school an unforgettable yuletide lesson*

IN ANGRY RED block letters, the slogan gleamed out like a neon sign from the big white button: DISARM THE TOY INDUSTRY. That's what it said. There was no question about it. The button was worn by an indignant little old lady wearing what looked like an upturned flowerpot on her head and, I suspect, a pair of Keds on her feet, which were primly hidden by the Automat table at which we both sat.

Toying moodily with my chicken pot pie, which is a *spécialité de la maison*, I surreptitiously examined my fellow diner. Wiry, lightly powdered, tough as spring steel, she dug with gusto into her meal: succotash, baked beans, creamed corn, side order of Harvard beets. Bad news—a vegetarian type. No doubt also a dedicated cat fancier. Silently we shared our tiny table and shoveled it in as the great throng of pre-Christmas quick-lunchers eddied and surged urgently around us. Finally I could contain myself no longer.

"Disarm the toy industry?" I asked.

She sat unmoved, her bright pink and ivory dental plates working over a mouthful of beets, attacking them with a ravenousness usually associated with the larger carnivores. The red juice ran down over her chin and stained her white lace bodice. I tried another opener:

"Pardon me, madam, you're dripping."

"Eh?"

Her ice-blue eyes flashed angrily for a moment and then softened.

"Why, thank you, sonny."

She dabbed at her chin with a paper napkin and I knew that contact had been made.

"Disarm the toy industry?" I asked again.

"It's an outrage!" she barked, causing two elderly gentlemen at the next table to spill soup on their vests.

"It's an outrage the way the toymakers are forcing the implements of blasphemous war on our innocent children, on tiny babes who are helpless and know no better! It's all a Government plot! I know what they're up to! Our committee is on to them, and we intend to expose this degenerate Communist conspiracy!"

She spoke in the ringing tones of a true believer, her whole life obviously an unending fight against the forces of evil. Standing suddenly, she spun on her left Ked and strode militantly out into the crisp, brilliant Christmas air—and back into the fray.

I sat rocking slightly in her wake for a few moments, stirring

my lukewarm coffee meditatively, thinking over what she'd said. As if the toy industry had any control, I reflected, over the eternal fascination of the human being with the implements of warfare. It's a fascination that begins early in life.

I began to mull over my own youth and its unceasing quest for roscoes, six-shooters and any other sort of blue hardware—simulated or otherwise—that I could lay my hands on. Outside in the spanking December breeze, a Salvation Army Santa Claus listlessly tolled his bell, huddled in a doorway to avoid the direct blast of the wind. I sipped my coffee and remembered another Christmas, in another time, in another place—and an unforgettable gun.

. . .

I remember clearly, itchingly, the first time I laid eyes on it, pictured in a smeared three-color ad on the back cover of *Open Road for Boys*, a publication which at the time had an iron grip on my aesthetic sensibilities, and on the dime that I had to scratch up every month to stay with it. It specialized in illustrations showing gigantic Kodiak bears charging out of the page at the reader, to be gunned down in single hand-to-hand combat by 11-year-old killers armed only with a boy scout knife and nerves of steel.

Early in the fall the first ad appeared. It was a magnificent thing of balanced copy and pictures, superb artwork and subtly contrived catch phrases:

> *BOYS!* AT LAST *YOU* CAN OWN AN OFFICIAL RED RYDER CARBINE-ACTION TWO-HUNDRED-SHOT RANGE MODEL AIR RIFLE!

This in red and black block letters beside a large balloon coming out of Red Ryder's own mouth, his jaw squared, staring out manfully and speaking directly to me, eye to eye. In his hand was the knurled stock of as beautiful, as deadly looking a piece of weaponry as I'd ever laid eyes on.

> YES, FELLOWS, Red was saying, THIS TWO-HUNDRED-SHOT CARBINE-ACTION AIR RIFLE, JUST LIKE THE ONE I USE IN ALL MY RANGE WARS CHASIN' THEM RUSTLERS AND BAD GUYS, CAN BE YOUR VERY OWN. IT HAS A SPECIAL BUILT-IN SECRET COMPASS IN THE STOCK FOR TELLING THE DIRECTION IF YOU'RE LOST ON THE TRAIL, AND ALSO AN OFFICIAL RED RYDER SUNDIAL FOR TELLING TIME OUT IN THE WILDS. YOU JUST LAY YOUR CHEEK 'GAINST THIS STOCK, SIGHT OVER MY OWN SPECIAL-DESIGN CLOVERLEAF SIGHT, AND YOU JUST CAN'T MISS. TELL DAD IT'S GREAT FOR TARGET SHOOTING AND VARMINTS, AND IT WILL MAKE A SWELL CHRISTMAS GIFT!!

In the next issue, Red was even more insistent, now implying that the supply of Red Ryder BB guns was *limited* and to "order now or see your dealer before it's too late!" It was the second ad that actually hooked me. It was late November and the Christmas fever was well upon me. I thought about a Red Ryder air rifle in all my waking hours, seven days a week, in school and out. I drew pictures of it in my reader, in my arithmetic book, on my hand in indelible ink, in crayon, on Helen Weathers' dress in front of me. For the first time in my life the initial symptoms of genuine lunacy set in.

I imagined innumerable situations calling for the instant need

MERRY CHRIS
2
1

of a BB gun, great fantasies where I fended off creeping marauders burrowing through the snow toward the kitchen, where only I and I alone stood between our tiny huddled family and insensate evil—masked bandits attacking my father, only to be mowed down by my trusty cloverleaf-sighted weapon. In an act of selfless chivalry, I saw myself defending Esther Jane Alberry from escaped circus tigers. A miraculous crack shot, I saw myself picking off sparrows on the wing to the gasps of admiring girls and envious rivals on Cleveland Street. And there was one dream that involved my entire class getting lost on a field trip in the swamps, from which I led the tired, hungry band back to civilization, using only my Red Ryder compass and sundial. I didn't just *want* that gun; I *had* to have it.

• • •

Early December saw the first of the great blizzards of that year. The wind howling down out of the Canadian wilds a few hundred miles to the north had screamed over frozen Lake Michigan and buried Hammond in huge drifts of snow and festooned eaves with story-high icicles. Streetcar wires creaked under caked ice and kids plodded to school through 45-mile-an-hour gales, tilting forward like tiny furred radiator ornaments, lumbering stiffly over the barren, clattering ground.

Preparing to go to school in weather like that was like getting ready for extended deep-sea diving: long johns, corduroy knickers, checkered flannel lumberjack shirt, four sweaters, fleece-lined sheepskin helmet, goggles, mittens with leatherette gauntlets and a large red star with an Indian chief's face in the middle, three pairs of socks, high-tops, overshoes, and a 16-foot scarf wound spirally from left to right until only the faint glint of two eyes peering out of a mound of moving clothing told you that a kid was inside.

My mother would simply throw her shoulder against the front door, pushing back the advancing drifts and stone ice, the wind raking the living-room rug with icy fury for an instant, and we would be launched, one after the other, my brother and I, like astronauts into space. The door slammed shut behind us and that was it. It was make school or die!

Scattered over the icy waste around us could be seen other tiny dots of wind-driven humanity, waddling under the weight of frost-stiffened clothing like bowling pins with feet, all toiling painfully toward the Warren G. Harding School, miles away over the tundra. An occasional piteous whimper would be heard faintly, then lost in the whistle of the eternal wind. But over it all was a faint but unmistakable drum-roll fanfare of mounting excitement. Christmas was on its way. Each day was more exciting than the last, because Christmas was one day closer—lovely, beautiful, glorious Christmas, around which the entire year revolved.

Downtown Hammond was prepared for its yearly bacchanalia of peace on earth and good will to men. Across Hohman Avenue and State Street, the gloomy main thoroughfares—drifted with snow that had lain for months and would remain until well into spring—were strung strands of green and red Christmas bulbs, and banners that snapped and cracked in the gale. From the streetlights hung plastic ivy wreaths surrounding three-dimensional Santa Claus faces.

For several days the windows of Goldblatt's department store had been curtained and dark. Their corner window was traditionally a major high-water mark of the pre-Christmas season. It set the tone, the motif of their giant yuletide jubilee. Kids were brought in from miles around just to see the window. Old codgers would recall vintage years when the window had flowered more fulsomely than in ordinary times. This was one of those years. The magnificent display was officially unveiled on a crowded Saturday night. It was an instant smash hit. First-nighters, packed ear muff to ear muff, their steamy breath clouding up the sparkling plate glass, jostled in rapt admiration before a golden, tinkling panoply of mechanized, electronic joy. This was the heyday of the Seven Dwarfs and their virginal den mother, Snow White. Walt Disney's seven cutie pies hammered and sawed, chiseled and painted while Santa, bouncing Snow White on his mechanical knee, ho-ho-ho'd through eight strategically placed loudspeakers—interspersed by choruses of "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off to work we go." Grumpy sat at the controls of a miniature, eight-wheeled Rock Island Railroad steam engine, and Sleepy played a marimba, while in the background, inexplicably, Mrs. Claus ceaselessly ironed a red shirt. Sparkling artificial snow drifted down on Shirley Temple dolls, Flexible Flyers and Tinker Toy sets glowing in the golden spotlight. In the foreground, a frontier stockade built of Lincoln Logs was manned by a company of kilted lead highlanders who were doughtily fending off an attack by six U. S. Army medium tanks. (History has always been vague in Indiana.) A few feet away stood an Arthurian cardboard castle with Raggedy Andy sitting on the drawbridge, his feet in the moat, through which a Lionel freight train burping real smoke went round and round. Dopey sat in Amos and Andy's pedal-operated fresh-air taxicab beside a stuffed panda holding a lollipop in his paw, bearing the heart-tugging legend, "Hug me." From fluffy cotton clouds above, Dionne quintuplet dolls wearing plaid golf knickers hung from billowing parachutes, having just bailed out of a high-flying balsawood Fokker triplane. All in all, Santa's workshop made Salvador Dali look like Norman Rockwell. It was a good year.

Like a swelling Christmas balloon, the excitement mounted steadily until the whole town tossed restlessly in bed—and made plans for the big day. Already my own scheme was well under way, my personal dream. Casually, carefully, calculatingly, I had booby-trapped the house with copies of *Open Road for Boys*, all opened to Red Ryder's slit-eyed face. My father, a great john reader, found himself for the first time in his life in alien literary waters. My mother, grabbing for her copy of *Screen Romances*, found herself cleverly euchred into reading a Red Ryder sales pitch; I had stuck a copy of *ORFB* inside the cover of *SR*.

My little brother, occasionally emerging from his hiding place under the day bed, was already involved in some private persiflage of his own concerning an erector set with motor, capable of constructing drawbridges, Eiffel Towers, Ferris wheels, and operating guillotines. I knew that if he got wind of *my* scheme, all was lost. He would then begin wheedling and whining for what I wanted, which would result in nobody scoring, since he was obviously too young for deadly weapons. So I cleverly pretended that I wanted nothing more than a simple, utilitarian, unpretentious Sandy Andy, a highly symbolic educational toy popular at the time, consisting of a kind of funnel under which was mounted a tiny conveyor belt of little scooplike gondolas. It came equipped with a bag of white sand that was poured into the funnel. The sand trickling out of the bottom into the gondolas set the belt in motion. As each gondola was filled, it moved down the track to be replaced by another, which, when filled, moved down another notch. And endlessly they went, dumping sand out at the bottom of the track and starting up the back loop to be refilled—on and on, until all the sand was deposited in the red cup at the bottom of the track. The kid then emptied the cup into the funnel and it started all over again—ceaselessly, senselessly, round and round. How like life itself; it was the perfect toy for the Depression. Other kids in the neighborhood were embarked on grandiose, pie-in-the-sky dreams of Lionel electric trains, gigantic Gilbert chemistry sets and other totally unimaginable impossibilities.

Through my brain nightly danced visions of six-guns snapped from the hip and shattering bottles—and a gnawing, nameless frenzy of impending ecstasy. Then came my first disastrous mistake. In a moment of unguarded rashness I brought the whole plot out into the open. I was caught by surprise while pulling on my high-tops in the kitchen, huddled next to the gas oven, the only source of heat in the house at that hour of the morning. My mother, leaning over

*(continued overleaf)*

*"It's one of those new man-made fibers—it keeps you warm without cutting down your circulation."*

a pot of simmering oatmeal, suddenly asked out of the blue:

"What would you like for Christmas?"

Horrified, I heard myself blurt:

"A Red Ryder BB gun!"

Without missing a stroke with her tablespoon, she shot back:

"Oh, no. You'll shoot out one of your eyes."

I was sunk! That deadly phrase, invoked countless times before by countless thousands of mothers, was not surmountable by any means known to kiddom. The boom had been lowered and I was under it. With leaden heart and frozen feet, I waddled to school, bereft but undaunted.

At recess time out in the schoolyard, little knots of kids huddled together for warmth amid the craggy snowbanks and the howling gale. The telephone wires overhead whistled like banshees and the trapeze rings on the swings clanked hollowly as Schwartz and Flick and Bruner and I discussed the most important thing next to What I'm Going To Get For Christmas, which was What I'm Getting My Mother And Father For Christmas. We talked in hushed, hoarse whispers to guard against security leaks. Schwartz, his eyes darting over his shoulder as he spoke, leaned into the wind and hissed:

"I'm getting my father . . ."

He paused dramatically, hunching forward to exclude unfriendly ears, his voice dropping even lower. We listened intently for his punch line:

". . . a new Flit gun!"

The sheer creative brilliance of it staggered us for a moment. Schwartz smiled smugly, his ear muffs bobbing jauntily as he leaned back into the wind, knowing he had scored. Flick, looking suspiciously at a passing female first grader who could be a spy for his mother, waited until the coast was clear and then launched his entry into the icy air:

"For my father I'm getting . . ."

Again we waited, Schwartz with a superior smirk playing faintly on his chapped lips.

". . . a rose that *squirts*!"

We had all seen these magnificent appliances at George's Candy Store, and instantly we saw that this was a gift *anyone* would want. They were bright-red celluloid, with a white rubber bulb for pocket use. At this point, luckily, the bell rang, calling us back to our labors before I had to divulge my own gifts, which I knew did not come up to these magnificent strokes of genius.

I had not yet made an irrevocable choice for my mother, but I had narrowed the field down to two spectacular items I had been stealthily eying at Woolworth's for several weeks. The first was a tasteful string of beads about the size of small walnuts, brilliant ruby in color with tiny yellow flowers embedded in the glass. The other and more expensive gift—$1.98—was a pearl-colored perfume atomizer, urn-shaped, with golden lion's feet and matching gold top and squeeze bulb. It was not an easy choice.

For my father, I had already made the down payment on a family-size can of Simoniz. One of my father's favorite proverbs, one he never tired of quoting, was:

"Motorists wise, Simoniz."

He was as dedicated a hood-shiner as ever bought a fourth-hand Graham-Paige, with soaring hopes and bad valves. I could hardly wait to see him unwrap the Simoniz on Christmas Eve, with the light of the red, yellow, green and blue bulbs on the tree making that magnificent can glow, like the deep flush of myrrh and frankincense. It was all I could do, a constant tortured battle, to keep myself from spilling the beans and thus destroying the magnificent moment of stunned surprise, the disbelieving delight which I knew would fell him like a thunderclap when he saw that I had gone all out.

I had not yet decided on what to get my kid brother for Christmas. It was going to be either a rubber dagger or a Dick Tracy Junior Crimefighter Disguise Kit, containing three false noses and a book of instructions on how to trap crooks. I was a little doubtful about the Dick Tracy Kit, since I sensed vaguely that there might be trouble over one of the noses, a large orange job with plastic horn-rimmed glasses attached. A dark-horse possibility was a tin zeppelin with red propellers and blue fins. I figured this was something you could really get your teeth into, and it was what I eventually decided on, not realizing that one of the hardest things to wrap in green tissue paper with Santa Claus stickers and red string is a silver zeppelin. Zeppelins are not easy to disguise.

It was now the second week of December and all the stores in town stayed open nights, which meant that things were really getting serious. Every evening immediately after supper we would pile into the car and drive downtown for that great annual folk rite, that most ecstatic, golden, tinseled, quivering time of all kidhood: Christmas shopping. Milling crowds of blue-jowled, agate-eyed foundry workers, gray-faced refinery men and motley hordes of open-hearth, slag-heap, Bessemer-converter, tin-mill, coke-plant and welding-shop fugitives trudged through the wildly pulsing department stores, through floor after floor of shiny, beautiful, unattainable treasures, trailed by millions of leatherette-jacketed, high-topped, mufflered kids, each with a gnawing hunger to Get It All. Worried-looking, flush-faced mothers wearing frayed cloth coats with ratty fox-fur collars, their hands chapped and raw from years of dishwater therapy, rode herd on the surging mob, ranging far and wide into the aisles and under the counters, cuffing, slapping, dragging whiners of all sizes from department to department.

At the far end of toyland in Goldblatt's, on a snowy throne framed with red-and-white candy canes under a suspended squadron of plastic angels blowing silver trumpets in a glowing golden grotto, sat the Man, the Connection: Kriss Kringle himself. In northern Indiana Santa Claus is a big man, both spiritually and physically, and the Santa Claus at Goldblatt's was officially recognized among the kids as being unquestionably *the* Santa Claus. In person. Eight feet tall, shiny high black patent-leather boots, a nimbus cloud of snow-white beard, and a real, thrumming, belt-creaking stomach. No pillows or stuffing. I mean a real *stomach*!

A long line of fidgeting, greedy urchins wound in and out of the aisles, shoving, sniffling and, above all, waiting, waiting to tell him what they wanted. In those days it was not easy to fully disbelieve in Santa Claus, if only because there wasn't much else to believe *in*, and there were many theological arguments over the nature of, the affirmation and denial of his existence. However, ten days before zero hour, the air pulsing to the strains of *We Three Kings of Orient Are*, the store windows garlanded with green-and-red wreaths, and the toy department bristling with shiny Flexible Flyers, there were few who *dared* to disbelieve. As each day crept on to the next, like some arthritic glacier, the atheists among us grew moodier and less and less sure of ourselves, until finally in each scoffing heart was the floating, drifting, nagging suspicion:

"Well, you never can tell."

It didn't pay to take chances, so we waited in line for our turn.

Behind me a skinny seven-year-old girl wearing a brown stocking cap and gold-rimmed glasses hit her little brother steadily to keep him in line. She had green teeth. He was wearing an aviator's helmet with the goggles pulled down over his eyes. His galoshes were open and his maroon corduroy knickers were damp. Behind them a fat boy in a huge sheepskin coat stood numbly, his eyes watering in vague fear, his nose red and running. Ahead of my brother and me, a long, uneven procession of stocking caps, mufflers, mittens and ear muffs inched painfully forward, while in the hazy distance, in his magic glowing cave, Mister Claus sat each in turn on his broad red knee and listened to exultant dream after exultant dream whispered, squeaked, shouted or sobbed into his shell-like, whisker-encased ear.

Closer and closer we crept. My mother and father had stashed us in line and disappeared. We were alone. Nothing stood between us and our confessor, our benefactor, our patron saint, our dispenser of BB guns, but 297 other beseechers at the throne. I have always felt that later generations of tots, products of

*(continued on page 213)*

# THE SHEL SILVERSTEIN SONGBOOK

*a lyrical lode of far-out folk tunes, boisterous ballads and bawdy blues by playboy's bearded bard*

THREE YEARS AGO Shel Silverstein penned a tender tone poem, *If You Can't Do It, That's All Right; I'll Find Somebody Who Can*. Since then, over 200 tunes have poured out of PLAYBOY's fecund fountainhead of visual and verbal wit. Shel's songs have been performed by Harry Belafonte, Henry Mancini, Johnny Cash, the Smothers Brothers, the Weavers, Flatt & Scruggs, the Brothers Four, the Limeliters, the Serendipity Singers (see this month's *Playboy After Hours*), Judy Collins, and a sandpaper-voiced singer named Shel Silverstein (forthcoming shortly, an LP titled *I'm So Good That I Don't Have to Brag . . . and Other Songs*). They range in flavor from poignant ballads—*The Hills of Shiloh*; *Hey Nellie, Nellie*—to such bits of musical madness as *What Do You Do If You're Young and White and Jewish* and *Never Bite a Married Woman on the Thigh*. So now let's all sing along with Shel.

## "WHO BEEN SCORIN'?"

I wonder who been scorin' with the scorekeeper's sweetie
While the scorekeeper doesn't know the score,
And who's on the floor with the doorman's darlin'
While the doorman's busy mannin' the door,
Someone's savin' the life of the lifeguard's wife
While the lifeguard's guardin' lives out in the sea,
And while I been movin' all around this town
Tell me who been movin' in on me?

Now who been diggin' the ditchdigger's daughter
While the ditchdigger's diggin' in the ditch,
And who's playin' switch with the switchman's bitch
While the switchman's busy twitchin' at his switch,
Someone's grabbin' the ass of the astronaut's lass
While the astronaut is flyin' through the blue,
And while I been goin' all around the world,
Who been goin' round the world with you?

I wonder who keeps gettin' into the innkeeper's cutie
While the innkeeper's keepin' the inn,
And who's cuttin' in on the tin cutter's sin
While that tin cutter's cuttin' his tin,
Someone's gettin' the honey from the beekeeper's honey
So what can a poor boy do . . .
I might as well go score with the scorekeeper's sweetie
While the scorekeeper's scorin' with you!

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## "TELL 'EM AT THE A.S.P.C.A."

I'm gonna take a little ride on the B&O
Or maybe on the BMT
And when I hit the track, babe I won't be back
Because this is the E-N-D.
Now I been true to Y-O-U but you ain't been true to me
I'm gonna tell 'em at the A.S.P.C.A.
That you treat me like a D-O-G!

Now I'm gonna tell the A. F. of L.
You're makin' a slave out of me
And I'm gonna cry to the FBI
That you got no loyalty
And every time you gimme a little lovin'
You give it to me C.O.D.
I'm gonna tell 'em at the A.S.P.C.A.
You treat me like a D-O-G!

You used to love to listen to rock 'n' roll
Now you're listenin' to the B.B.C.
And you used to smoke nothin' but Chesterfields
Now you're smokin' all that P-O-T
And you used to love those ice-cream sodas
Now you're makin' it on LSD.
I'm gonna tell 'em at the A.S.P.C.A.
You treat me like a D-O-G!
Oh, gee,
You treat me like a D-O-G!

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## "INSIDE A LION"

I am singing this song from inside of a lion
And it's rather damp in here,
So please excuse the garbled words
Which may not be too clear,
But this afternoon by the lion's cage
I'm afraid I got too near
And I'm singing this song from inside of a lion
And it's rather damp in here
And dark
And cold
And wet
And lonesome . . .

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## "DROP THE BOMB"

I only wish they'd drop the bomb tomorrow
To teach you a lesson for runnin' away from me,
And then I'd helter-skelter
To our cozy family shelter
And I'd lock you out and throw away the key . . .
I'd be on the inside eatin' up both our rations
While you'd be on the outside gettin' thin
Yellin' and a-screamin' while you're catchin' radiations,
But I'll never never never never never never
Let you in!

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## "LIZ"

Oh I'll admit that I ain't tall and handsome
And I'll admit my hair is gettin' thin
And I'm gettin' sort of fat
And some other things like that,
So do you wonder why I sit and slyly grin—

It's just because—Liz got around to Nicky Hilton
And Michael Todd and Wilding, that made three
And she got around to Fisher
And she got around to Burton,
So I'm certain that she'll get around to me.
So I'm sittin' here just waitin' in the drugstore
As confident and happy as can be,
And I never go on dates,
I just sit right here and wait,
'Cause I know she's got to get around to me.
Someday, I know she's got to get around to me!

## "PLASTIC"

Now a little bitty termite, he come knockin',
Knockin' at my front door,
He walked right in, sat right down
Started nibblin' on the kitchen floor
He chewed on the walls and the ceilings and the halls—
Lord knows he tried—
But he kept a-gettin' thinner
And he never got no dinner
And finally he sat up and cried . . .

(chorus) He said, "It's plastic, good Lord, it's plastic!
I know it ain't no wood
And it can't do me no good,
Because it's plastic—and you can't eat plastic,
Everything's gonna be plastic by and by!"

Then one afternoon in the month of June
I went down to the beach,
There were cuties and beauties in little bathin' suities
And all of them within my reach,
Then a 38-24-36 miss just happened to be passin' my way,
I said, "Please don't think I'm nervy, but you look so very curvy,
Please tell me how you got that way!"
She said, "It's plastic—it's only plastic,
It's pretty as can be, but you know that it ain't me,
Because they're plastic, oh yes they're plastic,
Everything's gonna be plastic by and by."

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## "YOWZAH"

It wasn't too very long ago,
Some folks walked with a hi-dee-ho
And other folks walked around kind of low
Sayin' "Yowzah" and "Sho nuff" and "Yassuh boss."

It was ashes to ashes and dust to dust
And they didn't believe in makin' a fuss
So they quietly moved to the back of the bus
Sayin' "Yowzah" and "Sho nuff" and "Yassuh boss."

And when things got rough they did a little prayin'
Little arm wavin' and a little bit of swayin',
Didn't do no good—they kept right on a-sayin'
"Yowzah" and "Sho nuff" and "Yassuh boss."

They were shinin' shoes and fryin' chicken
Washin' cars and cotton pickin',
Finally at last they got damned sick
Of sayin' "Yowzah" and "Sho nuff" and "Yassuh boss."

So they all went out and did a little standin
Little less askin' and a lot more demandin'
Little less liftin', a little less totin'
A lot more thinkin' and a lot more votin'
A little less hopin', a little less waitin'
A whole lot more demonstratin' . . . a lot less pearly gate'n'
A lot more fightin' and a lot more walkin'
Until finally no one at all was talkin'.
Like "Yowzah" and "Sho nuff" and "Yassuh boss!"

The end of this story is plain to see
They finally achieved equality
And now like you and me they can stand up strong and free
And say "Yes sir" and "Of course sir" and "Anything you say, J. B.!"

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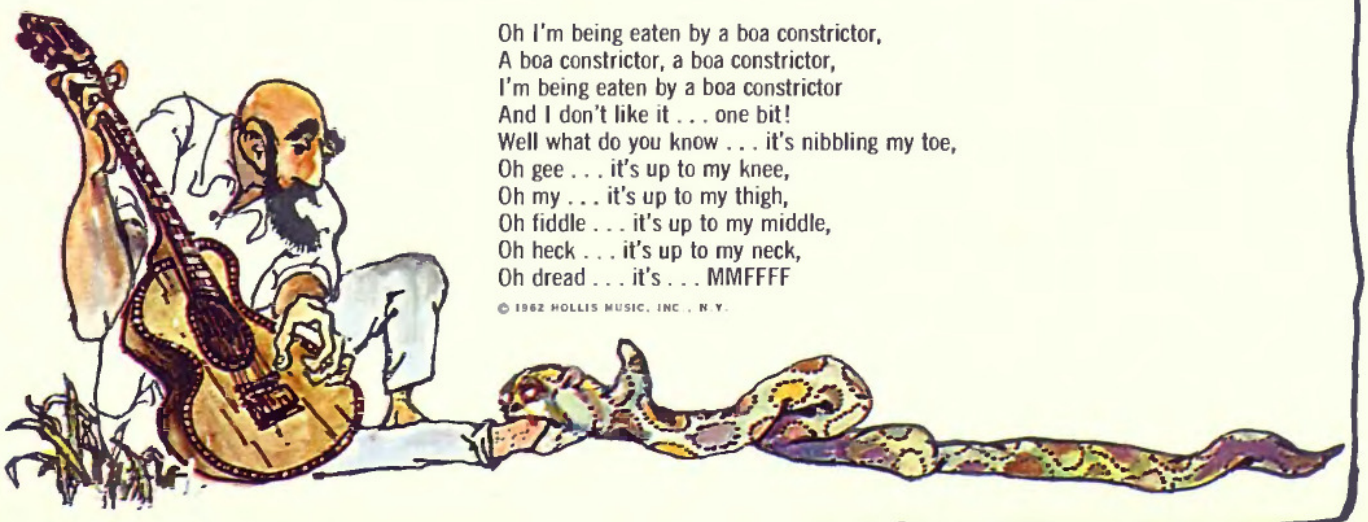
## "BOA CONSTRICTOR"



Oh I'm being eaten by a boa constrictor,
A boa constrictor, a boa constrictor,
I'm being eaten by a boa constrictor
And I don't like it . . . one bit!
Well what do you know . . . it's nibbling my toe,
Oh gee . . . it's up to my knee,
Oh my . . . it's up to my thigh,
Oh fiddle . . . it's up to my middle,
Oh heck . . . it's up to my neck,
Oh dread . . . it's . . . MMFFFF

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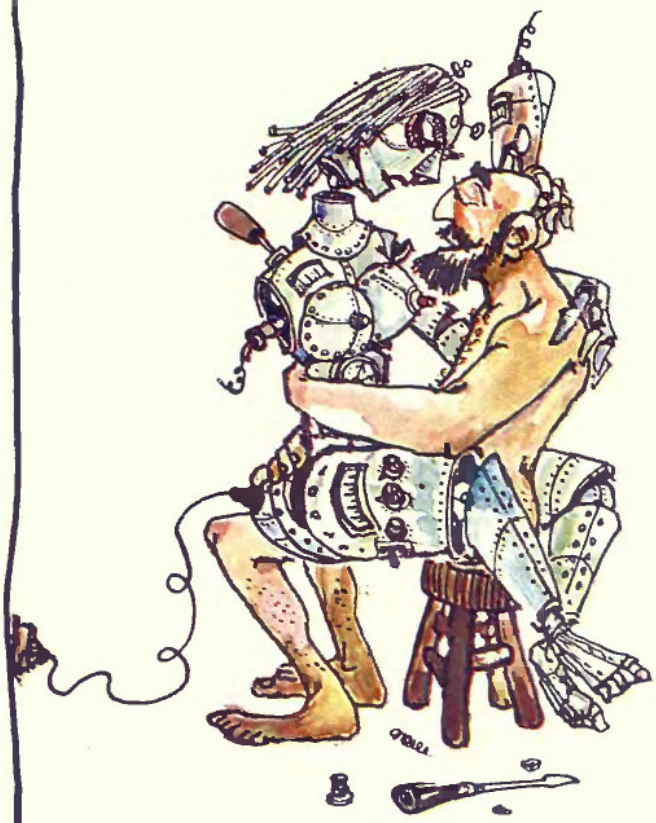
## "EVER-LOVIN' MACHINE"



Hey, boys, you know once I was took in
By a girl with a twinkly eye
And the first time that I wasn't lookin'
She run off with a handsomer guy.
But I'm an ingenious feller
And as soon as my brain got uncurled
I tiptoed right down to my cellar
And I built a mechanical girl.

(chorus) Oh her arms are iron, her legs are steel,
Her hips are on wires attached to a wheel,
And her spine is a coil, that I now and then oil,
She's my ever-lovin' machine!

She never complains when I stay out all night
She never complains I'm not rich
And each time I want her to cuddle me tight
I simply turn on her switch.

She has no trouble making her mind up
For I didn't give her a mind
And her heart is a clock that I wind up
So I know that she'll love me in time.

My love is completely electric
And she gives me a shock with each hug
And when the romance gets too hectic
I simply pull out her plug.

She always did what she was supposed ter
Right up to this evening but then
She had an affair with the toaster
And they ran off and left me again!

(chorus)

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## "YELLOW-HAIRED WOMAN"

Hey, a yellow-haired woman she'll take all your gold,
Her eyes may be warm but her heart will be cold,
And she will get fat just as soon as she's old—
Stay 'way from a yellow-haired woman!

And a raven-haired woman will burn with desire,
She'll hold you and squeeze you and kiss you like fire,
But once you are married then she'll be too tired—
Stay 'way from a raven-haired woman!

And a redheaded woman she'll scream and she'll roar,
She won't make the bed and she won't sweep the floor,
And once she's asleep she will probably snore—
Stay 'way from a redheaded woman!

But a bald-headed woman she'll love you each day,
You can beat her and kick her but she'll always stay,
'Cause she knows no one's coming to steal her away—
Hooray for a bald-headed woman!

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## OLD NEIGHBORHOOD *(continued from page 120)*

Everything but a library. I don't remember ever seeing a bookstore until some time in my teens, and then in some far-off neighborhood. Books came only with Christmas or birthdays. They were treasured. I remember reading them, however, only during periods of confinement, when convalescing from some illness.

The candy store was the most enchanting spot in the entire neighborhood; it was only a few doors from my home, in the basement of an old shanty. It was something out of Dickens, as were the two sisters who ran it. Or maybe the sisters were out of Chekhov. My mouth still waters when I think of the display in that shopwindow.

Like the sisters, there were two streets particularly dear to me: one was North First Street, just the block from Driggs Avenue to Bedford Avenue; the other was Fillmore Place, only a block long, running from Roebling Street to Driggs Avenue. On these two streets we did nearly all our playing. (Unlike kids today, we were never at a loss how to pass the time.) We knew games galore, and those we didn't know we invented. With the seasons came tops, marbles, potsy, shinny or cat, prisoner's base, cops and robbers, leapfrog, and so on. In the fall we would kill sparrows with our beanshooters and roast them in the empty lot. We also dug deep pits in which we threw one another to see if we could break an arm or a leg.

In my books I am always making reference to "the open street." Open is the exact word for it. It was open to anything and everything. All our knowledge and experience were gained here. How like ancient times! The halls of learning may be hallowed, but they are grim and covered with rust. Real learning takes place outdoors, in the midst of life. What one truly learns, one learns in a flash, and seldom in the expected place or circumstance.

One of the first things a child learns is to read character. A kid spots a cheat, a liar, a hypocrite immediately. You may prove him wrong, but you don't convince him. *He knows.* He knows because he is still unspoiled by our adult view of things. Brat though he may be, there is still something of the angel in him. Adults love to deceive themselves, lie to themselves; they love to judge, condemn, punish, torture, preach. Kids are freewheelers: they have their code all right, but it's a just one. They have their taboos and superstitions, too, just like adults, but it doesn't throw them.

In *Louis Lambert*, Balzac talks about the angel in man. It is this I remember most about childhood, this angel business. I mean, of course, the sense of innocence. Adults use the word apologetically, it seems. They prefer to say "not guilty." We seldom used the word, but it was evident in all we said and did that we regarded ourselves as innocent. The criminals, or guilty ones, if you like, were our parents and teachers. They were the ones who loused things up. We were helpless against them, especially when they professed to love us. (Though we weren't taken in by this love stuff.) Most of us were brought up to the sound of blows and screams, of curses and maledictions. Almost every home boasted of a drunk, a sadist, a ne'er-do-well or a budding criminal. One doesn't have to study sociology; just have a look around you. It's all there plain as daylight.

Happily, we had also with us the fools and idiots, the half-wits and the downright cracked ones. They, too, enjoyed the freedom of the open street. The epileptics, which we also had, added an uncanny and disturbing note. They would lie on the sidewalk, foaming at the mouth like mad dogs, twitching, squirming, uttering weird sounds, and we standing around waiting until they came to their senses. The ambulance wasn't always at one's beck and call, as nowadays. Nor doctors either, it seemed. Neither were there any boy scouts. There were Sisters of Mercy, but to us they looked like birds of prey masquerading in chill piety.

The priests who paraded up and down the street we always accused of being tipsy, which they often were. They put the fear of Christ in us with their nasty temper and their ugly paws. We gave them a wide berth whenever they passed our way. Behind their backs we made fun of them, largely because they looked vicious or foolish. Suddenly I ask myself if we were already confirmed atheists. I know there were some Catholics among us, but they displayed no more reverence than we did. The best they could do was to mumble—"Mornin', Father! Yes, Father!" Once the "Father" was out of sight you might hear another tune, something like—"The old fart!"

A remark like this would sometimes lead to a religious discussion. Remarkable observations were then dropped. For example . . .

"If Jesus is the Son of God, who, then, was his mother?"

"Why, the Virgin Mary, you idiot!"

"Who's she?"

"Who's *what*?"

"Holy Mary."

"You're a dirty Jew, that's what!"

Almost as edifying as the ecumenical debates, what! What we couldn't get through our little heads was—how come a pretty girl would want to become a nun and wear those hideous garments? "Because she's Catholic, that's why," someone would volunteer. And that was that.

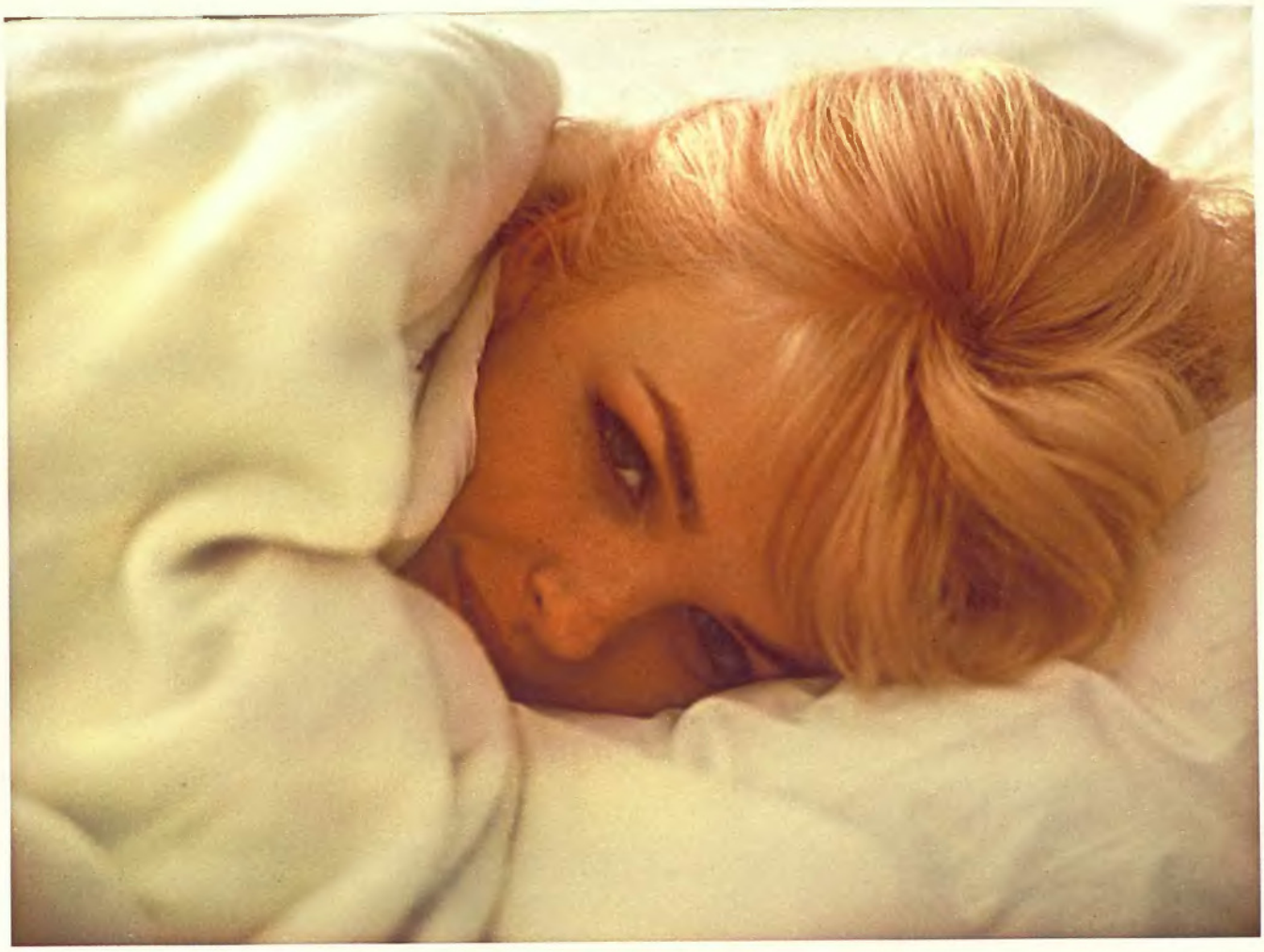
If there was one individual we really feared it was Crazy George. George owned a horse and wagon with which he made the rounds. In summer he peddled vegetables and fruit; in winter he delivered coal and wood. What terrified us was his unpredictable behavior. To begin with, he was a religious maniac. Driving slowly through the streets, he would lean forward in his seat and hurl bloodthirsty passages from the Bible at anyone within earshot. If his horse slipped on the icy cobblestones, he would flog it unmercifully, not forgetting to draw on his beloved Bible for choice invectives that would facilitate the poor animal's damnation. If we came within striking distance of him, he would give us a flick or two with the horsewhip, which made us howl and scream like the demented. George had a way of laughing, a mirthless laugh, which sent chills up and down our backs. Our parents pretended to be sorry for him since he was obviously off his rocker, but to us he was not so much a crazy individual as a mean, cunning, sadistic devil. It was said that he slept in the stable beside his horse, which is why, perhaps, his grimaces seemed horsy to us as well as frightening. I can never forget him, because he was the first truly malevolent being I met.

On reflection, this period called childhood had a far greater significance than the term usually connotes. It wasn't just a transitional period leading to adolescence, but something complete in itself and of a duration analogous to that of a geological epoch. As the primitive lingers on despite all our efforts to annihilate him in one way or another, so we lasted—until our wings began to atrophy. And then, overnight it seemed, the wondrous world of magic in which we had our being gave way to the threadbare, lackluster world in which we floundered and sank to the bottom or emerged like blazing monsters.

Fortunately, this adult world of X-2 or cock-a-doodle-doo was then only dimly perceptible. With us it was still just so much happy horseshit. If it snowed we made sliding ponds, fantastic ones a block long; if it was stifling hot we made for the river and baptized ourselves with the delicious sewer water; if we were hungry we rifled the icebox and got a good belting for it afterward. When we had nothing better to do we enticed one of our girlfriends to a cellar or hallway and for a penny or two we had our pleasure with her, such as it was.

There were quiet days, too, mostly when we were ill or confined to the house as punishment for some "unforgivable crime." Then we read. One of the strangest books to me was *Stories from the Bible* which some doting aunt had lifted from a department store. I can still see the infant Moses floating in a basket among the bulrushes. And Daniel in the lions' den, not shittin' in his pants, not even scared, so it would seem. I could never figure out who thought up these

*(continued on page 232)*



# LETTER PERFECT

## miss december's direct-mail approach made her a choice christmas playmate

FROM TIME TO TIME, our continuing coast-to-coast quest for potential Playmates is made easier by a pretty candidate who elects to expedite matters by mailing a sample snapshot or two of herself to our editorial offices in Chicago. One such thoughtful miss, whose recent missive and lovely lingerie-clad likeness appeared in our September issue (*Dear Playboy*), was a blonde and blue-eyed beauty named Dinah Willis, who hails from Hobbs, New Mexico, and wrote asking us: "Is there any chance of a small-town girl who doesn't know any important professional photographers . . . becoming a Playmate?" A quick appraisal of Dinah's delightful face and form indicated that her chances were good enough to warrant our flying her to the Playboy Studio in Chicago, where our photographers were able to capture her essential gatefold glamor and provide us with a hearth-warming holiday Playmate. During the several days of test shooting and the ultimate posing as our Playmate of the Month for December, Dinah was a welcome guest at the Playboy Mansion, where friendly female staffers and the local

Holiday Playmate candidate Dinah Willis arrives by jet at Chicago's cavernous O'Hare air terminal a few minutes earlier than expected and is momentarily stunned by the size of her surroundings.

Above, l to r: Magazine distaffer welcomes Dinah to the Windy City; then it's time for the future Miss December's first escolator ride ("It took me three tries to get on the thing"). Our none-too-steady New Mexico charmer finally makes her solo descent with a smile, arrives by company limousine at the Playboy Mansion, where her own private apartment awaits.

Shapka-crowned Dinah heads for Michigan Avenue shopping spree, finds Lincoln Park's snow-packed slopes a sledder's paradise.

contingent of cottontails who bunk in its Bunny Dorm helped make her Windy City stay an especially pleasant experience. "To tell the truth, I'd never even been north of New Mexico," the tall (5' 8") 20-year-old told us in her charming drawl. "But everybody was so wonderful and took so much time to show me around town, that I felt right at home. Just having a chance to come to a big city like Chicago and meet such a great group of kids made the whole trip worth while, to say nothing of all that money I received for my Playmate photos."

A professional poodle breeder and clipper by trade ("My oldest toy, Teena Marie, was a regional champ last year"), and a spare-time scuba-diving enthusiast and pistol expert, the opulently endowed (37-23-36) Miss Willis has devoted most of her off-hours this past fall to her increasing interest in the field of underwater photography. "I've always been kind of an amateur photo bug," says Dinah. "So when my mom bought me a Yashica 35-millimeter camera for my birthday last August, and a skindiving friend of mine helped me build a waterproof plexiglass housing for it, I really wanted to learn all I could about underwater camera techniques.

Dinah puts her Flexible Flyer through a controlled drift; winds up suitably snowbound ("It hasn't snowed back home in years").

Nowadays, I spend most of my free weekends south of the border shooting stills in San Carlos Bay, or talking shop with all the other amateur shutterbugs who come there to dive." Dinah's few stay-at-home evenings are spent brushing up on her painting ("I stick to water colors most of the time, but I've dabbled in everything from oils to toothpick sculpture"), listening to her collection of country-and-western LPs ("Hank Williams is my ideal") and cooking Mexican dinners ("Outside of tacos and enchiladas I'm a total washout on the domestic scene"). Eschewing any long-range plans for the present, Dinah is currently concentrating on making enough profits from her canine-clipping service to keep the family coffers from running low. As she explained, "With my father dead and my older brother, Keith, in the Army, I'm the only breadwinner in the family. Of course, my Playmate money will take care of any emergency, so all I have to do is earn enough to make ends meet for the next year or so. I'd like to travel a little before I settle down, anyway. There's not much for a young girl to do in my home town except get married, have babies and watch television—and I hate television!"

MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

During a long-distance telephone call to her family, Christmas Playmate Dinah Willis comes smiling through a sudden swell of holiday homesickness. "I promised myself I wouldn't be silly and bawl like a baby. I only called to say hello and tell them what a good time I was having. Aren't women simply wacky?" Wacky and wonderful.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nudist camp* as a place where the peeling is mutual.

A bachelor's goose is seldom cooked in the kitchen.

A young couple had been married in a large, expensive church ceremony, and they had finally reached the resort hotel where they were going to spend their honeymoon. The bride was extremely tired and nervous after the tension of the day, and she launched into an impromptu criticism of large weddings, emphasizing both the bother and the expense of such affairs. "It's ridiculous," she said finally. "Why, this wedding set my family back over five thousand dollars."

"Honey," interrupted the groom, "if you'll just shut up and come to bed, I'll try to give you your money's worth!"

At a suburban dinner party, a curvaceous blonde was the center of attraction. She stood in the middle of the room surrounded by almost every male in the place. Finally, one woman turned to her husband and meowed, "I don't see what they see in her."

"I don't either," replied her husband as he started across the room. "I think I'll take a closer look."

Eighty-five-year-old Will Jones hobbled down to the local bar to have a cold one and shoot the breeze with his friends. Mr. Jones was the talk of the town, as he had recently married a beautiful 19-year-old girl. Several of the boys bought the old man a drink in an effort to get him to tell of his wedding night, and sure enough, the old rascal fell right into the swing of it. "My youngest son carried me upstairs and lifted me onto the bed with my young bride," the octogenarian recalled. "We spent the night together and the next morning my three other sons carried me off the bed." The small circle of men scratched their heads and asked the old boy why it took three of his sons to carry him off the matrimonial mattress when it took only his youngest boy to put him on. Proudly, he replied, "I fought them!"

A New York police captain was vacationing in Paris and decided to stop by the local *sûreté* office and spend the day acquainting himself with the latest in French crime-fighting techniques. After indulging in the usual amount of shoptalk with one of the French detectives assigned to welcome visiting law-enforcement officials, the New York cop asked, "What would you say is the most successful technique used by your country's police department?"

"Well, monsieur," the Frenchman mused, "in France we 'ave ze saying '*Cherchez la femme*'; which in English means 'Find ze woman.' "

Not very impressed with this rather romantic bit of Gallic philosophizing, the New Yorker demanded, "Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you actually catch more crooks by merely chasing after women?"

"*Mais non, capitaine,*" came the reply. "But we 'ave ze happiest police force in all of Europe."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *latent homosexuality* as swishful thinking.

We were not particularly surprised to learn recently that Democrats generally have more children than Republicans. After all, who ever heard of anyone enjoying a good piece of elephant?

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sadist* as a man who gives a paralytic friend a self-winding wrist watch.

A pediatrician we know informs us that infants don't have nearly as much fun in infancy as adults have in adultery.

*Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor,* PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn $25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

*"Goodness, I feel just like an interoffice memo."*

*Corporal Anna Annatevka nestled in the crook of Israel Bond's bronzed arm. "I'm trembling," she thought. "A man has made me tremble. And he is the man I must kill."*

# MATZOHBALL

*parody* By SOL WEINSTEIN

*two of secret agent israel bond's most fearsome foes—general gregori bolshyeeyit of the dreaded russian kgb and his hired assassin, torquemada labonza, the man with the golden gums—join diabolical forces to rid the world of kosher counterspy oy oy seven*

"MY DEAR RABBI," said the gash of a mouth under the thick, neatly trimmed mandarin mustache. "A single ill-advised maneuver on your part and one squeeze of this"—the Walther PPK Reuther automatic in the corded right hand dipped in a mocking bow—"will transport you instantly to some far-distant Talmudic academy where your sainted predecessors, Rabbis Hillel and Akiba, are doubtless waiting to engage you in some wearisome polemic regarding a fine point of Mosaic law."

There was no reply from the bearded patriarch three feet away from the cocked weapon, but the slightest of tics in the right eyelid did not escape the coldly proficient, Volga-blue eyes of Colonel K. Benyah Materi, owner of the professionally bored voice. Inwardly the stocky Russian seethed with exultation, an emotion betrayed by the pale pinkish tongue which licked that wet, woundlike gash of a mouth in anticipation. For the colonel was on the verge of pulling off a stunning counterespionage thrust for the KGB, Russia's intelligence apparatus.

"For shame, Rabbi," the colonel bantered lightly. "Surely you are a poor representative of Israel's famed hospitality. A ranking Soviet official interrupts his important daily routine to pay a courtesy call upon your nation's esteemed housing exhibit and there is no solicitous hand to proffer a cup of tea, a mouth-watering Israeli sweetmeat. Ah well, no matter," the colonel sighed with resignation. "The scion of a Don Cossack learns early in



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HY ROTH

his life to be resourceful. I shall take my own repast, dear Rabbi. Now, what would you suggest? The roof? Possibly a shutter? Or the door, that portal to Jewish learning and understanding? Yes, the door."

Colonel Materi's left hand touched the door lovingly, then dug the nail of the index finger into its silvery exterior and with a quick, deft slash peeled away a gleaming six-inch whorl. The finger jabbed at the interior. There was a loud snap. With a gouging lunge, the entire left hand came away from the door with a jagged section of white-and-brown-flecked board. There was a crunch as the teeth of Colonel Materi closed upon it; the voice emitted a grunt of satisfaction.

"Tell me, dear Rabbi. Plain or egg?"

Again there was no response. But the colonel had expected none.

"Plain, I should say, from my limited knowledge of the Judaic tradition. Is it all plain or is there perhaps some egg matzoh in the other sections of this wondrously constructed prefabricated ranch house of yours? Come, come, dear Rabbi. It is fruitless to delay or prevaricate further. The evidence in my hand and mouth should clearly indicate to you that Operation Matzohball is irrevocably blown. Not only is it blown, but I have bagged certainly the world's most famous ghost in the bargain!"

• • •

Four sentences delivered in a matter-of-fact tone, suggesting that the caller thought as little of betraying his country as he would of dispensing weather information, had lifted the veil from the master plan of M 33 and 1/3, secret-service network of Eretz Israel. The insistent voice had demanded to speak to Colonel Materi, refusing to divulge the nature of its business to any of his subordinates in the dull-brown three-story building on Ulitza Ouspenskaya, the edifice talked about in furtive whispers by the average Russian in the street. With good reason: It was the headquarters of the dreaded KGB.

Four sentences and the caller had clicked off, his caddish deed accomplished.

Colonel Materi had stood mute for a moment, then allowed an unthinking "Bozheh moy! My God!" to escape from his trembling gash. And a tactful, "Who does not exist," in the event his secretary, Sergeant Toma Treshkova, might note in her daily report that he had let slip a decadent religious expletive.

The colonel started to play back the phone message he had taped. "Colonel Materi," the caller had begun, "this is Rotten Roger Colfax with information of the most vital importance concerning a plot instigated against the Soviet Union by the State of Israel known by the code name 'Operation Matzohball.' The sample house assembled by Israel for display at the Moscow International Home Show in the Institute of Architecture is made entirely of matzoh, its exterior cloaked by a capitalistic substance known as Reynolds Wrap so that you will be led to believe it is aluminum siding. It is the plan of M 33 and 1/3 to dismantle the house at the conclusion of the show this evening and disseminate

*Bond's cruelly handsome face was frozen into a mindless, ear-to-ear grin. From another world he heard Dr. Nu intone: "Three minutes." Now the jolly voice on the television screen said, "Let's bring on our last contestant, Mrs. Ellie Hasson, our thalidomide-taking mother who fears that . . ."*

*Rabbi Morris Chair's right hand made a mercurial maneuver, whipping the yarmulke smartly toward its goal: a short, exciting marriage—clang!—of the steel-lined skullcap to its waiting, eager lover—the steel plate in the Russian's head.*

pieces of the matzoh to key leaders of Jewish communities throughout the Soviet Union, each particle stamped with the Hebrew words 'Take Heart; You Are Not Forgotten,' thus reviving the kinship between the Zionist nation and its brethren here. In addition, the man posing as the spiritual advisor of the Israeli delegation at the Home Show is no rabbi, but, in fact——"

The last words of the sentence were smothered by the deep bass of a lean, hawk-faced man in the uniform of a general who had poked his head into Materi's office. A general he was, General Gregori Bolshyeeyit, commander of the Internal Affairs Section of the External Affairs Division of KGB.

"Colonel Materi. A word, please."

"Da, Comrade General!" barked Materi, leaping to attention. His stiffened hand smashed the portion of skull above his right eye in a smart, punishing salute. Pain flooded his face: an angry red flush crept over the bulletlike bald head. He staggered for a second, clutched his desk to steady his swaying body.

General Bolshyeeyit refrained from permitting a grin to purse his thin, ascetic lips. The general knew quite well that there was a steel plate in Colonel Materi's head, the result of a terrible wound suffered on a dangerous mission behind the German lines in World War Two, when a tiny vial of nitroglycerin secreted in the sexual organs of a female Gestapo agent had gone off during an exhaustive search by the colonel. Bolshyeeyit also knew that his deliberately frequent appearances (with the concomitant necessity for saluting) would someday cause the colonel to drive the plate into a highly vulnerable portion of his brain, destroying himself on the spot. A confidential surgeon's report on Colonel Materi's monthly head X rays had apprised him that precisely 100 more of those enthusiastic salutes would achieve the desired result.

"Colonel, how do you plan to counterattack 'Operation Matzohball,' as our colleagues in the Israeli secret service have picaresquely named this amusing little venture?"

Materi's gash of a mouth dropped open. "How did——"

"I know all things, Colonel," the general cut in brusquely. "That is why I occupy the office I do."

"Comrade General," Colonel Materi began haltingly. "I should enjoy the privilege of smashing this Zionist plot myself. After all, the telephone call from this Rotten Roger Colfax, obviously a pseudonym used by a traitor in Israel's M 33 and 1/3, came directly to me."

"Granted," said General Bolshyeeyit, dragging deeply on an expensive Mother-of-Pearlman cigarette holder. Materi noticed with surprise—and satisfaction—that there was no cigarette in it. Excellent, he thought. This superior of mine is not infallible after all. I shall yet hold his job someday.

General Bolshyeeyit continued. "Now, Colonel Materi, you have my leave to crush this Zionist conspiracy. But take heed. If your informant, this Rotten Roger Colfax, is correct, the so-called rabbi may be an exceedingly difficult man to deal with. Have you men you can trust?"

"To be sure," said Materi. "I have sent for two very tough, capable men, Nikolai Federenko and Alexei Norelco. They will accompany me and stand watch outside the Institute."

General Bolshyeeyit's brow wrinkled. "Federenko I know of. An absolute brute and well fitted for this kind of work. I, however, am not acquainted with Norelco. You can vouch for him, I trust?"

"He is from my home province, General. I have known him since he was a little shaver. Stupid, as all peasants are, of course, but massively constructed and doglike in devotion. He would lay down his life for me."

"I hope that will not be necessary," said the general. "Well, khorosho! In that case I shall wish you a speedy conclusion to this absurdly pathetic Israeli affair. Dobri noch, Colonel."

"I shall not fail you or KGB, Comrade General," the Materi gash twisted in sheer fervor. And as though a jack-in-the-box touched by a spring, he leaped to his feet and once again brought that rigid hand to his brow in a rapier slash of a salute, exploding a white-hot ball of agony in his skull. He moaned aloud.

Again General Bolshyeeyit managed a straight face. That one must have taken a terrible toll of Materi's tortured tissue, he reckoned. "Ninety-nine, Colonel Materi," he said softly and, returning the salute, strode off in his usual measured step.

Slowly, gingerly, Materi let his fingertips steal across his churning, pain-smitten head. It must be ignored, he told himself; time to work. "Sergeant Treshkova," the colonel called out, and she appeared at the door. "Bring me the dossier of this Hebrew spy," he snapped, scribbling a name on a pad and handing it to her.

He pored over the folder of material pertaining to the Hebrew agent in question. With an American-made Bic pen, which operated somewhat haphazardly on paper but was excellent for writing on ice, he underlined a Hebrew word, "mezuzah," a word that meant the tiny cylindrical symbol of the ancient faith worn about the neck by all observant Jews. It contained a portion of the sacred scrolls.

*But not this man's mezuzah!*

"This religious artifact," he read from the dossier, "has been transmuted into a murderous device. By pressing the Star of David on its front a sharp needle is released upon whose tip may be found an instantaneously acting nerve poison called Molochamovis-B. The Hebrew word Molochamovis is Biblical in origin. Let the agents of our service beware. It means 'The Angel of Death!' "

From another folder, this one containing various miscellaneous materials dealing with Jewish history, customs, peculiarities, he removed the present year's Jewish calendar. He looked at his Russian calendar, matched it against the corresponding date on the Jewish one.

"Ah . . . ha!" he said knowingly. "According to this, the Passover holiday is a week away. Rotten Roger's data seems to fit in perfectly. It certainly would take a few days for couriers in Moscow's Jewish community to ferry the matzoh to their coreligionists in other cities. And the International Home Show does conclude this evening. What an innocent, natural thing for the Israelis to do—dismantle their sample house quite legitimately, then make arrangements for transporting it to the airport by truck. Of course, there would be a terrible misfortune between the Institute and the airport. An accident, perhaps. Or a theft. And, alas, the prefabricated house would disappear. I cannot let such a thing come to pass."

He ruminated upon the eye-opening telephone call from Rotten Roger. An unbelievable pseudonym! What was the man's purpose? Money? He had no doubts that Israel's secret service, working on the most insignificant of budgets, was underpaid. Yet, he had never before come across a case of defection concerning M 33 and 1/3 personnel. A grudge, perhaps? Failure to be promoted? Then a negative thought occurred to him. Could this "traitor" be sending KGB on some wild-goose chase to obfuscate some even more sinister Israeli plot?

Colonel Materi had been compelled to revise his opinion of Jewish determination and fortitude after reading the dossier of the Israeli operative whose snapshot lay in his hand.

This man, Materi reminded himself, is bad business. He holds an Oy Oy number in M 33 and 1/3, which grants him a license to kill! I must exercise ultracaution. To still his nerves, he pulled the cork from a bottle of kvass, kvenched his thirst kvickly and pressed the buzzer for Sergeant Treshkova.

"Send in Federenko and Norelco immediately."

They entered, both clad in shabby black suits with bell-bottom trousers covered by dirty trench coats. Federenko was first, a tall, swaggering, strong-arm man of about 45, an expert in karate, judo, aikido and ring-a-levio; then Norelco, short, squat, with enormously muscled arms which, when applied in a bear hug, could crack an opponent's vertebrae. "Now," the colonel said, "we

*(continued on page 198)*

Gahan Wilson

*Sunny couple above stroll by a waterway near Cala di Volpe and, below, enjoy the salubrious ocean breezes from the balcony of their suite.*

***Sardinia:*** In old Sardinia did the Aga Khan a stately pleasure dome decree: In fact, he's invested $5,000,000 of an eventual $30,000,000 to build up the Costa Smeralda area of this rugged paradise into one of the grand resort areas of Europe, with 40 hotels, 7000 private villas, three polo fields and miles of matchless beaches. The Cala di Volpe, one of the world's great luxury hotels, caters to the likes of England's Princess Margaret and free-lance photographer the Earl of Snowdon. If sopping up the Sardinian sun in the company of celebrities should pall, trek inland and explore the ruins of the ancient Greeks, Romans and Phoenicians who discovered this island in the sun. There is superb hunting available among the hills which, thoughtfully, have been well stocked with deer and wild boar. The Emerald Coast has been burnished to a high gloss by loving hands to become the jewel of the Mediterranean. It is, an enraptured D. H. Lawrence once said, "like nowhere else. It lies outside the circuit of civilization." The perfect place to get away from it all and still be with it.

# 3 yuletide vacations

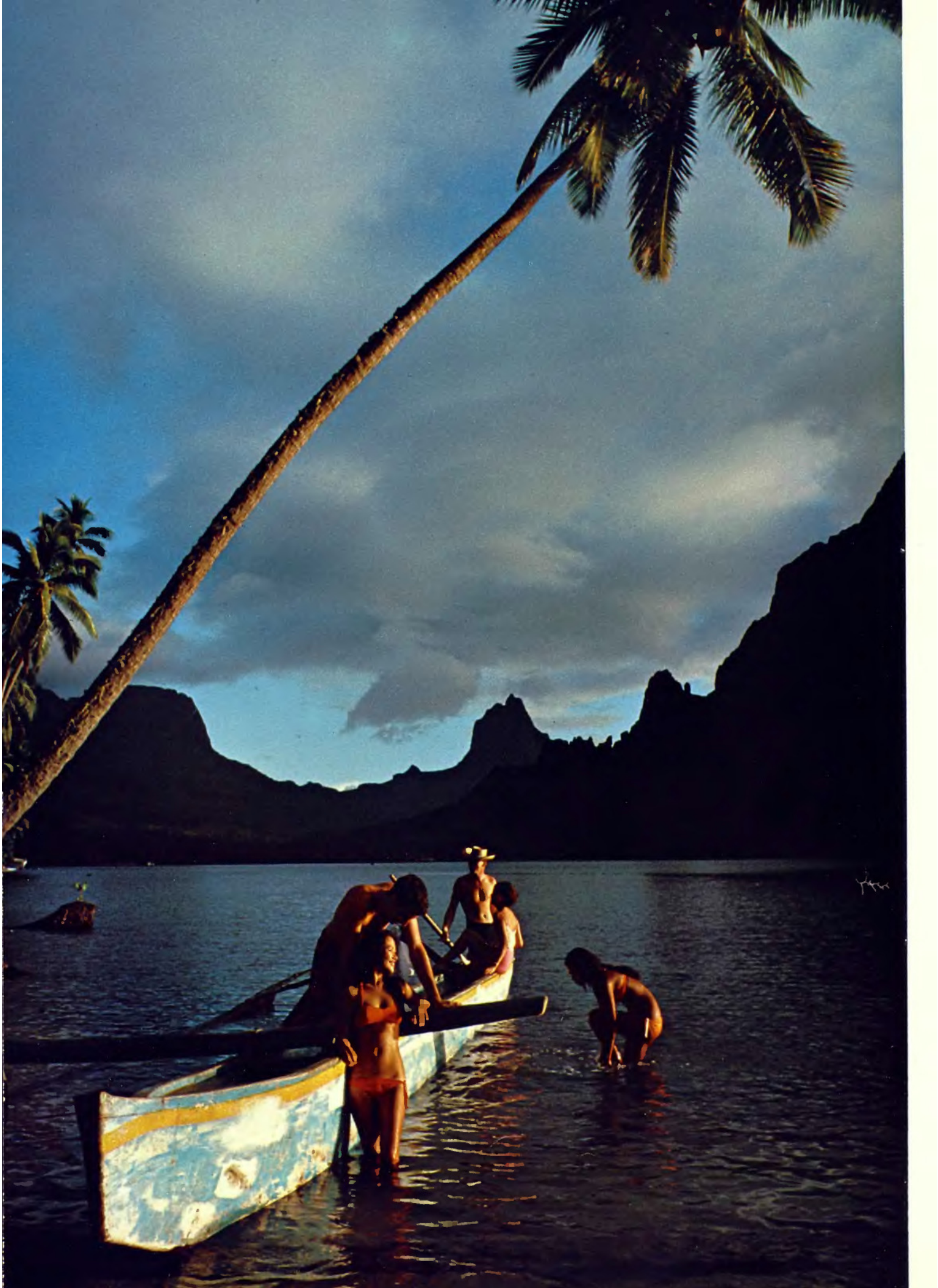
*upbeat and offbeat places for get-away-from-it-all year-end fun*

***Norway:*** Skiing anytime in Norway is a part of the rich Norwegian heritage, but in midwinter, when there's an abundance of freshly fallen untracked snow, it's at its sparkling best. Nowhere in Norway are there better or more varied winter facilities than on the towering slopes of Mt. Hangur near Voss, the traditional site of the national championships. A four-minute cable-car ride and you are ready for your choice of dizzy descents 2200 feet down to this movie-set mountain village. It will take you and your snow bunny a full day's skiing just to work off the magnificent Norwegian meals served at the excellent hotels of Voss. For a starter, breakfast is a full smorgasbord of hot cereals, eggs, beef, ham and cold meats, almost endless varieties of herring, cheeses and steaming coffee. At night, spirits brighten with a bracing sleigh ride through the winter eve, then a rousing gathering before a roaring fire for singing and dancing till dawn.

*A trainload of skiers pours into Voss to head for a run on towering Mt. Hangur.*

*Norwegian picture-postcard scene in this traditional mountain village at dusk.*

*A warm fire and a round of song liven the night at the nearby Liland Hotel.*



***Tahiti:*** The wonder of this classic Pacific island is that Captain Bligh didn't jump ship, too, when the Bounty weighed anchor. The days are idyllic, with swimming, snorkeling and sunning; the nights are athrob with glamor. For the indolent weekend there's the remote Hotel Bali Hai. For excitement there's the Hotel Tahiti, where *everyone* on the island meets at five for gin and tonics to watch the sun set over Moorea. The cocktail hour lasts till nine, then it's time to dine on such exotic fare as fresh tuna marinated in lime and coconut milk. Then dancing and drinking at Quinn's bar, the prototype of every South Sea saloon, where the pliantly aggressive girls take it very much amiss if you won't join them for a *tamuré*, which makes the hula look like a waltz. If you hear a soft whistle outside your bungalow window later that night, it's probably just a comely Tahitian girl who wants to get to know you better. If that happens, let her come in. After all, it's a tradition.

*After an outrigger trip along Cook Bay, in Moorea, at left, our pleasured pair, below, is romantically bathed in a brilliant red sunset.*

For additional information about any of these vacation areas, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

## CIRCLE OF SEX *(continued from page 135)*

Hemingway, and a countless multitude of friends and relations. Interspersed are his own colored diagrams of cosmic principles and the rhythms of man's history, and even the seven drawers of his tall bureau are painted with symbols of the Seven Planes of Being.

Though Gavin has never been able to convince me that astrology really works, the astrologer's passion for classifying people by the signs of the zodiac has given him the fascinating notion that there may be 12 sexual types rather than two. Not just mommas and poppas, and outside these a disorderly mess of perverts and neurotics, but a rational spectrum of sexual variations arranged in the form of a clock, which Gavin has called the Circle of Sex, and which was worked out with the sympathetic advice of such great sexologists as Havelock Ellis, Magnus Hirschfeld and Alfred Kinsey.

People always seem to be fascinated by methods of classifying themselves: not only by their zodiacal signs or the often vicious one-upmanship games of social class and status, but also by the psychological and physiological type systems invented by such as C. G. Jung and W. H. Sheldon. Jung devised the system of grouping people into introverts and extroverts, adding the subclasses of thinking, feeling, intuitive and sensation types. Sheldon (popularized by Aldous Huxley) classified us according to three temperaments—cerebrotonic (brainy), somatotonic (athletic) and viscerotonic (luxurious), and also according to three body types—ectomorphs (tall and skinny), mesomorphs (tough and stocky) and endomorphs (the fat slobs). But Gavin Arthur's classification of sexual types is much more complex and sophisticated, though I am going to describe it in a way that is much simplified for brevity, and slightly changed to fit my own prejudices. For the Circle of Sex takes on a subtly altered appearance according to one's own position on the dial. There just isn't any way of being perfectly objective about it.

The central axis of the sexual clock is 12 opposite 6, and at 12 stands a man called Darby, and at 6 a lady called Joan (The names come from a ballad, *The Happy Old Couple*, attributed to John Woodfall or Matthew Prior). Darby and Joan are monogamously married, ordinarily have children and manage to muddle through more or less harmoniously in approximation of our civilization's proclaimed sexual ideal, which assumes that every mature and sane person ought to be a father or a mother, and should be able to form a permanent love relationship with a person of the opposite sex.

But the human community depends upon certain kinds of people for services that are most difficult to combine with being father or mother of a harmonious family. Doctors, nurses, priests, merchant seamen, traveling salesmen, airline pilots and career women have one hell of a time trying to be good fathers or mothers. Furthermore, artists, writers, scientists, scholars and many businessmen must, to be effective, be so deeply in love with their work that their work becomes a truly threatening rival to their wives. Yet we penalize these highly valuable servants of the community by insisting that if they want a sexual relationship they must have it on the Darby-and-Joan basis of monogamous, heterosexual marriage. As of today, however, the laws of the United States allow—if you can afford the cost and trouble—a scheme of staggered polygamy: several wives if you will take them one at a time. Most of us fail utterly to see that the Darby-and-Joan arrangement is a special vocation, a way of life for which not all of us are fitted, just as not all of us are cut out to be physicians or lawyers or professors. The population problem alone requires immediate recognition of this fact, and simple kindness and consideration should restrain us from trying to force every human being into this crude, clumsy, and insensitive either/or classification of sexual types—not forgetting that for certain individuals the Darby-and-Joan scene is ideal.

Consider, next, the total opposite of this standard and supposedly "normal" relationship—the 9-3 axis on our clock. At 9 is a lady called Sappho, and at 3 a gentleman called Dorian. Sappho (named after the ancient Greek poetess of Lesbos) looks feminine, dresses like a "true woman," but loves the feminine world so much that she is uncomfortable in physical contact with men, though she may enjoy their intellectual and social companionship. Indeed, she may enjoy it so much that a heterosexual male may fall head over heels in love with her—to his utter bewilderment and frustration. For Sappho loves the caresses of women—their lingering gentleness and their innate understanding of how a woman wants to be loved. For her taste, most men are crude, insensitive, in too much of a hurry, and ignorant of the astonishing instrument of pleasure which is the female nervous system.

Dorian, at 3 o'clock, is her natural opposite, and is named after the Greek tribe of Dorians, who practiced and admired homosexuality. He is male in appearance, but doesn't trust the world of women. He feels that, sexually, women are traps. They have, as it were, teeth in the vagina. They are out to get you and tie you down in exchange for sexual favors that men will give with no marital strings attached. Thus Dorian loves the male world as Sappho loves the female world. Like Sappho, he can have deep friendships with the opposite sex, but when it comes to intimate physical contact, he feels that only men really understand what men want, and often he has a preference for extremely masculine-looking men.

Both Sappho and Dorian are, however, on the way to "becoming" the opposite sex by virtue of their love for their own. Homosexuals have begun to grow female souls in male bodies, and vice versa, and this bisexuality gives them peculiar and often most valuable talents. Dorian, for example, not only loves men but also understands women much better than Darby. This, plus his detachment from family responsibilities, will often fit him to be a superb physician, priest, psychiatrist, painter or poet, for—in our culture—the "regular-guy" Darby type is terrified of admitting to fine or subtle feelings that might cast doubts upon his masculinity When Darby gets to the symphony, it is usually Joan who drags him there.

The direction of motion in the Circle of Sex is clockwise: There is a tendency for the 9-3 axis to rotate into the 10-4 position. The idea is not necessarily that a 3-o'clock *individual* is on the way to becoming a 4-o'clock type, but that the two types follow each other in the same logical way that summer follows spring, or that orange follows red in the spectrum. Sappho and Dorian are what I shall presume to call "normal" homosexuals. There are untold millions of them, but they are not easy to recognize by outward appearance or mannerisms. It is, incidentally, quite beyond the scope of this article to go into religious or psychiatric arguments for or against homosexuality. The point is simply to show that it has a logical, orderly place in a scheme of sexual variations.

The obviously recognizable homosexual is the very masculine woman at 10, known as a Dyke, and the very effeminate man at 4, known as a Quean. These are the sexual types most despised in our culture, and though the origin of the word Dyke (sometimes Bull-Dyke) is obscure, the dictionaries define Quean as "a jade, wench or slut," used as a supremely insulting term for a male. The Dyke, like Gertrude Stein, often wears cropped hair, tweeds, shirt and necktie, walks with a stride, and perhaps smokes cigars. Sexual relations with a male are quite repulsive to her, for she adores women and wants to be more and more of a man to them. If she could be changed surgically, as is sometimes possible with the Quean, she would happily cross the border.

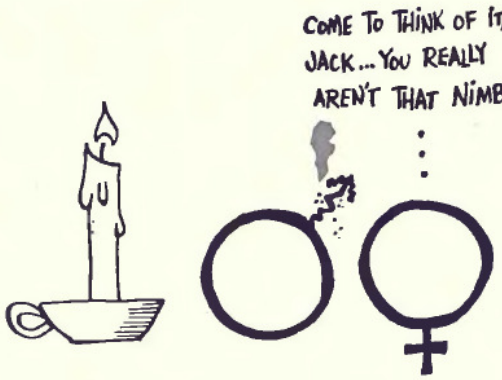
The Quean, too, is often a transvestite and likes to wear feminine clothes, but of the smart rather than the frilly kind. Yet, as we shall see, by no means all transvestites are Dykes or Queans. Like his

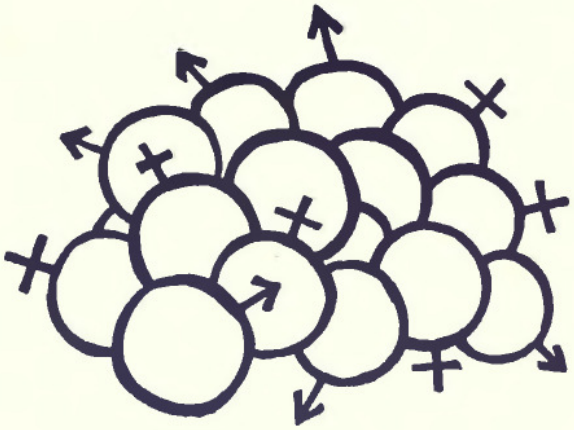
*(continued on page 284)*

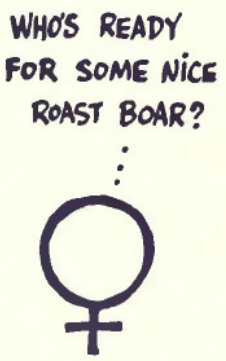
# SYMBOLIC SEX

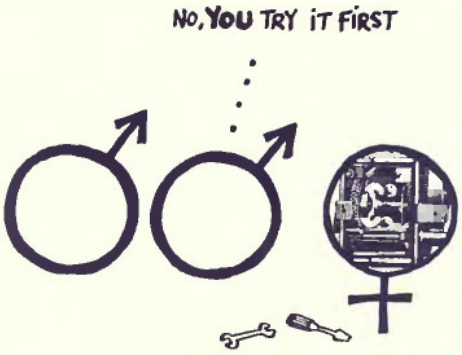
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

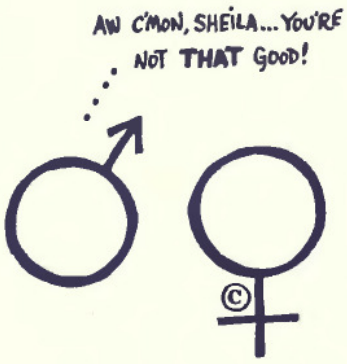
humor By DON ADDIS

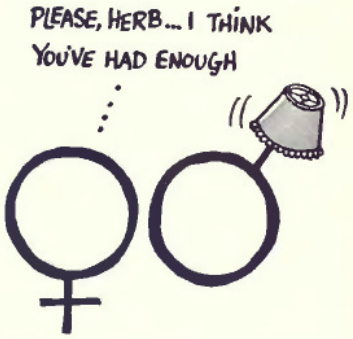


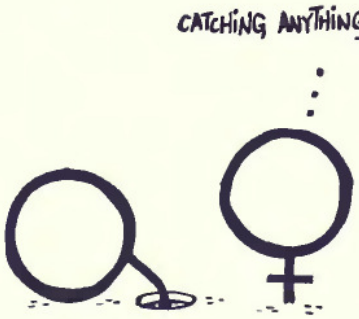



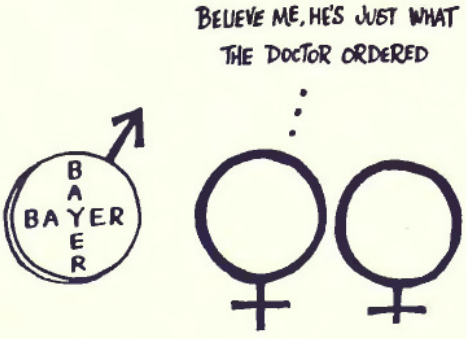


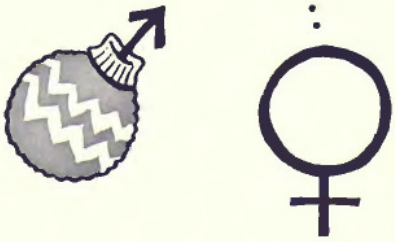





# the birthday party *he was still reeling under the kaleidoscopic daze of office bash, holiday mood and his own sharp sense of time rushing past . . .*

*fiction* **By EVAN HUNTER** HE WAS still very intoxicated when the pilot or the copilot, or whoever it was, made the announcement. His head rolled over to one side, and he gazed through the window just level with his right shoulder and down to the ground below, where he could see beginning pin points of light in the distance. He was wondering what it was the loudspeaker had announced, when a blonde stewardess came up the aisle and paused and smiled. "Would you please fasten your seat belt, sir?" she asked.

"I would be happy to," he answered. He smiled back at her, and then began looking for the seat belt, lifting his behind and reaching under him to pull it free, and then fumbling very hard to fasten it, while the blonde stewardess stood patiently smiling in the aisle.

"May I help you, sir?" she asked.

"Please," he said.

She ducked her head a little as she moved toward him past the empty aisle seat. Smiling, standing balanced just a bit to his left, she caught up both ends of the seat belt and was clasping them together when he lightly and impishly ran his right hand up the inside of her leg. She did not jump or scream or anything. She just continued fastening the seat belt, with the smile still on her face, and then she backed away into the aisle again, saying, "There you are, sir."

He was enormously surprised. He thought, Now that is poise, that is what I really call poise, and then he wondered whether there possibly hadn't been a short circuit from his brain to his hand, causing the brain command to be issued but not executed. In which case, nothing at all had happened and the girl's tremendously impressive icy poise and aloofness, her ability to remain a staid and comforting mother image in the face of danger was really nothing to marvel at, boy am I drunk, he thought.

He could not imagine how he had got so drunk, since he absolutely knew for a concrete fact that it was an ironbound rule of airline companies the world over never to serve any of their passengers more than two drinks of whiskey. He suspected, however, that he had been drinking a stupefying amount of booze long before he'd boarded the plane, though he couldn't quite remember all of it too clearly at the moment, especially since everything seemed to begin spinning all at once, the lights below springing up to his window in startling red and green and white proximity, Oh mother, we are going to crash, he thought.

He recognized at once, and to his enormous relief, that the plane was only banking for a turn on its approach to an airport, probably New York, though he could not remember ever seeing lights like these on the approach to New York, scattered for miles, spilled brokenly across the landscape. Oh, that was a beautiful sight down there, he wished he knew where the hell he was.

The poised young blonde stewardess opened the folding door between sections, and then walked briskly forward again, preparatory to taking her own seat and fastening her own belt. She was carrying a blanket or something, they always seemed to be tidying up an airplane just before it landed. He said, "Miss?" and when she stopped he noticed that she kept her distance. "Miss, where are we? We're coming down someplace, aren't we?"

"Yes."

"Well, *where* are we coming down?" he asked.

"Los Angeles," she said.

"Oh, good," he answered. "I've never been to Los Angeles before." He paused, and then smiled. "Miss?"

"Yes, what is it? I've got to take a seat."

"I know. I just wanted to ask you something. Did I put my hand under your skirt?"

"Yes, you did."

"Just a little while ago?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," he said.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, thank you."

The stewardess smiled. "All right," she said. She started up the aisle again, stopped, turned back, leaned over and whispered, "Your hands are cold."

"Thank you," he said.

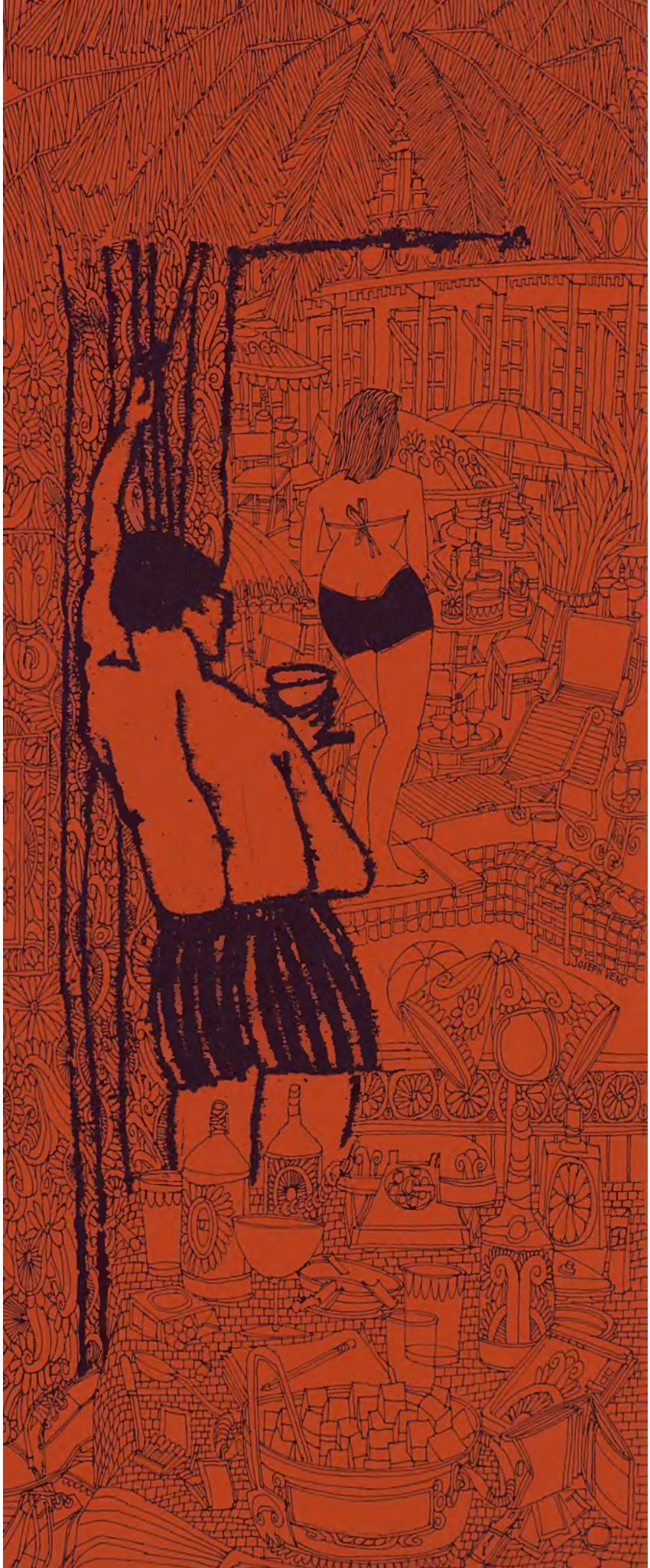
"All right," she answered, and smiled, and left.

He pressed his forehead to the glass and watched the lights drawing closer and closer. He could see moving automobiles below now, and neon signs, and traffic signals blinking on and off, the Lionel train set his father had bought him for Christmas long ago, toy houses puffing smoke, reach down like God and lift the little automobiles, the movie with Roland Young where the huge pointing finger of God came down over his head. There was speed suddenly, a sense of blinding speed as the ground moved up and the airport buildings flashed by in a dizzying blur. He felt the vibration from the wheels when they touched.

It's all over, he thought.

"We have just landed at Los Angeles International Airport," a voice said. He knew for sure it wasn't the pilot this time, unless they allowed women to fly jet aircrafts, aircraft. "The local time is six forty-five P.M., and the temperature is seventy-eight degrees. May we ask you to please remain seated until we have taxied to the terminal building and our engines have stopped? It has been our pleasure to serve you, and we hope you will be flying with us again in the near future. Thank you, and Merry Christmas."

"Thank *you*," he said aloud, "and a Merry Christmas to you, too." He immediately unfastened his seat belt


JOSEPH VENO

*. . . now he found himself a continent away from home and ready for who-knows-what?*

and rose to take his coat from the rack overhead. The stewardess' voice came over the loudspeaker in gentle warning. "Ladies and gentlemen, *please* remain seated until the aircraft has taxied to a stop. Thank you."

"Thank you," he said again, "you forgot to say Merry Christmas." He did not bother to sit, because he figured the aircraft must surely have taxied to a stop by now, although he could still hear engines. He was putting on his coat when the blonde stewardess came up the aisle to him. "Sir," she said, "would you please remain seated until we have taxied and stopped?"

"Certainly," he said, but he did not sit.

"Sir, we'd appreciate it——"

"You are the most poised young lady I ever met in my life," he said.

"Thank you, but——"

"Are you Swedish?"

"No, sir, I——"

"We have a girl in our office from Sweden, she's very poised, too. At the Christmas party today, she jumped out the window."

"She *what*?" the stewardess said. "She jumped out the window?"

"No. Of course not! She jumped *off* the window. *Off* it. The sill."

"Oh," the stewardess said.

"What's your name?" he asked her.

"Miss Radley."

"That doesn't sound Swedish at all," he said. "*My* name is Arthur. Everyone calls me Doc."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No, I'm an art director, but everyone calls me Doc. *What* did you say your name was?"

"Miss Radley. Iris Radley."

"That is some funny name for a Swedish girl," he said.

"Why do they call you Doc?" she asked.

"Because I wear eyeglasses."

"Well, Doc," she said, "you've successfully remained standing all the while we taxied."

"Thank you," he said.

"Have a nice time in Los Angeles."

"I will. I've never been here before."

"It's a nice city."

"I'm sure it's a beautiful city. It has beautiful lights."

"Do you know where the baggage area is?" she asked, concerned. They were walking forward now, toward the exit. His overcoat felt very bulky all at once.

"No," he said, "where *is* the baggage area?"

"Have you got your claim tickets?"

"No," he said.

"Oh, dear, did you lose them?"

"No. As a matter of fact, I don't *have* any baggage. I'm traveling light. Well," he said, turning to the exit and peering through it down the steps and beyond to the terminal building, "Los Angeles." He extended his hand. "Goodbye, Miss Radley, and Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," she said.

He went down the steps.

He knew at once that he had done the right thing. The air was balmy, it touched his cheeks, it kissed his face, it riffled his hair. He took off his coat, oh, he had done the right thing, he had most certainly done the right thing, though it was unimaginable to even imagine having done the wrong thing after so many drinks and kissing Trudy in MacLeish's darkened office. It was impossible to imagine having made the wrong decision, not after feting old Mr. Benjamin of Benjamin Luggage, and racing out of the building with whoever the hell those girls were from Accounting, her hand so warm and moist in his pocket, the air crisp, church bells bonging, bonging someplace, Salvation Army virgins playing horns and drums. Oh, what a city at Christmas, what a New York, how could anything be wrong, everything *had* to be right, right, right. They talked an off-duty cabdriver into taking them out to Kennedy Airport. The cabby was anxious to get home, "too much goddamn traffic in this goddamn city," but he slipped him a fin even before they opened the door, and suddenly there was no more traffic in the city, suddenly everything was Christmas Eve again and church bells were bonging joy to the world.

"Where to, Mac?"

"A good hotel," he said.

"Lots of good hotels in Los Angeles."

"Like what?"

"You want the city, or Beverly Hills, or what?"

"Beverly Hills," he said. "Why not?"

"Which one in Beverly Hills?"

"The best one."

"They're all good."

"There is only one best one."

The cabdriver set the car in motion. "You want the Beverly Hills?"

"I already told you I wanted the Beverly Hills."

"I meant the Beverly Hills *Hotel*."

"OK, why not?"

"You in the movie racket?"

"No, I am in the advertising game," he said.

"What do you advertise?"

"Benjamin Luggage," he said. "Among other fine products."

"Never heard of it."

"Well, I never heard of the Beverly Hills Hotel."

"They're crying," the cabdriver answered, and stepped on the gas.

"This looks like Long Island," Arthur said.

"It ain't," the cabby replied.

"It sure looks like it. What are all these hot-dog



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE VENO

stands for? What do you do out here, eat hot dogs all the time?"

"That's right, we eat hot dogs all the time," the cabby said.

"That's what I thought," Arthur answered. "Boy, what a city. It looks like Long Island."

• • •

Long Island was where Kennedy International Airport was, you had to remember not to call it Idlewild anymore because that would automatically date you as being 41 years old, that was very bad, going on 42 imminently. Trudy was 19, she wore candy-striped stockings and a short suede skirt, and he had kissed her in MacLeish's office. She had said, "Why, Mr. Pitt, how nasty," but he had kept right on kissing her, and she, too, back. The girls from Accounting, and Arthur, and Benjamin had made the plane in plenty of time, the cabby was that anxious to show his Christmas spirit after the five-spot tip, had to get old Benjamin Baggage, excuse *me*, Benjamin Luggage, onto that Chicago plane or else Lake Michigan would drift out to sea or something. They stole a plaque from one of the airline counters, it said, MR. SCHULTZ, and they gave it to Benjamin as a keepsake. The Chicago plane took off in a roar of screaming jets. Arthur and the two girls from Accounting stood on the observation deck and watched as it soared almost vertically into the sky and then vanished into the clouds. He had an arm around each girl. They were all very drunk, and the girls sighed when the plane disappeared.

"Tomorrow is my birthday," he said to the redhead.

"Happy birthday," she said.

"I only get one present," Arthur said, "because they fall on the same day. My birthday and Christmas. I mean, I get a *lot* of presents, but only *once*. We only celebrate *once*, do you know what I mean?"

"No, I don't," the redhead said, "but you're very cute. Do you know what he means, Phyllis?"

Phyllis said, "No, I don't know what he means, gee I miss Mr. Benjamin."

"Listen, I have an idea," Arthur said. "Let's go to Chicago."

"Why not?" the redhead said.

"Listen, what's your name?" he asked.

"Rose."

"Rose, let's you and me and Phyllis here go to Chicago and surprise Mr. Benjamin, what do you say?"

"OK, why not?" Rose said. "But first let's have another drink."

"Boy, will he be surprised," Phyllis said, and giggled.

"OK, so let's go," Arthur said, but he knew even then they would not go to Chicago. He knew at once that they would all have another drink, and then the girls would start reconsidering and remembering that it was Christmas Eve and they should be getting home to family and dear ones, and after all, Benjamin wasn't expecting them, and did anyone even know where he lived, and how long would it take them to get to Chicago, and all the rationalizing crap that people always came up with when something exciting or adventurous was proposed. He knew they would back out, and he wasn't at all surprised when they asked him to get a taxi for them.

Well, tomorrow is my birthday, he thought, standing just outside the terminal building and watching their taxi move into the distance. Well, happy birthday, old Doc, time to go home to the family and dear ones, the loved ones, time to go home. Nobody ever wants to go anywhere anymore, boy, what a bunch of party poops. He looked at his watch, but couldn't read the gold numerals on the dial, because it was late afternoon, with that curiously flat winter light that causes whites to become whiter and gold to blend indefinably into them, and besides he was drunk. He went back into the terminal to look at the big clock over the counter, and he saw that it was 20 minutes to four, well what the hell, he thought, home James, home to Merry Christmas and such, boy, nobody ever wants to *go* anywhere anymore, boy, what a drag. He heard them calling a flight, and he walked over to the counter and said, "Excuse me, Captain, but what flight was that you just called?"

"The four-o'clock flight to Los Angeles," the captain answered, though Arthur knew he wasn't a captain at all, he was just making him feel good.

"I've never been to Los Angeles," he said.

"No?" the captain answered politely.

"No. How much does it cost?"

"How much does what cost?"

"A ticket to Los Angeles, that's the City of Angels, did you know that?"

"That's right, so it is. First-class, sir?"

"First-class, of course."

"First-class round trip to Los Angeles is three-twenty-one eighty. Plus tax."

"How much is the tax?"

"Sixteen-oh-nine, sir."

"That sounds very reasonable. Will you take a check?"

"Sir?"

"For the flight you just called. I have identification, if that's what's troubling you."

"No, sir, it's just . . . I don't even know if there's room on that flight, sir. Christmas is our busiest——"

"I don't need a room, just a seat." Heh-heh, he thought, how'd you like *that* one, sonny?

"Well, I'd have to . . ."

"Yes, well go ahead and do it. You said it leaves at four, didn't you?"

"Are you *serious*, sir? Do you really want me to . . . ?"

"Certainly, I'm serious. Of *course*, I'm serious. Nobody the hell *goes* anyplace anymore!"

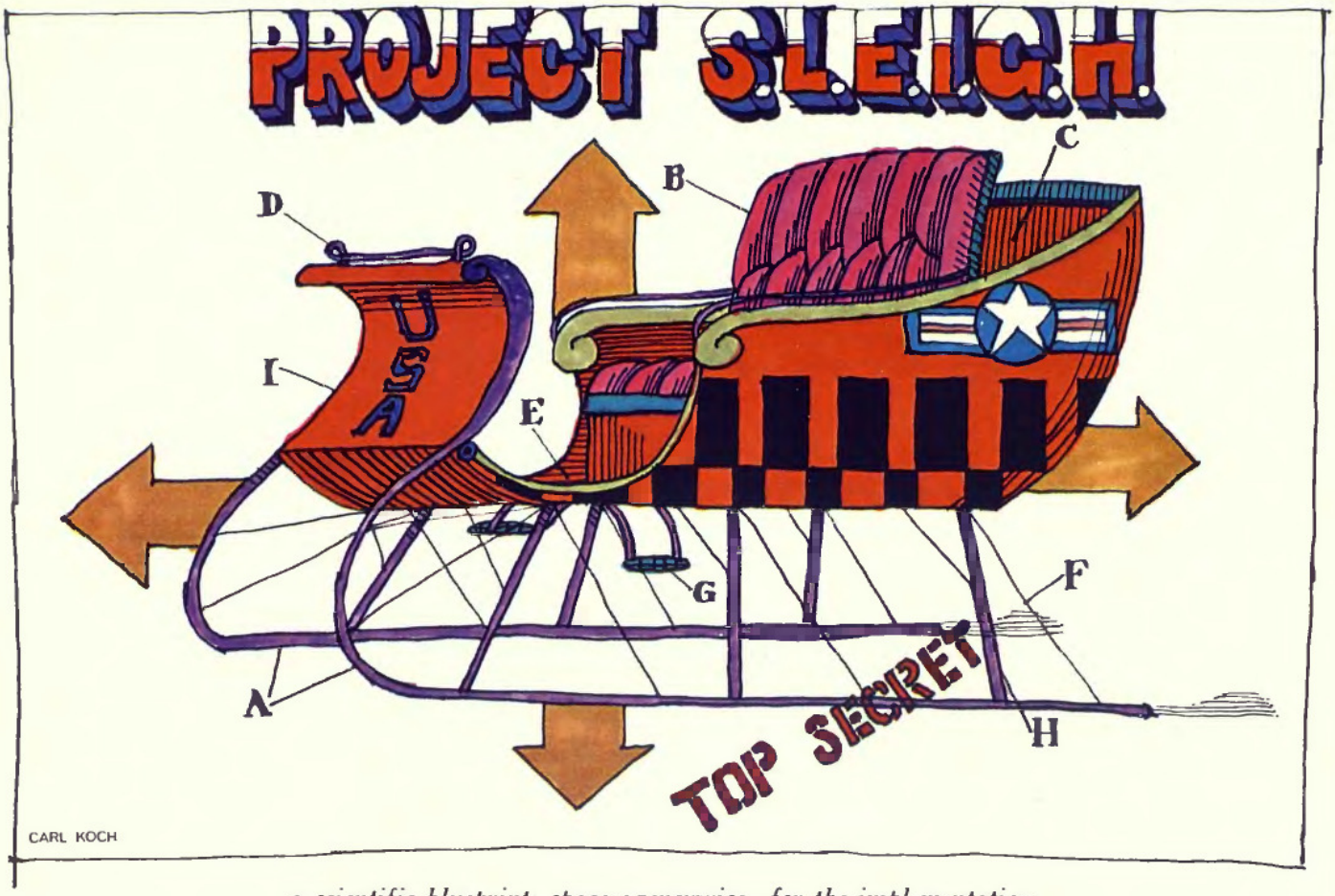
He knew he would not go through with it, he was just having a little fun with the captain, what the hell, tomorrow was his birthday. He knew he would not do it, because old Arthur Doc Pitt simply didn't do things like that, flying away from home and hearth on Christmas Eve, what would Jenny say? Jenny would take a fit, that's what Jenny would say. And besides, this really had nothing whatever to do with Jenny or anyone else. It had only to do with old Doc Pitt, who knew he could never never never do something like this, the same way he could not that time in Buffalo when the man sitting in the lobby had asked him if he would like to spend the night with a burlesque queen, or was it even a burlesque queen, *that* part may have been just imagination. In any case, he could not do it then, and he would not do it now, but there was no harm in having a little fun with the good captain here, hanging up the phone now, and putting on a bright, smiling, cheerful airlines face.

"Well, you certainly are lucky, sir," he said. "There've been some cancellations in the first-class section."

Yeah, well I was only kidding, Arthur thought.

Something started inside him. He knew it was the alcohol, he knew he had had absolutely too much to drink. He knew it was kissing Trudy in MacLeish's office and putting his hand under the short suede skirt, the candy-striped stockings went clear up over her ass, he knew it was that, 19 years old, Trudy. He knew it was the wild ride to the airport with the two girls from Accounting, and the soaring disappearance of Benjamin's plane into the clouds, the sudden desperate knowledge that the party was going to end without ever having begun. He knew it was all that, but he suspected it was something more as well, and so he allowed the excitement to grow inside him, teasing himself, saying to himself, Go ahead, do it, go ahead, why don't you? and then soberly regarding himself through his eyeglasses, Don't be ridiculous, and then looking at the captain's expectant face and thinking the thing to do was reach into his pocket and slap his checkbook and his driver's license on the counter and write that goddamn check, he had always wanted to do things like that. The captain was waiting, and the excitement was rising inside Arthur, something that started down in his groin for which he blamed Trudy in MacLeish's office with her suede little ass, and climbing up into his chest and his throat and then suddenly leaping into his fingertips which positively twitched with the need to reach into his pocket and slap his checkbook onto the countertop, You like that Rolls-Royce, kid? It's yours.

*(continued on page 246)*




*a scientific blueprint, space-agencywise, for the implementation of a vehicle to orbit santa for his annual yuletide touchdown*

*humor* By JACOB HAY FOR THE PAST couple of years, various writing assignments have required me to pore over such magazines as *Missiles and Rockets*, *Aviation Week* and the like, mostly without understanding a word of what I was reading. In most similar situations—say, an enforced reading of *Boys' Life* or *Christian Herald*—I would simply have quit, but instead I became an addict of the prose of modern scientific journalism. The stuff is pure opiate. And the other evening I fell to pondering how *Missiles and Rockets* might have dealt with the Santa Claus situation if Christmas had been invented last year.

I think it might have been played something like this: Washington, D. C., December 23—In a joint announcement today, the U. S. Bureau of Glad Tidings (BUGLAD) and Iowa Tech's Advanced Systems Laboratory (ASL) disclosed delivery, prior to target date announced in FY '64, of the first man-rated, recoverable, suborbital, hypersonic launch vehicle and capsule with true logistic capability.

Developed by ASL under BUGLAD Contract No. 1, let last year under NASA authorization, the new vehicle-capsule combination is designed with a minimum of man-machine interfaces, restricted almost entirely to the manual-optical guidance system employing a flexible loop mode to correct for pitch, roll and yaw. Additionally, there is a capability for repeated land landings, with concomitant propulsion restarting. The BUGLAD operational requirement for safe stowage and handling under arctic environmental prelaunch conditions has been fully met, and shelf life has been extended to 365 days. Systems readiness tests are entirely visual.

The project was first given the code name SANTA (Suborbital Advanced Nonnuclear Transport Applications), which was changed to CLAUS (Coordinated Logistical Applications Utility System), which was again changed to SLEIGH (Suborbital Logistical Engine-Integrated Gadget Hauler).

ASL interest in SLEIGH was initiated by a Bureau request for proposals from qualified research organizations for development of a practical transporter for recreation-activator devices on a crash basis to meet a December 1965 launch date. At ASL, a specialized group began feasibility studies, flight parameters were quantized, and the resulting systems concept proposed and approved on January 1, 1964. Over-all technical direction was assigned ASL, with Passaic General Buggy Works as prime contractor for the capsule, Philadelphia Zoological Society as prime contractor, propulsion.

From the beginning, the XRADT-1 (Experimental Recreation-Activator Device Transporter) represented a quantum jump in design thinking, since it was early decided that existing propulsion systems were inadequate to the requirement. Studies at the University of Spitsbergen and the Oslo Technical Institute, ASL associate contractors, indicated that subminiaturized Cervus-Elaphus propulsion units might offer an order of magnitude improvement in the area, despite their use of nonstorable fuels and the fact that none had ever been flight-tested. Wind-tunnel testing of these units, using nonexotic fuels, principally Medicago sativa and Gramineae in a balanced mixture, were favorable. Pay-load weight, which constantly diminishes following initial lift-off, was the determining factor in the final decision to utilize six of these units in three dual clusters, employing sextuple thrust throughout booster and sustainer stages, with all stages activated nonhypergolically on verbal command.

In this configuration, the launch vehicle is required to be forward of the command module. This posed numerous aerodynamic problems before successful solutions were reached, following achievement of bang-bang roll stabilization by means of the Cervus-Elaphus tail surfaces (SCUT system). Severe sonic vibrations were encountered in early test flights, *(concluded on page 249)*

# NOTHING WORKS AND NOBODY CARES

*in which the renowned big-game hunter and author, fearless in the face of lions both wild and literary, concedes total frustration with the misnamed conveniences of modern life*

A NICE POLISH LADY I know once said: "Don't pick up that log, you'll get *raptured*." Another time she said: "The trouble is the girl has got a *crash* on you." It seems to me that everything I lift raptures me, and the whole world has a crash on me. For instance:

There is a soft-drink machine that still owes me ten cents for a truant Seven-Up. In airports, five-cent Life Savers cost six cents. My knife sharpener completely chewed up a knife. My ice-crushing machine hurled some crushed ice at me and then quit cold, sobbing from exhaustion. Three phonographs are all raptured simultaneously. One refrigerator, *kaput*. There are no taxicabs until 10 A.M., and none at all at 4:30 P.M.

I got mildly rich once and bought a hand-wrought English auto. The tin ashtrays fall out of a car so special that you allegedly can only hear the dashboard clock tick. You can't hear *my* clock tick. *It* doesn't work, and neither does the cigarette lighter.

During the same period of affluence, I acquired a castle in Spain. The rain in Spain falls mainly on my brain, because the roof is porous. I caused to be built a garage, large enough to kennel a whelp of the old Graf Zeppelin. They constructed the roof of some sort of acid-bearing concrete, and so I was confronted with the following unusual dialog to a slave:

"Alan, hurry! Take the car *out* of the garage! *It's raining again!*"

*Cost of paint job from acid burns:* £400 and a long trip from Spain to London. *Duration of inactivity on part of car:* six weeks. But everybody said I looked real cute on the cook's bicycle.

Nothing works in my Spanish house, but then nothing works in my London digs, just as nothing ever worked in my New York apartment. The cesspool used to overflow in my boyhood home in North Carolina. It still overflows in Spain. In London the plumbing merely jams. And overflows. Gravity, old boy. The hot-water system, at this writing, has just drowned the cookstove, and the kitchen is full of strangers with pickaxes. The cook just had a hysterectomy, and she can't work anymore, even if the stove did work. This includes this typewriter, which is punching holes with the "o" key again.

I bear scars on wrist and soul from being chewed by a leopard who would have been dead if my gun's ammunition had fulfilled its basic purpose. But we picked the buckshot out of the cat's hide like currants from a bun. I choked the leopard to death with the shotgun, which doesn't work anymore, and then went off to hospital for six weeks. The hospital didn't work, either. The night nurse, whose name was either Jessie Juke or Katie Kallikak, stabbed me in the sciatic nerve with an injection of purest arsenic. I went into the hospital with my arm in a sling, and just you guess what was in a sling when I came out . . . *But nobody cares.*

Nobody ever successfully operated an airline ashtray, although the plane might cost a hundred million dollars. All airline stewardesses run out of ice and whiskey and service when you need a final belt to cushion the last plunge into a mountain range. They are making mountains higher than they used to . . . *But nobody cares.*

They ripped the guts out of Fifth Avenue at the peak of the influx of yuks to the World's Fair. I suppose it is because Fifth Avenue doesn't work anymore. The only thing I know of that really works anymore is Consolidated Edison, which is always busy digging craters seeking Judge Crater in the city streets because the new cancer complex of hideous buildings isn't getting enough electricity.

Let us assault the telephone system before we peruse the broader aspect of that commodity Ben Franklin trapped in a precursor to the Coca-Cola bottle.

Bell Telephone has a double-truck slick-magazine advertisement in favor of the Data-Phone. It headlines: "WHAT CAN DATA-PHONE DO FOR YOU?" as the grabber. Then it answers its own question: "It can transmit your business data over telephone lines at 100 to 2700 words per minute, at regular phone-call rates. Combine it with your present telephone service and you have fully integrated information handling that will help you improve

*article*

By ROBERT RUARK

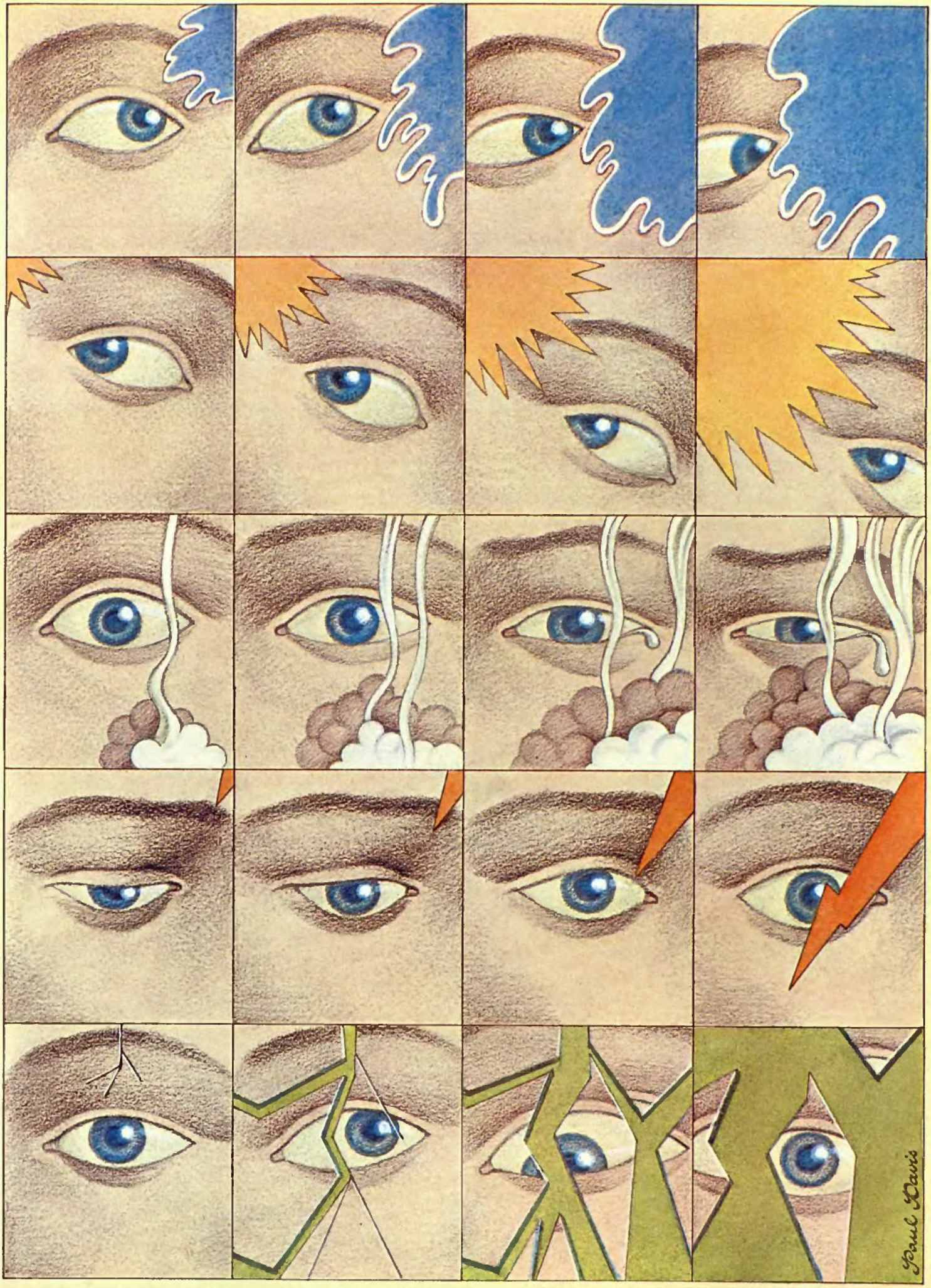



ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL DAVIS

customer relations, reduce paperwork, keep costs in line, and make decisions on what *is* today, not what *was* yesterday."

This, of course, is provided you get the right number, and not some recording which says: "The number you have just dialed is——" Or, mayhap, on Long Distance, after you have offered up an area code, you get Philadelphia instead of Phoenix, and a surly operator finally comes on to say: "What city are you dialing?"

One of the most successful film producers in the world lives in the flat above me in London. We have the same telephone exchange, Grosvenor, and this flat is in Park Lane. I cannot get Mr. Cubby Broccoli on the telephone, not even with the aid of his secret agent, James Bond, although I can hear his children killing each other through the air vent in my bath. And just the other day Cubby's automatic washing machine went raving mad and produced a waterfall which, guess what, roared through my best antique chandelier. Good old 007 couldn't fix that either. In my London dwelling, the concierge's name is Doctor No.

We have changed from operators to the dial system in my part of Spain. So for three months now I have had no phone service, even though I had to sign a notarized contract for the switchover. Of course, in the old human-operator days, the phone didn't work very well either. When you wanted a number you sent somebody to Palamós to wake up the operator. Now I send the cook to relay a message to my secretary. He lives a block away.

The Bell ad says, in part: "A savings institution uses Data-Phone service to connect all teller windows with a Central Computer. Tellers can check and update accounts immediately from any location—and can handle two customers in the time it used to take to handle one."

*Hoo, boy.* I don't know what my Shylocks use in the computing department, but I have recently had six banking errors and one near miss in a row since the machines took over.

Twice, on consecutive months, a publishing house sent me $50,000 which I did not own, and it had to be fetched back by messenger. (On the third mistake, I was going to keep the $50,000 and take off for Tahiti with it.)

Once, a monstrous Swiss bank debited my Zurich account but the machine forgot to send the money. (Correspondence to prove it.) But I dropped a grand shooting craps in London and the man was on hand with the blank check.

Next, the same bank sent the money to my New York bank, but in New York the machine gave it to the wrong person, whose name was nothing like Ruark. (I have been doing business with that bank since the end of World War Two.)

Then, for God's sake, the Swiss computer forgot the name of the town in Spain in which I dwell. (Letter to prove it.) And I have been doing business with that particular Swiss bank for 12 years, and have lived in the same Spanish town—5000 pop.—for the same number of years. It is not a difficult town to live in. I once received a letter addressed simply to Roberto, Palamós, and I also run a stamp credit tab with the post office. It still sorts the mail by hand.

Recently, I wrote a check for the last installment on a business deal, and unfortunately used an old checkbook that wasn't geared to the card punch. The money was there, all right, but they were about to kick back the check and call for the police when some square genius took it to the bank manager, who OKed it on his own reputation. Otherwise, some other machine would have shot me off to the pokey for forgery, or mopery, or something disgustingly similar.

Bell says: "A large insurance company uses a Data-Phone network to transmit records of premium payments, claims, new policies, and accounting information from 34 branch locations to a central data center . . ."

Well, a large insurance company that used to handle my taxes as well as my premiums somehow forgot to tell the machine that alimony is deductible, and a little item of $35,000 makes a power of difference in the income-tax returns.

And speaking of income taxes, the machines in Washington were about to set the FBI on me for refusal to file until I sent them back the canceled check the machine forgot to mention.

Finally, Bell's ad mentions that "an appliance manufacturer has used Data-Phone service to the more than 40 independent supply centers in an automated network for ordering and supplying replacement parts."

I sure hope old Data-Phone gets cracking in this case, because you really do need a Data-Phone to supply replacement parts for the busted-flush merchandise that either doesn't work at all, quits in mid-function, or just manages to fall apart in your hands after a tiny spate of operation.

I have seen lightning strike, so old Ben Franklin must have had something when he caught that bolt in the bottle. But apart from what history preaches, I don't believe there is such a thing as electricity, no matter what Consolidated Edison says. I can feel it, when the shaver shorts out or the record player electrocutes me, but I have this uneasy suspicion that it's a crafty diversion to sway attention toward the butler, not the toaster, who was the actual guilty party in the murder.

Allegedly, electricity runs a variety of things, like vacuum cleaners that bust, television sets that explode, and lights that burn out. I admit its existence, but I don't really believe in it. Like what really keeps an airplane up?

It seems bloody silly to say that a tenant in a building can't have an air conditioner because the wiring is inadequate. The experts say that the wire is too small to handle the necessary number of amps or volts or whatever it is that wires hustle. This is why they keep digging up Park and Fifth and Madison. They are really looking for amps, not for oil *or* Judge Crater.

Electricity always seems to want to travel first cabin, and flings a tantrum if the stewards aren't in steady attendance. Miss Inez Robb, a testy lady, was writing the other day about calamities in the kitchen.

Said Miss Robb:

"Instead of discussing the care and coddling of the housekeeper-cook or the nursemaid, who has gone where the woodbine twineth, the conversation, still in the kitchen, turns on the care and feeding of push buttons—especially the cost of care to keep them in prime condition.

"For the push button, which is the substitute—and an unsatisfactory one at that—for Nora or Annie or Dinah, demands far more tender, loving care, far more pampering than the gone-but-not-forgotten houseworker ever did.

"The push button and the daily helper of fond memory have one outstanding characteristic in common: Both are prone to quit without notice. But there is also a major difference: When Annie quit, it was an inconvenience. When the push button quits, it's a major financial disaster.

"At least that's the way the conversation wags after dinner in these parlous times. The big conversation gambit in the kitchen today is not the horror of Bertha quitting just as the dinner guests arrive, but of the electric barbecue and grill laying down and dying—for no good reason at all—as the crowd gathers for steaks.

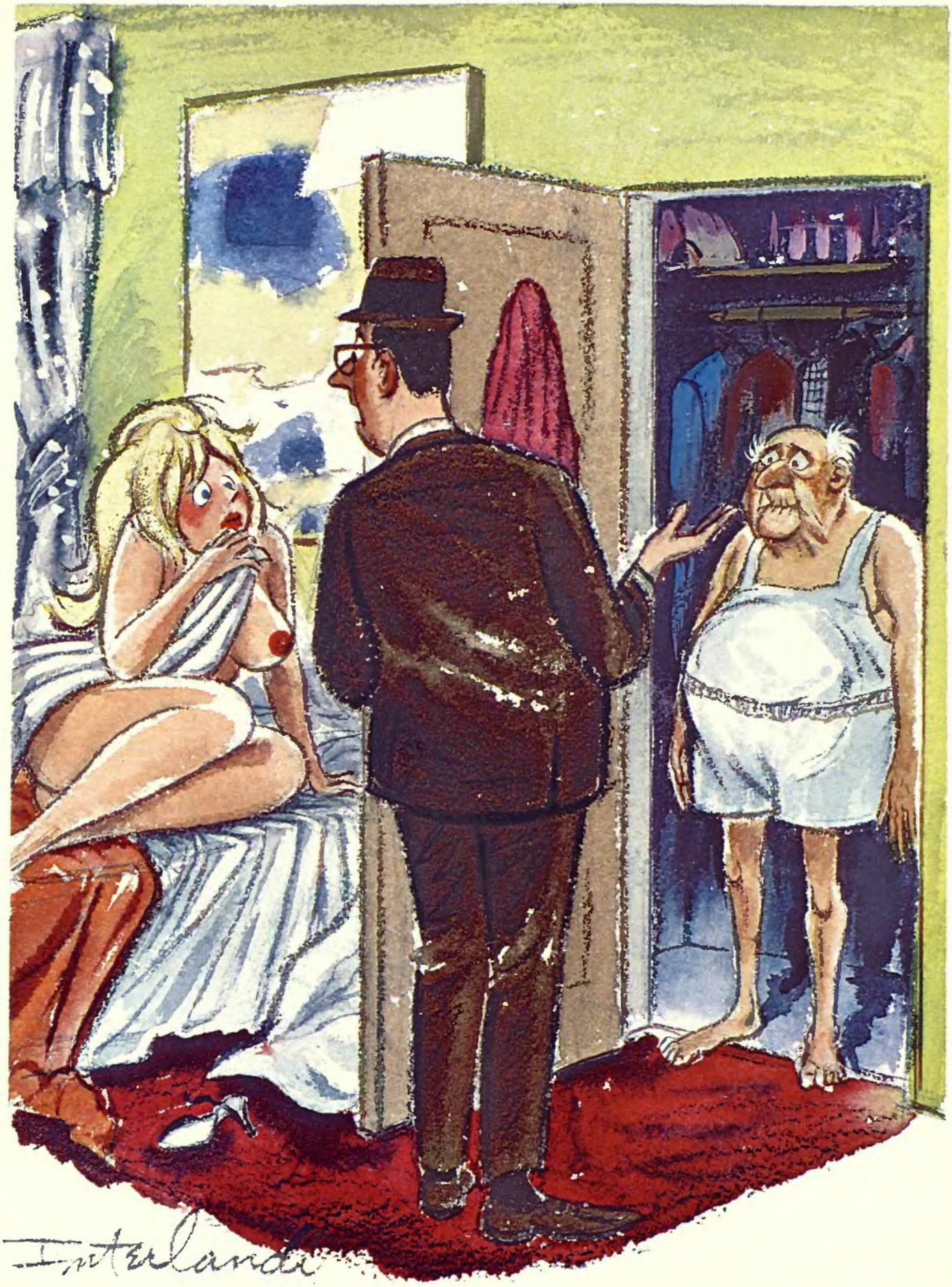
"Or, if it isn't the grill, the Gothic tale relates the treacherous demise of the electric dishwasher, the washing machine, the dryer, the electric carving knife that quits in mid-slice, the defunct air conditioner, or the deceased vacuum or floor waxer.

"And now I draw a merciful curtain over the rest of the talkathon: The scarcity of competent mechanics to repair said machines and the astronomical prices they charge for any kind of surgery. The slaughter is killing everything but conversation."

Another dissatisfied mortal writes:

"I am reminded of a TV set that a company wanted me to try, free of charge, for a couple of months; the case was made of extruded white plastic, ugly as a Tasmanian devil, with a plastic white clock stuck on it like a second eye:

*(continued overleaf)*



*"This is adding insult to injury, Miriam . . . !"*

the clock was supposed to turn the damn thing on and off at your preset bidding. While trying to set the clock the first time, one of the handles broke off in my hand. I said to hell with it, turned the set on by hand; it played OK the first few times (except for loud crackles of electricity every now and then—that always bodes ill for plug-in gadgets). A couple of days later, the picture tube just quit trying and I had to get rid of it. A new Japanese importer (not Sony) rushed in with one of those new teeny-weeny jobs for me; that lasted three days before going on the blink. And, mind you, I don't even have to pay for these sets; if I did, I'd really blow up."

• • •

I have visited friends—reasonably affluent, and of dissimilar sexes—in what the real-estate racket calls "luxury housing," and have fled in horrified relief to a goathide tent in Timbuktu.

These joints are all shiny new, or reconverted, and the monthly rental stab would subsidize a yacht on the Riviera. The ceilings are as thin as a drum membrane, even if they are made out of alleged reinforced concrete, and they perform exactly the same function as a drum membrane. Structurally most of these new pads have obviously been hung together by one of the less talented of The Three Little Pigs.

Some of the conversations from next door, upstairs and downstairs would make an interesting addendum for the memoirs of Christine Keeler. You can hear beds squeak all round; you can hear toilets flush. On a clear day, you can hear a cockroach belch. In actual fact, I was sitting with a young lady one night, with the television turned up to drown out the screams of the rape victims, when a chap who was hanging a picture next door broke completely through the wall! And this, friends, in the high-rent district.

An alternative to the new construction is a converted brownstone, which has been carved into cubicles. The tenants, more in self-defense than honesty, brag about their 14-foot ceiling and their noble fireplaces, which generally don't draw. This fault really makes no difference since nobody but the late Bernard Baruch could afford logs at current prices. In New York, five boy-sized logs cost $3.75 plus a half-buck tip. Kindling, believe it or not, is sold by the *quart*. Competition to real wood has sprung up. One company sells something called "Rologs," which are composed of old newspapers, tightly rolled, with built-in air passages to make the paper burn well. But the fireplaces still don't draw, even if you're feeding them a steady diet of Louella Parsons.

The plumbing in the reconverts was installed by Henry Hudson himself, and has a mind entirely of its own. There is that little business of electricity again, and that also is evilly whimsical. Not so whimsical is the fact that there are no real facilities for garbage and trash removal. You leave the gunk in paper bags in the hallways, and trust that some potential sex killer lurking nearby will steal it.

Only choice between the brand-spankers and the reconverts is to live in the suburbs, and that means trains. *Oy vay.*

*Trains.* The trouble with train people is that they think they are still living in an early Harriman era. They think they are still in the railroad business.

Once, in a moment of madness, I took a train out of Grand Central, and was noticeably grayer at the finish of the safari. Fortunately all I was carrying was a briefcase, for there were no available porters, and I had to walk what seemed half a mile but was probably just over 500 yards. I wondered, momentarily, how a Whistler's Mother with a heavy suitcase would make it.

The train's john seeped only cold water. No towels. No soap. The odor was one retch ahead of a subway restroom. On the return trip, the train was an hour late, although the dispatcher had marked it "On Time." Just once, try killing an hour in a rural railway station with no bar and those lovely, rock-ribbed benches.

Dinnertime, and the living is greasy. Since the train was late, the dining-car staff also was late. The helpless feeder was therefore treated to a mild Dante's inferno of tables being dismantled and spare linen being stashed away, which is, to say the least, disquieting to the diner.

The waiter had not yet been corrupted. He was polite. But like so many old waiters, he couldn't read the order you scrawl on the check. He and the chef evidently had some sort of vendetta going, because the cold consommé was hot and half-melted, the liver came straight out of a synthetic-testing lab, and the whipped cream on the strawberry shortcake was purest Rise. The strawberries were made of genuine artificial coloring.

They are not building railroad tracks the same way since Averell's ancestor passed away. Or else the feather-bedded engineer was drunk, for the train kept lurching until the customer was half-drowned in his own coffee.

We progress now by easy hysteria to plastics. I recently encountered a plastic fire shovel. As I attempted to remove some hot ashes from a fireplace which *did* draw—it was on a pre–Civil War Texas ranch—the fire shovel melted in my hands. The ranch had been newly refurnished, and the ashtrays were plastic, as well. I left a cigarette in an ashtray—where else do you stick it, in your ear?—and the ashtray melted and the cigarette set fire to the tablecloth. We will now dismiss plastics, because I'm beginning to quiver again.

When I am in New York I stay in an East Side hotel, small, chic and expensive—a homey little hutch. Small suite, $35 a day. Gish sisters in the lobby. Ava Gardner in the Presidential suite. The piano in the Presidential suite ($50 a day) is out of tune and the keys stick.

One summer the owner was in Europe, acquiring culture. The manager was in the Hamptons, acquiring a glorious tan. And I was in the hotel, acquiring a glorious burn.

There was no room service after Sunday lunch, even in winter, but now there is no room service on Saturday or Sunday in August. The one doorman was running the elevator, and the one surviving bellboy was riding the desk, because all the clerks were off on their hols. And the relief telephone operators? *Mama mia.*

But the bills remain constant. It is a matter of actual record that I once called Long Distance to get the house operator to ring the accountant—hotel accountants never take any time off, they're right in there with that weekly reminder—to attack room service personally, so that I might not starve in my costly garret.

• • •

I am basically a kind man, and heed warnings not to bend, staple, fold or mutilate. Wistfully I always hope that the hotdogs at football games will be hot. If there's a NO SMOKING sign present, nicotine will not smirch my lungs. I believe everything I read in the papers, and step lively when the subway guard snarls: "Move along now."

But I boggle at guarantees. Guarantees used to mean that what you bought was warranted to do what it was supposed to do for a reasonable length of time. If it failed, you dragged it back and some nice man gave you your money back. But today the actual salesman doesn't accept responsibility. He hangs the guilt on the manufacturer, and who do you know personally at General Motors, DuPont or General Electric?

What gets me right here is that guarantee that says: "Guaranteed for 100 years" or "five years." I don't want to hang in for 100 years to buy my money back, and it is difficult to remember where and when you bought some gadget that is good for that same five years.

The other day I went into Woolworth's to collect a canary for a friend's kid. This child has been quite sick and I felt the canary was easier to put up with than TV. You think I could just buy a canary and let it go at that? No. Not that easy.

I was given a guarantee that states: "This certifies that Ralph Rackstraw has today purchased a guaranteed male singing bird. Should this guaranteed healthy bird (with identification mark under the wing) fail to sing, or fail to please within twenty-one (21) days from the above date, this bird may be exchanged without charge for another singing bird of

*(concluded on page 255)*

# THE PLAYBOY PORTFOLIO OF SEX STARS

A PICTORIAL REVISIT WITH 14 FABULOUS CINEMATIC SIRENS FIRST UNCOVERED IN THESE PAGES

STARRING

IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER:

**URSULA ANDRESS • CARROLL BAKER • BRIGITTE BARDOT ARLENE DAHL • SOPHIA LOREN TINA LOUISE • CAROL LYNLEY JAYNE MANSFIELD • ELSA MARTINELLI • KIM NOVAK STELLA STEVENS • SUSAN STRASBERG • ELIZABETH TAYLOR & MAMIE VAN DOREN**

BACK IN THE DAYS when the movies first learned to talk, faithful fans were occasionally granted a flickering glimpse of a bare-bosomed flapper in return for their box-office devotion. Cinemaphiles rarely caught sight of screen sirens in less than sheer chemises during the Depression, however; and glamor-starved GIs won World War II on a cheesecake diet of sweaters and one-piece bathing suits. It took a sensuous starlet named Marilyn Monroe to reverse this trend by posing *au naturel* for the famous pinup picture that was to become PLAYBOY's premier Playmate in December 1953. An impressive list of famous film fatales has made similarly provocative appearances in our publication in the intervening dozen years. This special portfolio offers—in an unprecedented package—14 of the most memorable of the contemporary sex stars who have brightened our pages with their beauty.

## ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Since PLAYBOY's premier unveiling of the Taylor torso (January 1963) in an uncensored preview of her role as the latest celluloid Cleopatra, Liz has retained her title as queen of America's box-office beauties despite many a hopeful contender. A *cause célèbre* among gossip columnists who haven't forgotten how she fiddled in Rome while ex-hubby Eddie Fisher burned, majestically endowed Miss Taylor now spends all of her personal and professional (*The VIPs, The Sandpiper*) hours in partnership with actor-spouse Richard Burton. Their multimillion-dollar talents will soon be rematched as the star sparring mates of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

## CARROLL BAKER

Come-lately cinema sexpot Carroll Baker capped off her well-publicized box-office success last year in *The Carpetbaggers* with an exclusive exposure of her physical assets for our 1964 yuletide issue. After subsequent filmic forays in the title roles of *Sylvia* and *Harlow*, the 33-year-old screen star has temporarily abandoned the cameras for the courtroom and a million-dollar suit against movie mogul Joe Levine for using another leading lady in his forthcoming *Tropic of Cancer*.

## CAROL LYNLEY

This onetime teenage fashion model and Broadway ingénue achieved full filmic maturity as a Preminger protégée in *The Cardinal*, then announced her entry in Hollywood's sex-symbol sweepstakes by displaying her appealing all in PLAYBOY (March 1965) and beating Carroll Baker to the box office as Electronovision's *Harlow*. A starring stint in *Bunny Lake Is Missing* was next.

## TINA LOUISE

Titian-tressed Tina Louise is currently devoting all of her time and talent to the weekly video role of a stranded film star on CBS-TV's successful series *Gilligan's Island*. The toast of an early PLAYBOY pictorial (April 1959), Tina played many a see-worthy part for Broadway and Hollywood before last year's TV ship came in.

## JAYNE MANSFIELD

With seven PLAYBOY pictorials to her credit—ranging from her introduction as our Playmate of the Month in February 1955 to her most recent presentation in these pages as the sex-starved screenmate of Tommy Noonan in *Promises, Promises!*—the formidably constructed (40-21-32) Miss Mansfield has received the lioness' share of our photographic attentions among fellow femmes fatales. Her post-Playmate triumph as the towel-clad beauty of Broadway's *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* paved the way to Jayne's subsequent exposure for film buffs.

## SUSAN STRASBERG

The talented daughter of world-famous Lee Strasberg, whose Actors Studio has provided the American theater and screen with many of its most accomplished Thespians, made her award-winning Broadway acting bow at 15 in the title role of *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Since her recent debut before our cameras (December 1963), Susan has made the move to European movies, and will soon star opposite Dirk Bogarde in *The High Bright Ones*.

## ELSA MARTINELLI

American moviegoers were treated to an uninhibited viewing of one of the more epic clinches from a European-made movie when PLAYBOY preserved some footage of willowy Elsa Martinelli and Robert Mitchum bussing in the buff (October 1963) in a steamy scene from the film *Rampage*. Our bare *contessa*'s next coming attraction is *The Tenth Victim*.

## STELLA STEVENS

Stella's rise to the ranks of current Hollywood leading ladies began in 1960, when she helped us bring in the new year as our January Playmate. Her stellar return to these pages last May was coupled with the comment that those who condemn nudity are "probably the least psychologically fit to judge anything." In *The Silencers*, she'll be spying with costar Dean Martin.

## MAMIE VAN DOREN

Eschewing her early publicity as another of Hollywood's bosomy blonde starlets, Mamie opted to further her fortunes a few years back by attaining footlight fame from coast to coast as a night-club performer. Following her original appearance in PLAYBOY (February 1964), the multitalented miss returned to the screen with a splash, baring her charms for a beer-bath scene in a Tommy Noonan flesh-filled farce and winning additional honors in these pages (June 1964). She'll soon be starring in *The Nightcrawlers*, a boon for both beauty and beastie buffs alike.

## ARLENE DAHL

The versatile Miss Dahl had already made her glamorous mark as a fashion model, cover girl, film star, legitimate actress, night-club vocalist, dress designer, syndicated columnist and author by the time she first posed for our photographer in her Beverly Hills boudoir (December 1962). Today, Arlene remains a reigning beauty, with a new best-selling guide to glamor (*Always Ask a Man*) to back up her expertise in such matters.

## SOPHIA LOREN

Italy's first lady of the screen began the current decade with a well-deserved reputation as one of filmdom's most successful combinations of beauty and talent and subsequently earned 1961 Academy Award honors for her performance in *Two Women*. Despite her current conflict with the Italian Government—which has charged Sophia and producer Carlo Ponti with bigamy—the magnificent Miss Loren, a twotime recipient of PLAYBOY pictorial plaudits, is still the busiest *bella ragazza* on the contemporary cinema scene. In addition to three new films for Ponti, including her controversial role as *Mother Cabrini*, she'll do a pair of farces (*Once Upon a Time* and *Mademoiselle Docteur*) with Latin Lothario Marcello Mastroianni.

## KIM NOVAK

This year, the green-eyed glamor queen finally relinquished her title as Hollywood's most eligible bachelorette when she eloped with her British costar Richard Johnson following their screen alliance in *The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders*. As this third PLAYBOY study of the sensual Novak appeal goes to press, she's back on location in England for the filming of *13*, a J. Arthur Rank mystery-thriller in which Kim shares top billing with recent video *Rogue* David Niven.

## BRIGITTE BARDOT

France's foremost sex symbol for nearly a decade now, petite, pouting BB has reigned supreme among Gallic love goddesses ever since film fans first caught sight of Brigitte *en* buff in *And God Created Woman*. Five times the featured attraction of PLAYBOY pictorials, BB recently stole the French video limelight with an hourlong solo spectacular. Bardolators will get their next peek at her puckish pulchritude in *Viva Maria*.

## URSULA ANDRESS

Sensuous Swiss miss Ursula Andress was the recent subject of the largest PLAYBOY pictorial (June 1965) ever devoted to a single member of the fair sex, wherein she proclaimed herself an advocate of nudity when "it is used for a purpose and is done with a maximum of taste, style and class." Starred since in the film version of Rider Haggard's *She*, the Alpine wonder plans to conduct an NBC TV tour of Switzerland between shootings for *The Blue Max* and *The Tenth Victim.*

*his role as an undergrad john alden had one possible hang-up: miles standish might well end up with priscilla*

*fiction* **By JOHN LE CARRÉ**

# BREAD ON THE WATERS

I CANNOT REMEMBER precisely which term I began matchmaking, but it must have been around the middle of my second year; I have a notion it was the spring. Or perhaps it was winter. Say winter, it goes with the beard.

In those days I was held, quite wrongly, to be something of an expert on women. My face, now wretchedly youthful, presented in its early 20s a worn, wise appearance; I was admired for my maturity, a thing that seldom happens to me now. Occasionally I took girls to dinner. There was one called Nan; she giggled whenever I looked at her seriously. She said I reminded her of a spaniel called Willem.

It was raining when they came to see me. I watched them from my top-floor window as they hastened across the chapel quad, Gorse half lost in the billowing skirts of his scholar's gown, mournful Tyler loping beside him like a prisoner's friend. Gorse was reading Sanskrit and Zen, which in those days was accounted remarkable. I hear they all do it now; people seem to talk of nothing else. Tyler was a faithful man, slow of speech and slower of mind. I forget what he was reading—something very ordinary, I'm sure. He brought Gorse unwillingly, as one brings a child to the doctor.

"It's damn good of you to spare us the time," he began, and I believed him, I remember, which shows how beastly one is at any age. I held a crumpet over the fire in a languid way, the undergraduate don.

"Sam Gorse has fallen in love," Tyler explained.

Gorse writhed in his gown, protesting but guilty. He had a dark chin. Nothing fitted him. I disliked Gorse for being ugly; I was a commoner myself.

"With a girl at the bakery."

Gorse, he said, walked down the Cornmarket at nine every morning on his way to the Taylorian library. His route took him past the bakery. She sold bread over the counter. For weeks he had been making small purchases of buns, bread or lardy cake. There had been no response. Her coolness tortured him. Work was impossible; his tutor was despairing. Here Gorse twisted his head on the collar of his pullover. "I can't concentrate," he said. It was a confession of desire.

Then their question; Tyler put it. How could he win her?

I do not know what genius spoke to me at that moment; I saw the whole thing, and pronounced with a confidence which still alarms me.

I said, "First let him go daily to the shop at the same hour and buy a loaf of bread. At the end of a week he should return to me."

• • •

The week was nearly over when Gorse reported with emotion that she had passed the loaf *unasked* across the counter: She had remembered him.

"Reduce your order to half a loaf," I said. "Do not stare into her eyes, but move furtively like a man with inner pains." After another three days, she had the half loaf cut and waiting for him.

To my irritation, the light of hope now entered Gorse's eye; his tread became confident. "Cringe more," I said, "and stop shaving. You must give an impression of decline." Gorse giggled impertinently at Tyler, as though I, not he, were wearing the fool's cap. They could not possibly know about Nan.

Two days later we played the penultimate card. Gorse, the stubble bursting on his dark chin, his eyes averted, inquired of his beloved whether bread were cheaper when stale, and on being told that it was, asked that a half loaf of the cheaper sort henceforth be kept back for him. Gorse was now an altered man. He no longer crouched in the armchair like a troubled owl, but paced the room heavily, boasting of his skills. He was even witty, and impatient to remove his beard, which had grown with a virility which I found offensive. He was near the kill, and knew it.

The moment was now at hand when for the first time he was to break his routine. Next day he did not collect his bread. I was in favor of his abstaining for yet a second day, but he waved me aside: one day would be enough. The following evening as the bakery was closing, Gorse appeared at the glass door, his bearded face alight with supplication, three weighty academic books, leather bound, beneath his arm; he was admitted. Apparently there was another woman present, an elderly mother person to whom Gorse addressed his entreaty. Standing before them, he confessed with bowed head that he was penniless; he begged for bread on credit. His love listened, he said, in heartbroken silence. Gorse explained to them (this was his own idea, and he made great play of it) that his grant had been held up while the authorities determined whether his work was of an adequate standard. He implied that there were personal difficulties which had prejudiced his performance. On an impulse—it was the moment of magic—the girl opened her handbag, dropped one shilling and a penny into the till and with a look of the tenderest compassion handed him a new white sandwich loaf. The mother person smiled her approval.

"You can come by tomorrow," said the girl.

It was child's play. For days he accepted her free bread, scarcely daring to look at her as she dropped the money into the till. Once she even gave him a sausage roll, once half a lardy cake hot from the oven. One Saturday morning he shaved, put on his best suit and borrowed my shirt. He looked, I thought, quite odious. He bought a pound's worth of roses at the market and burst into the bakery like an opera star. His money had come, his worries were over; he gave her the flowers, paid his bill and asked her to dinner. It was the same evening, I recall, that Nan failed to meet me outside the cinema and I had to watch the film alone.

Perhaps a fortnight passed. I asked Tyler how it was going and he told me to mind my own business. But one evening as I returned alone and depressed from the King's Arms, I noticed the familiar figure of Gorse talking to a taxi driver outside Trinity main gates. I approached him and called his name. He glanced at me, frowned with distaste, turned to address the girl at his side. As they got into the taxi I caught a glimpse of her. She was one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen in my life.

DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

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DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

# MATZOHBALL

*(continued from page 160)*

visit our Middle East neighbor's dream house, the house built with good taste." The gash of a mouth produced a grin in recognition of its owner's wit.

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This was the prelude to the drama now being enacted in the cavernous Institute of Architecture, whose sole occupants were the bald Russian officer and the stoop-shouldered holy man upon whom he trained his automatic.

An excellently crafted disguise, Colonel Materi conceded. The face, composed of sunken, desiccated flesh, muddy brown eyes (contact lenses, of course), a typical rabbi's shiny dark-blue gabardine suit exuding odors of tobacco, schnapps and herring (clever, thought Materi. The scholar's complete indifference to his raiments. And that damned herring smell is making me unaccountably hungry), payis—the curly forelocks of the Orthodox Jewish sect, the Mea Shearim—dangling disconsolately, a faded white talis (the prayer shawl) with Manischewitz-wine-purple striping draped about the bent neck, the full-blown, unkempt black-tinged-with-gray beard and the literally crowning touch, the yarmulke, a black skullcap.

The rabbi's eyes blinked in agitation. "Sir, I am at a loss to explain the unique composition of this house. And this curious reference of yours to the 'world's most famous ghost' . . . what do these bizarre things mean? I am but a humble servant of the Lord, mine and yours, though you have chosen to reject Him."

"Ah," the colonel said wearily. "I had expected more intelligence from you, Rabbi. Or should I say more accurately—Oy Oy Seven? To utilize a poor pun from your own holy works, why beat about the burning bush? Does the name Rotten Roger Colfax mean anything to you?"

A tremorous hand stroked the beard in wonderment. "I have truly never heard of that name, sir." Then the hand began to stray slowly downward, still stroking the beard.

"Stop!" the colonel snarled. "Touch that mezuzah and I shall present you with a third eye. I'll relieve you of that, *Rabbi*," the appellation spat with hatred. Materi's left hand snaked out, ripped the chain brutally from the old man's neck and hurled it upon the asphalt-tiled floor. His right jack boot stomped upon it again and again.

"Blasphemy! Blasphemy!" screamed the old man. "To crush the sacred scrolls as though they were a cigarette! What do you hope to accomplish by this inhuman outburst?"

"Just removing the viper's sting, dear Rabbi," and the colonel bent down and felt among the pitiful wreckage for the needle. There was none. He unrolled a mashed scrap of paper. There were Hebrew letters imprinted upon it.

And it was the colonel's turn to wear a puzzled look. "But . . . but——"

"I shall demand an immediate apology from your government——"

"Silence, man of God!" The colonel's voice took on its coloration of cunning again: "Let us see if you are truly what you claim to be. We shall commence by" —the left hand shot out—"by tearing off this handsome albeit false beard."

From deep down came a volcanic, tormented roar. It tore through the lips. "Gottenu! Spare me from further indignity. Better let me die now." Tears glistened in his eyes. Materi, rattled, uncertain, tugged at it again, then the forelocks, the hair over the brow.

"They are . . . real." The gash of a mouth had lost its insolence. It now twitched with indecision. "And the eyes . . . filled with tears. Real tears. How could contact lenses produce such a phenomenon?"

The rabbi, heartened by Materi's rapid loss of composure, had regained his own. "Why are you doing this to me, sir?" he asked softly.

Materi looked down at his boots. "My dear Rabbi. My dear, dear Rabbi." There was penitence in his speech now. "It appears that I have made an unforgivable mistake. You are, after all, a guest in the Soviet Union, Rabbi, uh . . . Rabbi . . ."

"Rabbi Chair. Spiritual head of Congregation Bethel Leslie, 354 Georgie Jessel Boulevard, author of several well-known treatises on Jewish lore and law, among them 'The Stage Delicatessen—A Look at the New Judaism,' and 'The Negev Desert: World's Most Frightening Sand Trap,' co-authored with an American named Arnold Palmer."

"Impressive credentials, indeed," muttered Materi, who jotted down the data in a black-leather notebook. "Your first name, please, Rabbi Chair."

"Morris."

"Of course." He closed the notebook. "Now, I do not think there is anything to be gained by your lodging a formal protest about my admittedly . . ." he sought to inject the proper adjective, "uh . . . untoward methods of interrogation. I apologize for them personally. The fact remains," and he reverted to his officiousness again, "that innocent dupe though you may be, you are nonetheless guilty indirectly of complicity in this shameful plot to foment unrest among our . . . uh . . . respected—and quite happy—Soviet citizens of Jewish lineage. One thing is sure—'Operation Matzohball' is blown. For reasons best known to himself, one of your operatives has decided to cooperate with the Soviet Union. I shall see that this wretched house of yours is smoldering on a garbage dump in ten minutes."

"One question, sir," said Rabbi Chair. "Let us go back to your initial belief in my identity as someone other than myself. What is the mystery all about?"

"I may as well tell you, Rabbi, since it will not be helpful to you in any event. Rotten Roger, our enterprising caller, stated that you were the legendary Hebrew superhero who electrified the world with his derring-do in that overglamorized business a year ago. You, of course, recall the affair of the infamous Lazarus Loxfinger."

His eyes widened with incredulity, the rabbi laughed. "You thought that I, sir, was——"

"Israel Bond," Materi broke in. "Or Oy Oy Seven, as he is known to your secret service. It was reported he had died of wounds incurred during the climax of the affair in the Red Sea. We naturally tended to doubt such reports. Yet, you are plainly not he. Perhaps he did, indeed, go to that reeking Jewish heaven of yours and is presently strumming the Songs of David upon his golden lyre. Enough exposition, Rabbi Chair. I shall now proceed to crumble Israel's paltry scheme to bits as one crumbles matzoh in one's hand. Too bad; it was a most interesting house. Before I order this edifice razed, why not show me around? A Cook's tour, as our capitalistic friends would call it."

"It would be my pleasure," said Rabbi Chair with a grave smile. "And since it is a Cook's tour, let me make a small pun of my own. A Cook's tour is best begun in the kitchen." And he held the front door open with the studied politeness of an Intourist guide.

"Droll, Rabbi. The kitchen, of course." Materi moved quickly about the kitchen, sniffing here and there, breaking off pieces of matzoh from walls, chairs, the table, and nibbling them. On one end of the table was a covered dish. He lifted the checkered cloth. "Ah, what is this?"

"Plastic representations of the ethnic foods to be found on a typical Jewish table. See, here is a bottle of Tab, a low-calorie soft drink. This is lox, the smoked salmon . . . here is cream cheese . . . and here," his finger indicated a round object with a hole in its center, "a bagel. Oh, please, sir, do not remove it from its base. It is anchored to the dish by a wire, as are all these representations. We did not want visitors to disrupt the display."

"What does it matter now?" asked Materi. If it would upset the rabbi to rip the bagel from its moorings, he would do just that. He gave the bagel a yank.

• • •

A bell rang, shattering the stillness of the deserted street. If one had tried to trace the source of the ringing, one would have been frustrated, indeed, for

*(continued on page 256)*

*"On the other hand, it might be one of those pop art things."*

# *czar nikita and his 40 daughters*

**the first english translation of a long-outlawed bawdy ballad by 19th century russia's greatest poet**

Czar Nikita once reigned widely,
Richly, merrily and idly.
Did no good nor evil thing,
Kept his kingdom flourishing;
Worked a little when too bored,
Feasted, drank and praised the Lord.

With some ladies he admired,
Forty daughters he had sired,
Forty maids with pretty faces,
Four times ten celestial graces,
Gentle-tempered, dear and fair:
Ah, what ankles, I declare!
Chestnut locks, the heart rejoices,
Eyes—a marvel, wondrous voices,
Minds—enough to lose your mind:
All from head to toe designed
To beguile one's heart and spirit;
There was but a sole demerit.

Oh? What fault was there to find?
None to speak of, never mind,
Or at most the merest tittle;
Still, a flaw—though very little.
How explain it, how disguise
So as not to scandalize
That cantankerous old dhip,
High and mighty Censorship?
Help me Muse—your poet begs!
Well—between the lassies' legs . . .
Stop! Already too explicit,
Too immodest, quite illicit;
Indirection here is best:
Aphrodite's lovely breast,
Lips and feet set hearts afire,
But the focus of desire,
Dreamed-of goal of sense and touch,
What is that? Oh, nothing much.
Nothing much, or very little,
Just a dot, a jot or tittle,
And this naught (or very little)
Was what, otherwise intact,
These poor royal lassies lacked.

This unheard-of malformation
Caused dismay and consternation
In each loyal courtly heart,
And much sorrow on the part
Of their Sire and stricken mothers.
From the swaddling-women others
Soon found out what had occurred;
All the nation when it heard
Gaped and gasped, amazed and fearful
Ah'ed and oh'ed at such an earful;
Some guffawed, but most were leerier,
(This could land you in Siberia!).

Sternly Czar Nikita summoned
Courtiers, mommies, nannies, "Come and
Hear the stricture I impose:
Any one of you who sows
In my daughters' minds suggestions,
Or provokes unseemly questions,
Or so much as dreams to dare
Hint at that which is not there,
Deal in doubtful words and notions,
Or perform improper motions—
Let there be no shred of doubt:
Wives will have their tongues cut out,
Men a member more essential,
Intumescent in potential."

Stern but just, such was the Czar,
And his eloquence went far
To induce a wise complaisance;
All resolved with deep obeisance
That the counsel of good health
Was to hold one's tongue and wealth.
Noble ladies went in terror
Lest their men be found in error,
While the men in secret thought:
Oh, I wish my wife were caught!
(Oh, disloyal hearts and base!)
Our Czarevnas grew apace.
Sad their lot! Nikita's Grace
Called his council, put his case:
Thus and so—not unavowedly,
But in whispers, not too loudly,
*Pas devant les domestiques* . . .

Mute the nobles sat and wondered
How to deal with such a freak.
But a gray-haired Nestor pondered,
Rose, and bowing to and fro,
Dealt his pate a clanging blow,
And with venerable stutters
To the potentate he utters:

"May it not, Enlightened Sire,
Be accounted wanton slyness,
Or offend your gracious Highness:
Sunken yet in carnal mire,
A procuress once I knew,
(Where's she now? What does she do?
Likely in the same vocation.)
She enjoyed the reputation
Of a most accomplished witch,
Curing any ache or itch,
Making feeble members sound;
Now let my advice be heeded:
If that witch could just be found,
She'd install the thing that's needed."

"Instantly," exclaimed and frowned,
Thunder on his brow, Nikita,
"Send for her and let me meet her,
Let the sorceress be found!
If, however, she deceive us,
Of our shortage not relieve us,
Lead us up the garden path
With sly tricks—she'll know our wrath!
Let me be not Czar but duffer
If I do not make her suffer
Death by fire—of which in token
This my prayer! I have spoken."

Confidentially, discreetly,
Envoys were dispatched who fleetly
Sped by special courier post,
Searched the realm from coast to coast,
Scampered, scurried, faster, faster,
Tracking witches for their Master.
One year passes, nothing's heard,
And another, not a word.
Till at last a lad of mettle
On a lucky trail did settle,
Rode into a forest wide,
(Satan must have been his guide);
Deep within he found the cottage
Where the witch lived in her dotage.

Boldly passing gate and bar
As an envoy of the Czar,
He saluted the magician
And revealed the Czar's commission;
What the quest was all about,
What his daughters were without.

She, with instant understanding,
Thrust him back onto the landing
And propelled him on and out:
"Shake a leg, don't look about,
Do not linger, or I'll plague you,
Strike your bones with chills and ague;
Wait three days and then come back
For your answer and your pack;
But no later than the crack
Of that dawn!" Then she remembers
Locking up, fans golden embers . . .
Three-score hours she brewed her spell,
Conjured up the Prince of Hell,
And so soon as she could ask it,
He produced a brass-bound casket
Stocked with countless feminine
Wherewithals of men's sweet sin.
Curly beauties, choice examples,
Every size, design, and shade,
What a marvelous parade!

Sorting out her wealth of samples,
Soon the sorc'ress had arrayed
Forty of superior grade,
All in damask napkins dressed,
And had locked them in the chest.
This she handed to the willing
Envoy with a silver shilling,
And he rides . . . till in the west
Purple dusk commends a rest.
Just a bite to stay one's hunger;
Spirit keeps the body younger,
Vodka keeps the spirit mellow.
This was a resourceful fellow,
And he carried in his sack
Victuals for the long way back.

So he took this pleasant course,
Loosed the harness of his horse,
And sat munching in the shadow,
While his charger cropped the meadow.
Happily he sat and mused
How the Czar would be enthused
By what nestled in his basket,
Might appoint him, what a fluke!
Knight or baron, viscount, duke . . .

What was hidden in the casket
That the witch was sending him?
Just that cursed lid to mask it
For the journey's interim . . .
Tightly grooved, though all looks dim!
Terror of the Czar's decree
Yields to curiosity,
The temptation's too delicious:
Ear laid close against the fissures,

*By* ***ALEXANDER PUSHKIN***

Long he listens . . . but in vain;
Sniffs—familiar scent! Egad!
What profusion there, what wonder!
Just a glimpse would not be bad;
If one pried the lock asunder . . .
Ere he knew it quite, he had.
Whoosh! the birds come swarming out,
Light on branches all about,
Tails aflirt. In vain our lad
Loudly calls them back to casket,
Throws them biscuit from his basket,
Scatters morsels—all no good.
(Clearly such was not their diet):
Why come back if you could riot
Sweetly chanting in the wood,
To be cooped in gloom and quiet?

Meanwhile in the distance stumbles,
All bent double by her load,
Some old woman down the road.
Our poor envoy up and bumbles,
Quite distracted, in her wake:
"Granny, help, my head's at stake!
Look, there sit my birds all scattered,
Chattering as if nothing mattered.
How can I entice them back?"

That old woman craned her neck,
Spat, and with her crutch did beckon:
"Though you asked for it, I reckon.
Do not fret or worry so:
All you need to do is show – – – – –
And they'll all fly back, I warrant."
Our young fellow thanked the crone,
And the moment he had shown – – – – –
Down they tumbled in a torrent,
Whirring off their firs and birches,
And resumed their former perches
In the envoy's box; and he,
To forestall some new disaster,
Clapped them under lock and key,
And rode homeward to his master,
(Thanking God he had retrieved them).

When the princesses received them,
Each one promptly found its cage;
And the Czar in royal glee
Graciously was pleased to stage
A gigantic jubilee.
Seven days they spent in feting,
And a month recuperating.
The entire house of lords
He allotted rich awards,
Nor forgot the witch herself:
On the art museum's ladders
Reaching for the highest shelf,
They brought down to send the elf
Skeletons, a brace of adders,
And in spirits in a jar
Half a candle, famed afar.
And of course the envoy bold
Had his prize. My tale is told.

Some will ask me, eyebrows climbing,
Why I wrought such fatuous rhyming,
What the reason for it was?
Let me answer them: Because.

—*Translated by Walter W. Arndt*

WOODCUT BY ROBERT B. DANCE

# despair *(continued from page 108)*

let us have done with them: the firm's office happened to be on the very outskirts of the town and I did not find the fellow I wanted. They told me he would be back in an hour or so . . .

I think I ought to inform the reader that there has just been a long interval. The sun has had time to set, touching up on its way down with sanguine the clouds above the Pyrenean mountain that so resembles Fujiyama. I have been sitting in a queer state of exhaustion, now listening to the rushing and crashing of the wind, now drawing noses in the margin of the page, now slipping into a vague slumber, and then starting up all aquiver. And again there would grow in me that prickly feeling, that unendurable twitter . . . and my will lay limp in an empty world . . . I had to make a great effort in order to switch on the light and stick in a new nib. The old one had got chipped and bent and now looks like the beak of a bird of prey. No, these are not the throes of creation . . . but something quite different.

Well, as I was saying, the man was out, would be back in an hour. Having nothing better to do I went for a stroll. It was a fast, fresh, blue-dappled day; the wind, a distant relation of the one here, winged its course along the narrow streets; a cloud every now and then palmed the sun, which reappeared like a conjurer's coin. The public garden, where invalids were hand-pedaling about, was a storm of heaving lilac bushes. I looked at shop signs; picked out some word concealing a Slav root familiar to me, though overgrown with an unfamiliar meaning. I wore new yellow gloves and kept swinging my arms as I rambled on aimlessly. Then all of a sudden the row of houses broke, disclosing a vast stretch of land that at first glance seemed to me most rural and alluring.

After passing some barracks, in front of which a soldier was exercising a white horse, I trod upon soft sticky soil; dandelions trembled in the wind and a shoe with a hole in it was basking in the sunshine under a fence. Farther on, a hill, splendidly steep, sloped up into the sky. Decided to climb it. Its splendor proved to be a deception. Among stunted beeches and elder shrubs a zigzag path with steps hewn into it went up and up. I fancied at first that after the very next turning I should reach a spot of wild and wonderful beauty, but it never showed itself. That drab vegetation could not satisfy me. The shrubs straggled on bare ground, polluted all over with scraps of paper, rags, battered tins. One could not leave the steps of the path, for it dug very deep into the incline, and on either side tree roots and scrags of rotting moss stuck out of its earthen walls like the broken springs of decrepit furniture in a house where a madman had dreadfully died. When at last I reached the summit I found there a few shacks standing awry, a washing line, and on it some pants bloated with the wind's sham life.

I put both elbows on the gnarled wooden railing and, looking down, saw, far below and slightly veiled by mist, the city of Prague; shimmering roofs, smoking chimneys, the barracks I had just passed, a tiny white horse.

Resolving to descend by another way, I took the highroad which I found beyond the shacks. The only beautiful thing in the landscape was the dome of a gasholder on a hill: round and ruddy against the blue sky, it looked like a huge football. I left the road and began to climb again, this time up a thinly turfed slope. Dreary and barren country. The rattle of a truck came from the road, then a cart passed in the opposite direction, then a cyclist, then, vilely painted rainbowwise, the motor van of a firm of varnishers. In those rascals' spectrum the green band adjoined the red.

For some time I remained gazing at the road from the slope; then turned, went on, found a blurry trail running between two humps of bald ground, and after a while looked about for a place to rest. At some distance from me under a thornbush, flat on his back and with a cap on his face, there sprawled a man. I was about to pass, but something in his attitude cast a queer spell over me; the emphasis of that immobility, the lifelessness of those widespread legs, the stiffness of that half-bent arm. He was dressed in a dark coat and worn corduroy trousers.

"Nonsense," I told myself. "Asleep, merely asleep. No reason for me to intrude." But nevertheless I approached, and with the toe of my elegant shoe flicked the cap off his face.

Trumpets, please! Or still better, that tattoo which goes with a breathless acrobatic stunt. Incredible! I doubted the reality of what I saw, doubted my own sanity, felt sick and faint—honestly I was forced to sit down, my knees were shaking so.

Now, if another had been in my place and had seen what I saw, he might perhaps have burst into roars of laughter. As for me I was too dazed by the mystery implied. While I looked, everything within me seemed to lose hold and come hurtling down from a height of ten stories. I was gazing at a marvel. Its perfection, its lack of cause and object, filled me with a strange awe.

At this point, now that I have got to the important part and quenched the fire of that itching, it is meet, I presume, that I should bid my prose stand at ease and, quietly retracing my steps, try to define my exact mood that morning, and the way my thoughts wandered when, after not finding the firm's agent in, I went for that walk, scaled that hill, stared at the red rotundity of that gasholder against the blue background of a breezy May day. Let us, by all means, settle that matter. So behold me once again before the encounter, bright-gloved but hatless still loitering aimlessly. What was going on in my mind? Nothing at all, oddly enough. I was absolutely empty and thus comparable to some translucid vessel doomed to receive contents as yet unknown. Whiffs of thoughts relating to the business in hand, to the car I had recently acquired, to this or that feature of the surrounding country, played, as it were, on the outside of my mind, and if anything did echo in my vast inward wilderness it was merely the dim sensation of some force driving me along.

A clever Lett whom I used to know in Moscow in 1919 said to me once that the clouds of brooding which occasionally and without any reason came over me were a sure sign of my ending in a madhouse. He was exaggerating, of course; during this last year I have thoroughly tested the remarkable qualities of clarity and cohesion exhibited by the logical masonry in which my strongly developed but perfectly normal mind indulged. Frolics of the intuition, artistic vision, inspiration, all the grand things which have lent my life such beauty, may, I expect, strike the layman, clever though he be, as the preface of mild lunacy. But don't you worry; my health is perfect, my body both clean within and without, my gait easy; I neither drink nor smoke excessively, nor do I live in riot. Thus, in the pink of health, well dressed and young-looking, I roved the countryside described above; and the secret inspiration did not deceive me. I did find the thing that I had been unconsciously tracking. Let me repeat—incredible! I was gazing at a marvel, and its perfection, its lack of cause and object filled me with a strange awe. But perhaps already then, while I gazed, my reason had begun to probe the perfection, to search for the cause, to guess at the object.

He drew his breath in with a sharp sniff; his face broke into ripples of life—this slightly marred the marvel, but still it was there. He then opened his eyes, blinked at me askance, sat up, and with endless yawns—could not get his fill of them—started scratching his scalp, both hands deep in his brown greasy hair.

He was a man of my age, lank, dirty, with a three days' stubble on his chin; there was a narrow glimpse of pink flesh between the lower edge of his collar (soft, with two round slits meant for an absent pin) and the upper end of his shirt. His thin-knitted tie dangled sideways, and there was not a button to his shirt front. A few pale violets were fading in his buttonhole; one of them had got loose and hung head downward. Near him lay a shabby knapsack; an opened flap revealed a pretzel and the greater part of a sausage with the usual connotations of ill-timed lust and brutal amputation. I sat examining the tramp with astonishment;

*(continued on page 287)*

# PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Now, who do you suppose would send me a big wooden crate for Christmas filled with something I'm not supposed to refrigerate? . . . Chiquita Banana and I haven't seen each other for years . . . Besides, she never gave me anything bigger than a small serape . . . Meanwhile, other well-wishers have sent me some really superb holiday gifts that I'd bet any guy would be glad to get, to wit: From left to right: Complete home weather station indicates barometric pressure, temperature, wind speed and direction, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $225. Closed-circuit TV camera instantly adjusts for any light level, by Concord Electronics Corp., $399.50. English bowls for indoor carpet bowling, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $12.95. Leather liquor caddy with labeled bottles for whiskey, brandy and gin, from Rigaud, $42. Automatic 12-volt battery recharger keeps car and boat batteries at maximum efficiency, by Servo-Tek Marine, $148. Pippi decanter, $21, and cordial glasses in Kosta crystal from Sweden, $2 each; from Georg Jensen of New York. Atop the crate, an English leather lantern, from Rigaud, $35. Italian wool pullover with mock turtleneck and striped trim, from Battaglia, $35. Mahogany tackle box with brass trim, $19.95, containing assorted lures, $25; all from A & F. Solid teakwood version of the ancient African and Asian Kalaha game, from Bullock & Jones, $15. Dual-power portable solid-state tape recorder automatically switches from batteries to alternating

current, by Concord Electronics Corp., $129.95. Legal-size attaché case is leather-lined, with removable front portfolio, by Karl Seeger, $159.25. Walnut humidor on stand stores 250 cigars, has glass-lined drawer holding 50 more for current use, from Alfred Dunhill, $175. Monogram squash racket, $15.70, shown with blue vinyl tennis- or squash-racket case with black welt-seam trim, shoulder and side strap; side and top zippers open compartments for shoes, extra clothing and several rackets, $22.95; both from A & F. Reproduction of antique ceramic barber's bowl from France proclaims *La Liberté ou la mort*, from Rigaud, $19.50. Sun-powered "Portable 8" transistor radio uses solid-state cells to convert energy from the sun to play or recharge batteries, by Zenith, $59.95. *McClane's Standard Fishing Encyclopedia* has 1088 pages and more than 1200 entries, published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $23.95. Four-piece bar-accessory set of Italian goatskin stretched over wood with mirrorlike finish that gives a marble effect, from Alfred Dunhill of London, $37.50. Revolving stereo speakers give total circular sound dispersion and eliminate audio dead spots, by Circle-O-Phonic, $99.50 each. Transistor FM/stereo tuner/amplifier with circuitry that automatically switches to stereo operation whenever stereo is being broadcast, by H. H. Scott, $374.95. Danish Petronella oil-burning lamp of polished brass with opal glass globe, from Georg Jensen of New York, $36.

Well, at least the mystery gifter got the right end up this time . . . Hope it's not a reproduction of the *Winged Victory of Samothrace* done in Jell-O . . . Clockwise from one there's a gold-plated Rollagas lighter, from Alfred Dunhill of London, $35. Ribbed 14-kt.-gold fluid lighter, from C. D. Peacock, $127. Gold 18-jewel pocket watch, by Patek Philippe, $795. Stainless-steel 17-jewel chronograph, by Movado, $145. White-gold, 30-jewel self-winding watch, with flexible bark band, by Piaget, $2200. Gold 17-jewel watch with polished, flexible bracelet, by Girard-Perregaux, $295. Formal watch in white gold with diamond setting and black-suede band, by Omega, $450. Electric watch with expansion band, by Timex, $39.95. Hand-carved jade ring, $590, tourmaline cat's-eye ring, $240, and 14-kt.-gold key in a basketweave design, $47.75; all from C. D. Peacock. Linde star sapphire links, by Ralph Destino, $100. Silver-and-gold cuff links, by Maria Vogt, $25. Tourmaline cat's-eye stud set and matching links, from C. D. Peacock, $300. Glycine skindiver's elapsed-time watch, functional to 750 feet, from Corrigan Jewelers of Houston, $89.50. Combination money clip and Swiss watch, from Thrifty House, $15.95. Money clip, $24, Florentined gold harness belt buckle, $122.50, golf marker, $17, barrel-type sterling-silver pencil sharpener, $7.75, and Gorham sterling-silver pipe rest, $8.50; all from C. D. Peacock. Shell briar pipe, by Alfred Dunhill of London, $35. Rolex Oyster day and date watch, by American Rolex, $1000.

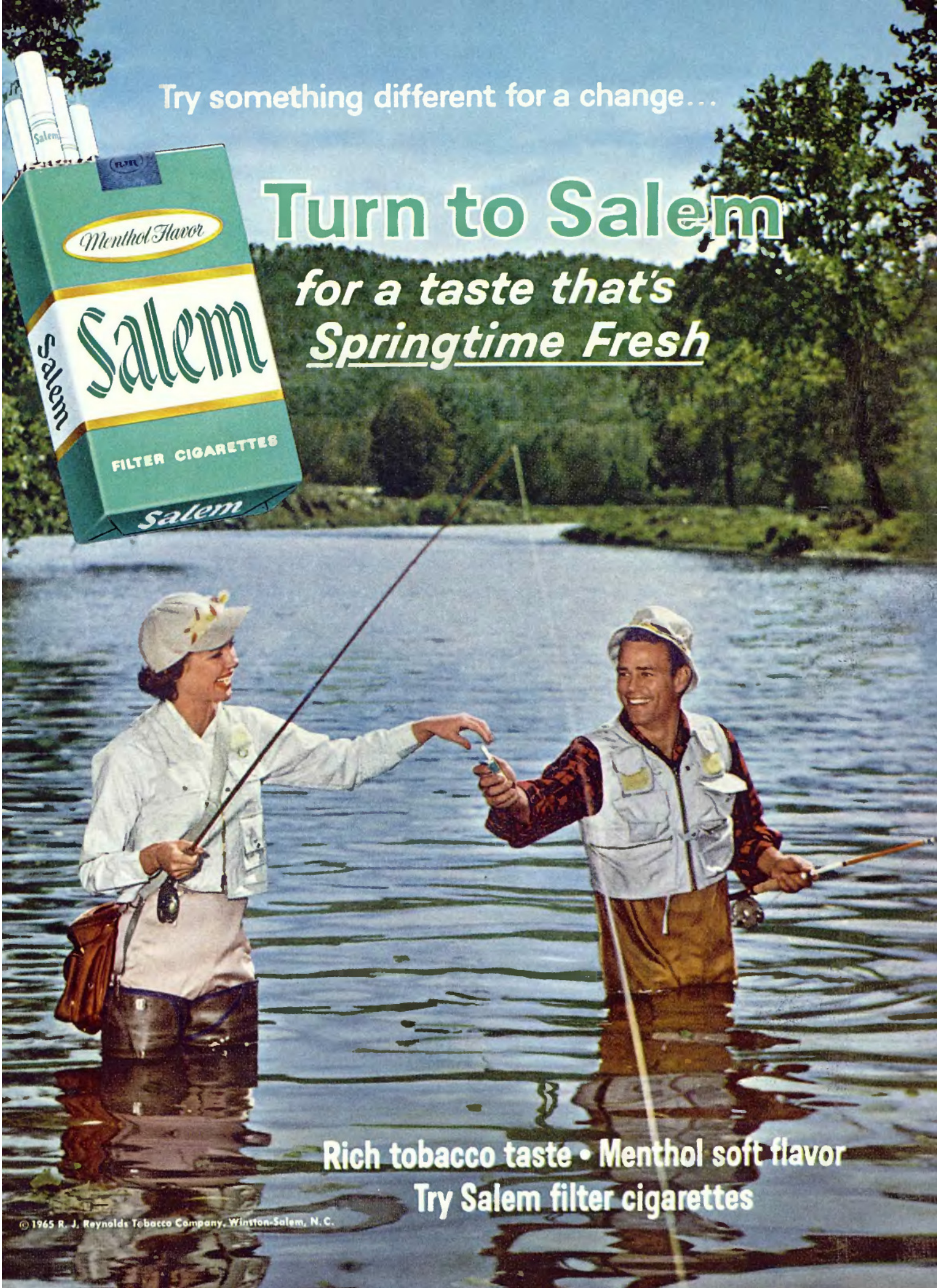
What do you know, it's from Chicago . . . Who do I know there? . . . It can't be from the mayor—elections are over. To ease the suspense, let's see what else I got . . . Clockwise from one: Bronnley of England soap shaped like billiard balls in a rack, from Bullock & Jones, $5. Adjustable high-intensity lamp, by Lightolier, $17.95. Automatic clock radio with clock on one side and transistor radio on the other, by Bulova, $49.95. Ordco rangefinder, from A & F, $24.95. Pigskin and gold compressible sports glasses with sliding lens covers, from Rigaud, $75. Calf-suede gloves, imported from England, from Sulka, $22.50. German-made vermeil St. Hubert figurine with semiprecious stones around base and carved ivory face, from C. D. Peacock, $81.80. Six English replicas of old Russian vodka glasses, in case, from Bullock & Jones, $25. Cigarette pack–size AM/FM pocket radio, by Standard Radio, $49.95. French baby-crocodile belt, by Sulka, $40. Subminiature Rollei 16 camera with Zeiss Tessar 2.8/25mm lens in focusing mount, by Rollei, $179.50. Unitach auto-testing instrument with 2 tachometer gauges for checking car performance, by the B. J. Company, $49.95. Handmade German brass-and-copper chess set and board, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $225. Miniature tool kit holds 6 screwdrivers, 4 wrenches, and pliers, from Hoffritz, $22.50. Italian silk tie and pocket square, by Handcraft, $8. Canon Pellix single-lens reflex camera with 50mm f/1.8 lens takes pictures through stationary mirror, by Bell and Howell, $369.50.

Hey! Of course I know someone in Chicago . . . Good old PLAYBOY . . . But why look a gift box in the mouth? I already get 12 great presents from them every year . . . But, say, this is really thoughtful of them . . . I'll just have to remember to borrow a crowbar before Christmas. Meanwhile, I'll scan my other goodies. Clockwise from one: Finnish brass table lamp with white half-moon shade, from Bonniers, $45. Pewter lift-lid tankard with glass bottom, by Ellis Barker, $36. Soft-sided cowhide attaché case with inside divider, by Essway, $50. Miniature teakwood home office opens to provide space for typewriter, files, papers and office equipment, from Scandinavian Design, $294. Giant walnut hourglass end table, from the Crossroads of Sport, $57.50. Nine-inch portable TV set with adapter and accessories for use in a car, by Philco, $233. Compact electric typewriter, by Olivetti Underwood Corp., $295. Battery-powered dictating unit, by IBM, $425. Leather executive reminder includes a comprehensive personal appointment schedule and daily expense record, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $19.95. Wool cardigan with cotton-corduroy–panel front, by Leonardo Strassi, $35. Leather umbrella stand with painted crest and metal tray to catch drip, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $50. In umbrella stand, from right to left: Bamboo walking stick which converts into an umbrella, from Mark Cross, $35; dark-walnut Bucks County walking stick with gold-plated top band for monogramming, from A & F, $35; black umbrella with bamboo

handle, from Mark Cross, $17.50. Miniature car-racing layout includes cars, plug-in speed controls, plug-in power pack, roadway track and accessories, from Aurora Plastics, $39.95. Card Dialer telephone automatically dials itself when a coded card is inserted, from Bell Telephone, $3.50 per month plus $5 installation. Italian zephyr-wool pullover, $27.50, and lightweight Italian wool mock-turtleneck pullover, $27.50; both from Battaglia. Pair of high-performance speakers, peaking to 35 watts, by Cizek, $39.95 each. Brushed-brass ship's clock, from Edmund Scientific Company, $60. Heavy, 130-lb.-class fishing rod, $175, with solid-aluminum, all-ball-bearing Finnor reel carved from a solid piece, $645; both from Abercrombie & Fitch. Sauna-bath heater in a steel housing with special deflection hood for maintaining even temperature, by Cascade Industries, $500. A fingertip-controlled, self-propelled water-ski craft has 25-horsepower rotary engine in fiberglass hull that can pull a skier at speeds up to 30 miles per hour, by Roto-motive Industries, $795. Pak-a-Robe set containing an all-wool sports robe in vinyl case with two foam-rubber cushions, by Faribo Woolen Mills, $19.98. Clear rustic-glass decanter set with round, raised green decoration, imported from Finland, $19.50, highball glass, $26 per dozen, and old fashioned glass, $24 per dozen; all from Bonniers. Wollensak 7000 extended-play automatic custom-installation stereo-mono, cartridge-fed tape deck with automatic threading, rewinding, changing and playback, by 3-M, $359.95.

Now, there's a Christmas present a fellow can really use . . . the December Playmate just for my very own. Gee, thanks, fellows . . . Say, you're not going to make me give her back to you at the end of the month, are you? The rest I know I can keep. From left to right: Imported Italian wool V-neck pullover, by Gino Paoli, $50. Red-vinyl leather-trimmed golf bag, $37.50, fiberglass-and-chrome-frame, rustproof golf umbrella with nylon cover, $35, four persimmon-head woods, $96, eight pro-flex shafted irons with rubber grips, $168.75, and Kasha-lined vinyl head covers with white leather trim, $8 for a set of four; all by PGA. Sterling-silver mugs with horn handles, from Mark Cross, $22.50 each. Brass wine cooler imported from Denmark, from Bonniers, $45. Solid-state, 19-inch portable television featuring a black glass front, by Westinghouse, $230. High-level armoire, designed by Arne Vodder in oiled-walnut finish on wood-base legs with eight pull-out drawer shelves, four adjustable shelves and two drawers, from George Tanier, $690. Powerful solid-state stereo receiver automatically switches from FM/mono to FM/stereo and features a visual indicator for extra-precision stereo broadcast dialing, Model 600-T, by Fisher, $459.50. Crafted walnut-frame leather chair featuring adjustable back and headrest, by B. W. Sanders, $350. Ten-foot fiberglass surfboard has polyurethane core and adjustable keel, by the Plastilite Corp. $99.50. Suede-panel-front cardigan with knit collar

and sleeves, by Cortefiel, $60. *The Twelfth Anniversary Playboy Cartoon Album* contains Hugh M. Hefner's choice of the best cartoons from 12 years of PLAYBOY, at bookstores or from Playboy Press, $12.95. Fashionaire overnight case with divider band and tie straps, by Samsonite, $32.50. They are resting on a 3½′ x 6½′ tiger-print silk-screened rug of natural chestnut pony, by Luten, Clarey, Stern, $625. Covered porcelain fireplace barbecue kettle with iron stand and brass trim, by Weber-Stephen, $41.95. Standard-valve 72-cubic-foot scuba tank sealed in a rugged plastic coating, $72.50, fitted with quality rubber tank boot, $4.95; attached is a single-hose breathing regulator which becomes weightless in mouth underwater, $59.50, soft-rubber face mask with purge valve and equalizer pads, $6.95, thermo-coated single-tank back pack, $19.50, and Corda floating-type fins in soft, molded Italian rubber, $10.95; all by Dacor. Hand-stitched pigskin desk set includes ashtray, $20, calendar pad, $10, pipe rack, $18, letter rack, $30, and desk spinet, $80; all from Mark Cross. Pipe rack holds a flame-grain two-pipe set, by Kaywoodie, $30. Le Coultre perpetual-motion Atlass clock wound by changes in air temperature, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $125. Four-speed, four-track Wollensak Model 5300 solid-state tape recorder with separated multiple speaker systems, by 3-M, $279.95. European-styled 250cc., four-speed motorcycle, by Harley-Davidson, $690 plus shipping. Five-foot belly board, by Phil, $57.50.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less romantic upbringing, cynical nonbelievers in Santa Claus from birth, can never know the nature of the true dream. I was well into my 20s before I finally gave up on the Easter bunny, and I am not convinced that I am the richer for it. Even now there are times when I'm not so sure about the stork.

Over the serpentine line roared a great sea of sound: tinkling bells, recorded carols, the hum and clatter of electric trains, whistles tooting, mechanical cows mooing, cash registers dinging, and from far off in the faint distance the "Ho-ho-ho-ing" of jolly old Saint Nick. Inching our way past the last landmark on our trek—the tricycle department—my brother and I finally stood at the foot of Mount Olympus itself. Santa's enormous gleaming-white snowdrift of a throne soared 10 or 15 feet above our heads on a mountain of red and green tinsel carpeted with flashing Christmas-tree bulbs and gleaming ornaments. Each kid in turn was prodded up a tiny staircase at the side of the mountain on Santa's left, as he passed his last customer on to his right and down a red chute—back into oblivion for another year.

Pretty ladies dressed in Snow White costumes, gauzy gowns glittering with sequins, and tiaras clipped to their golden, artificial hair, presided at the head of the line, directing traffic and keeping order. As we drew nearer, Santa seemed to loom larger and larger. The tension mounted. My brother was now whimpering steadily. I herded him ahead of me, while behind, the girl in the glasses did the same with *her* kid brother. Suddenly there was no one left ahead of us in the line. Snow White grabbed my brother's shoulder with an iron grip and he was on his way up the slope.

"Quit dragging your feet. Get moving," she barked at the toiling little figure climbing the stairs.

The music from above was deafening: JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY . . . sung by 10,000 echo-chambered, reverberating chipmunks.

High above me in the sparkling gloom I could see my brother's yellow-and-brown tasseled cap as he squatted briefly on Santa's gigantic knee. I heard a booming "Ho-ho-ho," then a high, thin, familiar, trailing wail, one that I had heard billions of times before, as my brother broke into his primal cry. A claw dug into my elbow, and I was launched upward toward the mountaintop.

I had long before decided to level with Santa, to really lay it on the line. No Sandy Andy, no kid stuff. If I was going to ride the range with Red Ryder, Santa Claus was going to have to get the straight poop.

"AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME, LITTLE BOY?" His booming baritone crashed out over the chipmunks. He reached down and neatly hooked my sheepskin collar, swooping me upward, and there I sat on the biggest knee in creation, looking down and out over the endless expanse of toyland and down to the tiny figures that wound off into the distance.

"Uhhh . . . uhhh . . . uhhhh . . ."

"THAT'S A FINE NAME, LITTLE BOY! HO-HO-HO! and now . . ."

Santa's warm, moist breath poured down over me as though from some cosmic steam radiator. Santa smoked Camels, like my Uncle Charles.

My mind had gone blank! Frantically I tried to remember what it was I wanted. I was blowing it! There was no one else in the world except me and Santa now. And the chipmunks.

"Uhhh . . . ahhh . . ."

"WOULDN'T YOU LIKE A NICE FOOTBALL?"

My mind groped. Football, football. Without conscious will, my voice squeaked out:

"Yeah."

My God, a football! My mind slammed into gear. Already Santa was sliding me off his knee and toward the red chute, and I could see behind me another white-faced kid bobbing upward.

"I want a Red Ryder BB gun with a special Red Ryder sight and a compass in the stock with a sundial," I shouted.

"HO-HO-HO! YOU'LL SHOOT YOUR EYE OUT, KID. HO-HO-HO! MERRY CHRISTMAS!" Down the chute I went.

I have never been struck by a bolt of lightning, but I know how it must feel. The back of my head was numb. My feet clanked leadenly beneath me as I returned to earth at the bottom of the chute. Another Snow White shoved the famous free gift into my mitten—a barely recognizable plastic Kriss Kringle stamped with bold red letters: MERRY XMAS SHOP AT GOLDBLATT'S FREE PARKING—and spun me back out into toyland. My brother stood sniveling under a counter piled high with Raggedy Ann dolls, and from nowhere my mother and father appeared.

"Did you tell Santa what you wanted?" the old man asked.

"Yeah."

"Did he ask you if you had been a good boy?"

"No."

"Ha! Don't worry. He knows anyway. I'll bet he knows about the basement window. Don't worry. He knows."

Maybe *that* was it! My mind reeled with the realization that maybe Santa *did* know how rotten I had been and that the football was not only a threat but a punishment. There had been for generations on Cleveland Street a theory that if you were not "a good boy" you would reap your just desserts under the Christmas tree. This idea had been largely discounted by the more confirmed evildoers in the neighborhood, but now I could not escape the distinct possibility that there was something to it. Usually for a full month or so before the big day most kids walked the straight and narrow, but I had made a drastic slip from the paths of righteousness by knocking out a basement window with a sled runner and then compounding the idiocy by denying it when all the evidence was incontrovertible. This caused an uproar that had finally resulted in my getting my mouth washed out with Lux and a drastic curtailment of allowance to pay for the glass. I could see that either my father or Santa, or perhaps both, were not content to let bygones be bygones. Were they in league with each other? Or was Santa actually a mother in disguise?

The next few days groaned by. Now only three more school days remained before Christmas vacation, that greatest time of all the year. As it drew closer, Iona Pearl Bodkin, my homeroom teacher, became more and more manic, whipping the class into a veritable frenzy of yuletide joy. We belted out carol after carol. We built our own paper Christmas tree with cutout ornaments. We strung long strings of popcorn chains. Crayon Santas and silver-paper wreaths poured out of our assembly line.

In a corner of the room, atop a desk decorated with crepe-paper rosettes, sat our Christmas grab bag. Every kid in the class had bought a gift for the grab bag with someone's name, drawn from a hat, attached. I had bought for Helen Weathers a large, amazingly lifelike, jet-black rubber tarantula. I had cackled fiendishly as I wrapped it, and even now its beady green eyes glared from somewhere in the depths of the Christmas grab bag. I knew she'd like it.

Miss Bodkin, after recess, addressed us:

"I want all of you to write a theme . . ."

A theme! A rotten theme before Christmas! There *must* be some kids somewhere who love writing themes, but to a normal air-breathing human kid, writing themes is a torture that ranks second only to the dreaded medieval thumbscrew of Inquisitional fame. A theme!

". . . entitled 'What I Want for Christmas,' " she concluded.

The clouds lifted. I saw a faint gleam of light at the other end of the black cave of gloom that had enveloped me since my visit to Santa. Rarely had the words poured from my penny pencil with such feverish fluidity. Here was a theme on a subject that needed talking about if ever one did! I remember to this day its glorious winged phrases and concise imagery:

> What I want for Christmas is a Red Ryder BB gun with a compass in the stock and this thing that tells

time. I think everybody should have a Red Ryder BB gun. They are very good for Christmas. I don't think a football is a very good Christmas present.

I wrote it on blue-lined paper from my Indian Chief tablet, being very careful about the margins. Miss Bodkin was very snippy about uneven margins. The themes were handed in and I felt somehow that when Miss Bodkin read mine she would sympathize with my plight and make an appeal on my behalf to the powers that be, and that everything would work out, somehow. She was my last hope.

The final day before vacation dawned dank and misty, with swirling eddies of icy wind that rattled the porch swing. Warren G. Harding School glowed like a jeweled oasis amid the sooty snowbanks of the playground. Lights blazed from all the windows, and in every room the Christmas party spirit had kids writhing in their seats. The morning winged by, and after lunch Miss Bodkin announced that the rest of the afternoon would be party time. She handed out our graded themes, folded, with our names scrawled on the outside. A big red B in Miss Bodkin's direct hand glowed on my literary effort. I opened it, expecting Miss Bodkin's usual penciled corrections, which ran along the lines of "Watch margins" or "Check sp." But this time a personal note leaped up, flew around the room and fastened itself leechlike on the back of my neck:

"You'll shoot your eye out. Merry Christmas."

I sat in my seat, shipping water from every seam. Was there no end to this conspiracy of irrational prejudice against Red Ryder and his peacemaker? Nervously I pulled out of my desk the dog-eared back page of *Open Road for Boys* which I had carried with me everywhere, waking and sleeping, for the past few weeks. Red Ryder's handsome orange face with the big balloon coming out of his mouth did not look discouraged or defeated. Red must have been a kid once himself, and they must have told him the same thing when he asked for his first Colt .44 for Christmas.

I stuffed my tattered dreams into my geography book and gloomily watched other, happier, carefree, singing kids who were going to *get* what they wanted for Christmas as Miss Bodkin distributed little green baskets filled with hard candy. Somewhere off down the hall the sixth-grade glee club was singing "O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie . . ."

Mechanically my jaws crunched on the concrete-hard rock candy and I stared hopelessly out the window, past cutout Santas and garlands of red-and-green chains. It was already getting dark. Night falls fast in northern Indiana at that time of year. Snow was beginning to fall, drifting softly through the feeble yellow glow of the distant street lamps, while around me unbridled merriment raged higher and higher.

By suppertime that night, I had begun to resign myself to my fate. After all, I told myself, you can always use another football, and anyway, there will be other Christmases.

The day before, I had gone with my father and mother to the frozen parking lot next to the Esso station where, after long and soul-searching discussion, we had picked out our tree. Now it stood in the living room, fragrantly, toweringly, teeteringly. Already my mother had begun the trimming operations: The lights were lit, and the living room was transformed into a small, warm paradise.

From the kitchen intoxicating smells were beginning to fill the house. Every year my mother baked two pumpkin pies, spicy and immobilizingly rich. Up through the hot-air registers echoed the boom and bellow of my father fighting the furnace. I was locked in my bedroom in a fever of excitement. Before me on the bed were sheets of green and yellow paper, balls of colored string, and cellophane envelopes of stickers showing sleighing scenes, wreaths, and angels blowing trumpets. The zeppelin was already lumpily done—it had taken me 45 minutes—and now I struggled with the big one, the magnificent gleaming gold and pearl perfume atomizer, knowing full well that I was wrapping what would undoubtedly become a treasured family heirloom. I checked the lock on the door, and for double safety hollered: "Don't anyone open this door!"

I turned back to my labors until finally there they were—my masterworks of creative giving piled in a neat pyramid on the quilt. My brother was locked in the bathroom, wrapping the fly swatter he had bought for the old man.

Our family always had its Christmas on Christmas Eve. Other, less fortunate people, I had heard, opened their presents in the chill clammy light of dawn. Far more civilized, *our* Santa Claus recognized that barbaric practice for what it was. Around midnight great heaps of tissuey, crinkly, sparkly, enigmatic packages appeared among the lower branches of the tree and half-hidden among the folds of the white bed sheet that looked in the soft light like some magic snowbank.

Earlier, just after the tree had been finished, my father had taken me and my brother out in the Graham-Paige to

*"I don't know. What do you usually do Christmas Eve?"*

"pick up a bottle of wine." When we returned Santa had been there and gone! On the end table and the bookcase were bowls of English walnuts, cashews and almonds and petrified hard candy. My brother circled around the tree, moaning softly, while I, cooler and more controlled, quickly eyed the mountain of revealingly wrapped largess—and knew the worst.

Out of the kitchen came my mother, flushed and sparkly-eyed, bearing two wineglasses half filled with the special Walgreen drugstore vintage that my old man especially favored. Christmas had officially begun. As they sipped their wine, we plunged into the cornucopia, quivering with desire and the ecstasy of unbridled avarice. In the background, on the radio, Lionel Barrymore's wheezy, friendly old voice spoke kindly of Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim and the ghost of old Marley.

The first package I grabbed was tagged "To Randy from Santa." I feverishly passed it over to my brother, who always was a slow reader, and returned to work. Aha!

"To Jeanie from Aunt Min"—on a largish, lumpy, red-wrapped gift that I suspected to be the crummy football. Frantically I tore off the wrappings. Oh no! OH NO! A pair of fuzzy, pink, idiotic, cross-eyed, flop-eared bunny slippers! Aunt Min had for years labored under the delusion that I was not only perpetually four years old but also a girl. My mother instantly added oil to the flames by saying:

"Oh, aren't they sweet! Aunt Min always gives you the nicest presents. Put 'em on; see if they fit."

They did. Immediately my feet began to sweat as those two fluffy little bunnies with blue button eyes stared sappily up at me, and I knew that for at least two years I would have to wear them every time Aunt Min visited us. I just hoped that Flick would never spot them, as the word of this humiliation could easily make life at Warren G. Harding School a veritable hell.

Next to me in harness, my kid brother silently, doggedly stripped package after package until he hit the zeppelin. It was the jackpot! Falling over sideways with an ear-splitting yell, he launched it upward into the middle branches of the tree. Two glass angels and a golden bugle crashed to the floor, and a string of lights winked out.

"It's not supposed to fly, you nut," I said.

"Aah, what good is a zeppelin that doesn't fly?"

"It rolls. And beeps."

Instantly he was on his knees pushing the Graf Zeppelin, beeping fiendishly, propellers clacking, across the living-room rug. It was a sound that was to become sickeningly familiar in the months ahead. I suspect even at that moment my mother knew that one day the zeppelin


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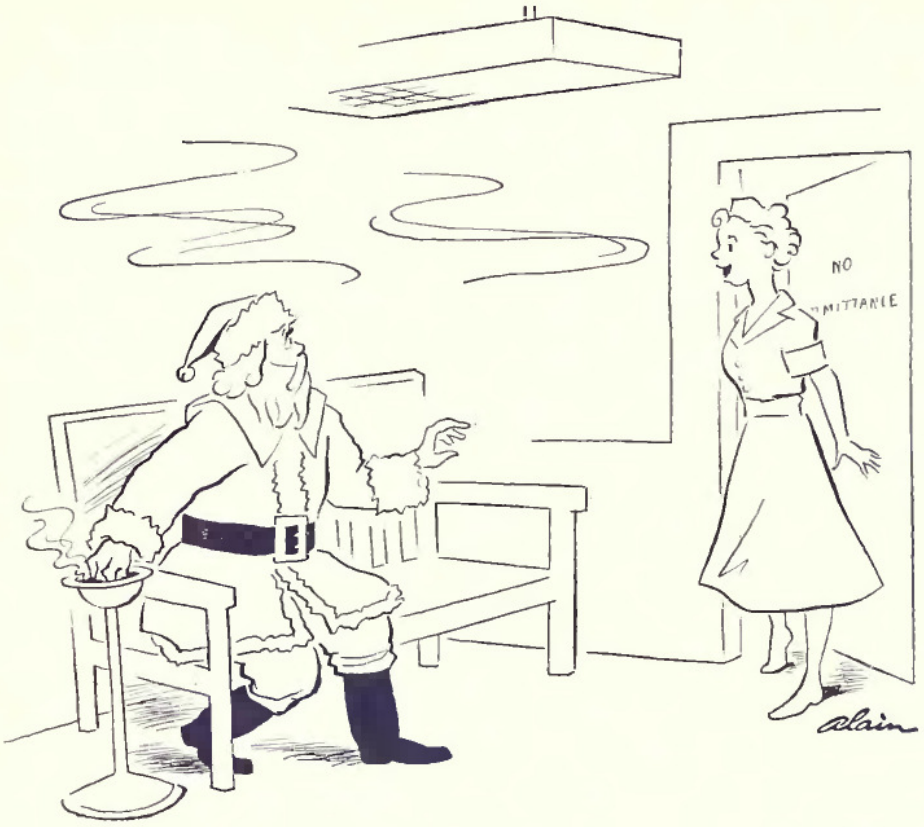


*"It's an elf!"*

would mysteriously disappear, never to beep again.

My father was on his feet with the first blink of the dying tree lights. He loved nothing better than to track down the continual short circuits and burned-out bulbs of Christmas-tree light strings. Oblivious, I continued to ravage my gifts, feigning unalloyed joy at each lousy Sandy Andy, dump truck and Monopoly game. My brother's gift to me was the only bright spot in an otherwise remarkably mediocre haul: a rubber Frankenstein face which I knew would come in handy. I immediately put it on and, peering through the slit eyes, continued to open my booty.

"Oh, how terrible!" my mother said. "Take it off and put it away."

"I think it looks great on him," my father said. I stood up and did my already famous Frankenstein walk, clumping stiff-legged around the living room and back to the tree.

Finally it was over. There were no more mysterious packages under the tree, only a great pile of crumpled tissue paper, string and empty boxes. In the excitement I had forgotten Red Ryder and the BB gun, but now it all came back. Skunked! Well, at least I had a Frankenstein face. And there was no denying that I had scored heavily with the Simoniz and the atomizer, as well as the zeppelin. The joy of giving can uplift the saddened heart.

My brother lay dozing amid the rubble, the zeppelin clasped in one hand and his new fire truck in the other. My father bent over from his easy chair, his eighth glass of wine in his hand.

"Say, don't I see something over there stuck behind the drapes? Why, I think there *is* something over there behind the drapes."

He was right! There *was* a tiny flash of red under the ecru curtains. Like a shot I was off, and milliseconds later I knew that old Santa had come through! A long, heavy, red-wrapped package, marked "To Jeanie from Santa" had been left somehow behind the curtains. In an instant the wrappings were off, and there it was! A Red Ryder carbine-action range-model BB gun lay in its crinkly white packing, blue-steel barrel graceful and taut, its dark, polished stock gleaming like all the treasures of the Western world. And there, burned into the walnut, his level gaze unmistakable, his jaw clean and hard, was Red Ryder himself coolly watching my every move. His face was even more beautiful and malevolent than the pictures in the advertisements showed.

Over the radio thundered a thousand-voiced heavenly chorus:

"JOY TO THE WORLD! THE LORD IS COME . . ."

My mother sat and smiled a weak, doubtful smile while my old man grinned broadly from behind his wineglass.

The magnificent weapon had come equipped with two heavy tubes of beautiful Copproteck BBs, gleaming gold and as hard as sin itself. Covered with a thin film of oil, they poured with a "ssshhhing" sound into the 200-shot magazine through a BB-size hole in the side of that long blue-steel tube. They added weight and a feeling of danger to the gun. There were also printed targets, 25 of them, with a large bull's-eye inside concentric rings marked "One-Two-Three-Four," and the bull's-eye was printed right in the middle of a portrait of Red Ryder himself.

I could hardly wait to try it out, but the instruction booklet said, in Red Ryder's own words:

> Kids, never fire a BB gun in the house. They can really shoot. And don't ever shoot at other kids. I never shoot anybody but bad guys, and I don't want any of my friends hurt.

It was well past midnight anyway and, excitement or no, I was getting sleepy. Tomorrow was Christmas Day, and the relatives were coming over to visit. That would mean even more loot of one kind or another.

In my warm bed I could hear the falling snow in the cold still air brushing softly against the dark window. Next to me in the blackness lay my oiled blue-steel beauty, the greatest Christmas gift I had ever received. Gradually I drifted off to sleep—pranging ducks on the wing and getting off spectacular hip shots as I dissolved into nothingness.

Dawn came. As the gray light crept around the shades and over the quilt, I was suddenly and tinglingly awake. Stealthily I dressed in my icy maroon corduroy knickers, my sheepskin coat and my plaid sweater. I pulled on my high-tops and found my mittens, crept through the dark living room, fragrant with Christmas tree, and out onto the porch. Inside the house the family slept the sleep of the just and the fulfilled.

During the night a great snow had fallen, covering the gritty remains of past snowfalls. The trees hung rich and heavy with fluffy down. The sun, soaring bright and brilliantly sharp over Pulaski's candy-store, lit up the soft, rolling moonscape of snow with orange and gold splashes of color. Overnight the temperature had dropped 30 degrees or more, and the brittle, crackling air was still and clean, and it hurt the lungs to breathe it. The temperature stood at perhaps 15 to 20 below zero, cold enough to make the telephone wires creak and groan in agony. From the eaves of the front porch, gnarled crystal icicles stretched all the way to the drifts on the buried lawn.

I trudged down the steps, barely discernible in the soft fluff, and now I stood in the clean air, ready to consummate my great, long, painful, ecstatic love affair. Brushing the snow off the third step, I propped up a gleaming Red Ryder target, the black rings and bull's-eye standing out starkly against the snowy whiteness.

Above the bull's-eye Red Ryder watched me, his eyes following my every move. I backed off into the snow a good 20 feet, slammed the stock down onto my left kneecap, holding the barrel with my mittened left hand, flipped the mitten off my right and, hooking my fingers in the icy carbine lever, cocked my blue-steel buddy for the first time. I heard the BB click down into the chamber; the spring inside twanged sharply, and with a clunk she rested taut, hard and loaded in my chapped, rapidly bluing hands.

For the first time I sighted down over that cold barrel, the heart-shaped rear sight almost brushing my nose and the blade of the front sight wavering back and forth, up and down, and finally coming to rest sharply, cutting the heart and laying dead on the innermost ring. Red Ryder didn't move a muscle, his Stetson flaring out above the target as he waited.

Slowly I squeezed the frosty trigger. Back . . . back . . . back. For one instant I thought wildly: It doesn't work! We'll have to send it back! And then: CRRAAACK!

The gun jerked upward and for a brief instant everything stood still. The target twitched a tiny tic—and then a massive wallop, a gigantic, slashing impact crashed across the left side of my face. My horn-rimmed glasses spun from my head into a snowbank. For several seconds I stood, not knowing what had happened, warm blood trailing down over my cheek and onto the walnut stock of my Red Ryder 200-shot range-model BB gun.

I lowered the barrel convulsively. The target still stood; Red Ryder was unscratched. A ragged, uncontrolled tidal wave of pain, throbbing and singing, rocked my head. The ricocheting BB had missed my eye by perhaps a half inch, and a long, angry, bloody welt extended from my cheekbone almost to my ear. It was divine retribution! Red Ryder had struck again! Another bad guy had been gunned down!

Frantically I scrambled for my glasses. And then the most catastrophic blow of all—they were pulverized! Few things brought such swift and terrible retribution on a kid during the Depression as a pair of busted glasses. The left lens was out as clean as a whistle, and for a moment I thought: I'll fake it! They'll never know the lens is gone! But then, gingerly fingering my rapidly swelling black eye, I realized that here was a shiner on the way that would top even the one I got the time I fought Grover Dill.

As I put the cold horn-rims back on my nose, the front door creaked open just a crack and I could make out the blur of my mother's Chinese-red chenille bathrobe.

"Be careful. Don't shoot out your eye! Just be careful now."

She hadn't seen! Rapidly my mind evolved a spectacular fantasy involving a falling icicle and how it had hit the gun barrel which caused the stock to bounce up and cut my cheek and break my glasses and I tried to get out of the way but the icicle fell off the roof and hit the gun and it bounced up and hit me and . . . I began to cry uproariously, faking it at first, but then the shock and fear took over and it was the real thing—heaving, sobbing, retching.

I was now in the bathroom, my mother bending over me, telling me:

"There now, see, it's just a little bump. You're lucky you didn't cut your eye. Those icicles sometimes even kill people. You're really lucky. Here, hold this rag on it, and don't wake your brother."

I HAD PULLED IT OFF!

• • •

I sipped the bitter dregs of coffee that remained in my cup, suddenly catapulted by a falling tray back into the cheerful, impersonal, brightly lit clatter of Horn & Hardart. I wondered whether Red Ryder was still dispensing retribution and frontier justice as of old. Considering the number of kids I see with broken glasses, I suspect he is.


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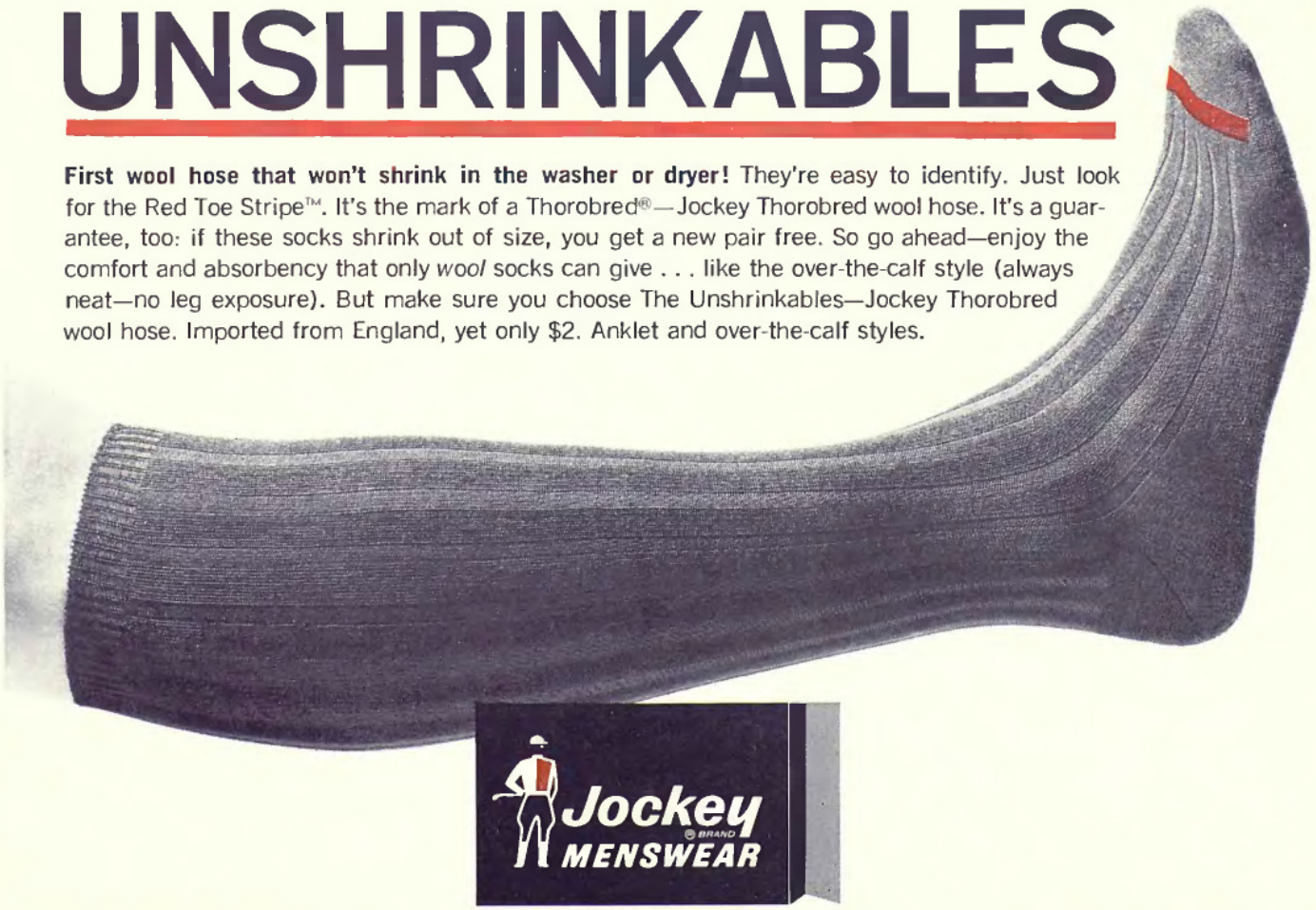


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## JOHNNY JANIS *waxing romantic*

LATEST IN A LONG line of gifted entertainers—Dick Gregory, Jerry Van Dyke, the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, among others—who have used the stages of the international Playboy Club circuit as their launching site to stardom is a young baritone named Johnny Janis. His gutsy, deep-throated singing style, which he frequently backs up with his own virtuoso brand of guitar accompaniment, so impressed PLAYBOY's Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner that he personally made arrangements for Janis to cut a new album of romantic ballads for Monument Records, under the expert direction of arranger-conductor Don Costa. Featuring Costa's consummate charting skills (which have been used by such eminent balladeers as Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis and Steve Lawrence) and the big-band background of nearly 30 top-flight studio instrumentalists, Johnny's first Monument release—*Playboy Presents Johnny Janis/Once in a Blue Moon*—includes a perfect dozen from his romantic repertoire and signals the arrival of a versatile new vocal talent. For his LP debut, which longtime record buff Hefner considers "one of the finest romantic albums ever recorded," Janis has deliberately refrained from using the customary up-tempo standards record buyers have come to expect as part of any new vocalist's high-fidelity bow. "I know it's an offbeat approach," he explains, "but I've always wanted to try my hand at a mood-sustaining album devoted exclusively to ballads." Costa, whose musical judgment rarely misses a measure in such matters, calls Janis "one of the most sensitive and distinctive performers I've ever written for." Listen, and we're sure you'll agree.

## JOHN CHANCELLOR *voice for voice*

"I WAS HAPPY as a flea working for NBC," John Chancellor sighed wistfully when President Johnson appointed him director of the Voice of America at a 50-percent reduction in salary. But when the President says "please," Chancellor says "yes," because "there really is no ethical alternative." The White House appointment celebrated the second sizable pay cut Chancellor has digested in the past three years. In 1962 he earned $125,000 annually as mouthpiece for NBC's *Today* show, when he suddenly wanted out on the grounds that he was a newspaperman and that *Today* "needs an actor." At VOA, John William Chancellor once again deserted the news desk—this time to become an image maker. He heads an agency (at $24,500 a year) that for years has been damned if it did and damned if it didn't. His predecessor quit because *Voice* was too propagandistic, yet some Congressmen long have howled that *Voice* wasn't propagandistic enough. Assuming this uncomfortable perch is a 38-year-old native of Chicago (six feet, 200 pounds, married, father of three), once a reporter for the *Chicago Sun-Times*. In 1964, at NBC, he covered the Republican National Convention in San Francisco where, still clutching his microphone, he was hustled off the floor by police. "Hello out there," he then remarked with aplomb, "this is John Chancellor, somewhere in custody." Now a custodian himself, he sees the Voice of America as a newspaper of the air, complete with editorial page. "Our main weapon is our freedom to make our own mistakes and solve our own problems out in the open. And I aim to use that weapon."

## **OSKAR WERNER** *an oscar for oskar?*

IN EUROPE, it is not Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud nor Richard Burton who is hailed as the premier delineator of *Hamlet*, but rather a flaxen-thatched Viennese actor, Oskar Werner, who is 43 and looks 23. Werner, as impresario and leading performer of the Theater Ensemble Oskar Werner, has triumphantly toured the Continent since 1959. American audiences first saw him in 1951, when he portrayed a German soldier employed as an Allied spy in the filmed-in-Europe *Decision Before Dawn*. On the strength of that performance, 20th Century-Fox put him under contract, but kept him cooling his heels until 1953. Oskar, bridling under his enforced idleness, went back to Europe and *Hamlet*. He wasn't seen again in the U. S. until 1961, when he starred in François Truffaut's *Jules and Jim*, which won him an enthusiastic following of art-house devotees but little national recognition. It remained for *Ship of Fools* to provide Werner with American impact. His performance as the ship's doctor was singled out as a dramatic tour de force. Hollywood producers began fighting for Werner's services. The result: parts as the Communist agent in *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* and the Confederate prison-camp commandant, Captain Wirtz, in MacKinlay Kantor's *Andersonville*. Werner, an unassuming intellectual who now maintains a modest chalet in the postage-stamp principality of Liechtenstein, may not get to spend much time at his Alpine retreat. Hollywood let him go once; it has no intention of committing that *faux pas* again—not when the Academy Award presentations may be highlighted by Oskar's Oscar.

# ON THE SCENE

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## PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

*(continued from page 87)*

waiting period for either the license or the ceremony.

In place of restrictive statutes, we suggest an extensive nationwide educational program on sex, marriage and the family; this could be especially valuable in coping with the serious problems of teenage sex, marriage and divorce (almost 13 percent of all 17-year-old females in the U.S. are married; approximately 50 percent of the girls who marry prior to the age of 18 are premaritally pregnant; well over half of all couples who marry before the age of 18 are subsequently divorced).

Some of the opposition to a more permissive divorce code is based on the religious conviction that divorce itself is immoral. But from a secular point of view, the high rate of U.S. divorce is important primarily as a barometer of the increasing number of couples in contemporary society who are unable to find any lasting happiness in marriage. Consequently, a logical concern over divorce ought to concentrate on correcting its underlying causes rather than simply reducing the divorce statistics with restrictive legislation.

Divorce is only a symptom, and you don't cure a disease by treating its symptoms. The successful elimination of only the symptoms can sometimes even be dangerous, creating a false impression that the illness itself has been cured, and occasionally causing other, more serious complications to develop as well.

The marital ills from which our society suffers, and for which we must begin seeking suitable cures, are primarily caused by the serious conflicts in personal identities and values that afflict both sexes in this century, in an ever more complicated, competitive, confusing culture; and that are especially obvious in the breakdown of the traditional marriage and family roles of the male and female, in such relationships as husband and wife, economic provider and homemaker, father and mother, etc.

The problem of divorce, like that of adultery, can be understood only by comprehending the complex and often conflicting emotions and motivations that develop in a marriage relationship. If better answers are to be found for these problems, they will come less from legislatively suppressing the human spirit than from liberating it, through the establishment of more enlightened social and sexual values.

### CONCLUSIONS ON ADULTERY

The adultery statutes of the United States are historically derived from church law rather than common law—a secular codification of religious dogma—and, as such, they are an unconstitutional abridgment of the First Amendment's guarantee of a separate church and state.

It can be argued that even though the penal prohibitions against adultery are religious in origin, they also serve a legitimate purpose in secular society by punishing behavior that is harmful to the institutions of marriage and family—in which society certainly has a stake. But, as we have indicated, these laws are rarely enforced and the punishment thus applied is random and quite arbitrary, having less than no effect as a deterrent—tending to produce instead a general disrespect for the law, just as national Prohibition did in the 1920s.

Any attempt at more rigid enforcement of these statutes would certainly fail to achieve the desired results. As an editorial on the subject of archaic American sex laws in *The University of Chicago Law Review* remarks: "If strict enforcement of all state sex laws were decreed for a short time only, pressure for legislative repeal would become irrepressible."

It should be remembered that the extramarital intercourse that is considered criminal adultery in 45 separate states is engaged in, at one time or another, by approximately 50 percent of all married males and 25 percent of all married females in America. This is not an activity that can be effectively suppressed by penal prohibitions. Even in those early Puritan colonies, where the penalty prescribed for adultery was death, extramarital intercourse was commonplace.

Whether America's adultery laws help or actually hurt the situation, extramarital intercourse is generally assumed to be injurious to marriage. It isn't often suggested, by any responsible authority, that adultery may also sometimes be beneficial. But in a recent two-part article on the Kinsey Institute's new book, *Sex Offenders*, Dr. Paul Gebhard, head of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University since Dr. Kinsey's death, told the ladies who read the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

"Even aside from religious or moral considerations, society certainly has a stake in preventing adultery, for the family is the whole basis of our social structure; and one apparently obvious way to insure that marriages will last is to discourage sexual gratification with anyone except the legal husband or the legal wife. But a closer look shows that this ideal may not always fit the biological truth. A man and wife can be mismated sexually; or they can become sexually unattractive; or years of intimacy can produce the urge for novelty.

"Undoubtedly many marriages are broken up by a husband or a wife who has become sexually dissatisfied. If the law, social custom and moral considerations permitted gratification outside the marriage, doubtless many of these marriages would survive, as they do in the Latin-American and southern European

countries, where affairs with a mistress or a lover are condoned . . ."

Imagine reading *that* in the *Ladies' Home Journal*!

Adultery is clearly a more complex ethical and social problem than fornication, but its very complexity is one of the strongest arguments for making it a matter of private morality to be determined by the individuals involved. It should not be the subject of public scrutiny or attempted suppression by society and the state.

Or, as Dr. Gebhard expressed it in his *Journal* article: "The entire matter is fraught with nuances of practicality, morality, religious attitudes and the complicated structure of human emotions. It is far too delicate a question to be solved by a law that simply states that the man or woman who commits adultery must go to prison . . ."

It is our conclusion that all adultery laws, whether concerned with a single act of coitus or adulterous cohabitation, should be stricken from the statute books and that private sex behavior between consenting adults should be outside the jurisdiction of government.

### REVISING STATE SEX LAWS

Despite the number of sound arguments for revising state sex statutes such as those on adultery, and the number of important social, scientific, religious and legal voices that have been raised in favor of revising them, progress toward a more rational, liberal sex code has been frustratingly slow. For even those legislators who recognize the need to change this undemocratic area of the law are frequently *afraid* to take any positive action, because it is never good politics to seem to be in favor of "sin."

A recent Associated Press news story from Lincoln, Nebraska, stated:

> A noted criminologist says many of Nebraska's sex statutes are "cruel, outdated and unenforceable."
>
> However, this call for modernization apparently is falling on deaf ears.
>
> Dr. James B. Reinhardt, a University of Nebraska professor of criminology, emeritus, said Nebraska's sex laws are "remnants of middle-age thinking that would require formation of a Nazilike police state to enforce."
>
> Although several state senators admit that many of the sex statutes are archaic, they said they wanted no part of any move to update them. As one outstate senator put it: "I'm not going to sponsor any move to liberalize those laws. Not in this state. I've got to worry about getting re-elected."
>
> The American Bar Association has urged all states to review their sex laws, and several states have


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taken action. But Omaha attorney Harry B. Cohen, president of the Nebraska Bar Association, said he would not call for a review of the laws in Nebraska "unless there's a real clamor for it."

Dr. Reinhardt said several of Nebraska's sex laws were passed with little thought years ago during a period of "furious morality."

"The regulation of private morals except as they directly affect the public good is not the business of law, but that is exactly what some of our laws in Nebraska attempt to do," he said.

"I feel these laws should be updated to harmonize more with modern, sophisticated thinking. As it is now, forms of sexuality forbidden by law are not uncommon in the general public. . . .

"Sex laws become bad laws when they attempt to meddle in the personal affairs of consenting adults who, if they are harming anyone by their actions, are only harming themselves," Dr. Reinhardt said.

The references that this noted criminologist makes to Nebraska's sex laws are equally applicable to those of most of the other 49 states, for despite the newspaper article's statement that "The American Bar Association has urged all states to review their sex laws, and several states have taken action," the *only* state that has thus far taken any real steps toward modernizing its sex laws is Illinois.

A serious attempt was made to liberalize New York's sex laws earlier this year, as a part of a comprehensive re-examination and revision of that state's criminal code—the first in 84 years. The special State Commission on Revision of the Penal Law and Criminal Code, which worked four years on the recommendations for modernizing New York statutes, proposed that adultery and sexual deviation no longer be considered crimes.

The commission chairman, Assemblyman Richard Bartlett, said the recommendations were based on the principle that such conduct "falls within the area of private morals" and is not a matter for public concern. The *New York Post* reported: "Bartlett acknowledged that the proposals on adultery and sexual deviation would almost certainly touch off a major controversy." They did.

During three days of public hearings held by the state commission prior to giving its final recommendations to the legislature, religious representatives split sharply in their reactions to the proposal to exempt adultery and sexual deviation from the criminal code, with denunciation from Roman Catholics and praise from Episcopalians.

The Catholic viewpoint was presented by Charles Tobin, who made his statement in behalf of the New York State Catholic Welfare Committee. Mr. Tobin urged "that the offense of adultery be restored to the proposal.

"We know that adultery is a serious threat to the marriage bond, undermines family life and endangers the common good," he asserted.

"We urge that consensual sodomy be continued as a crime in the proposed law," Mr. Tobin said. "Homosexuality is an increasing threat to sound family life in our community. We must take every reasonable step to eradicate it."

*The New York Times* reported: "Mr. Tobin said his group objected also to the proposed law's language covering abortions and the prohibition of obscene, indecent and immoral publications and exhibitions. He said that the changes would weaken prosecution and urged that the present law be retained on these subjects."

John V. P. Lassoe, Jr., director of Christian Social Relations for the Episcopal Diocese of New York, said the New York Protestant Episcopal Diocese regarded the commission's suggested revision of the New York sex code as "a significant and enlightened advance over existing laws.

"I think that there are several improvements in approach and understanding embodied in the revised article," Mr. Lassoe said. "But probably the most important is the recommendation that deviate sexual acts 'privately and discreetly engaged in between competent and consenting adults' should no longer constitute a crime.

"There is no need to restate here the 'modern sociological and psychiatric principles' that led the commission to suggest this change. Obviously we accept this as part of God's continuing and progressive revelation about man's nature, and it is clear that they have done much to reshape a view once held by religious groups."

A representative for the New York County Bar Association endorsed the proposal that adultery and sexual deviation be stricken from the statute books, and recommended that the age of consent for women in sex cases be lowered from 18 to 16. The Bar Association's recommendations were presented to the commission by H. Richard Uviller, an assistant district attorney in Manhattan. A UPI newspaper report on the Bar Association testimony stated:

"Arguing for the elimination of old laws against extramarital sex, Uviller said that although 'there is a tradition of including adultery in the law, we suggest it is fantasy and unrealistic.' He said laws against adultery and sodomy are unjust and largely unenforceable. The Bar Association said homosexual and deviate acts 'privately and discreetly en-

*"But you're not losing a wife—you're gaining a mistress."*

gaged in between competent and consenting adults' should not be considered criminal."

The New York Bar Association's recommendation to liberalize the state's sex statutes is consistent with the position of the American Bar Association, and the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code.

The Bartlett Commission's proposal for a new New York penal code went to the state legislature with its liberal sex provisions intact; and Assemblyman Bartlett offered persuasive arguments in their favor on the floor of the Assembly. But to no avail.

The religious opposition that had been apparent during the commission's public hearings was even more in evidence in the pressures that were brought to bear on the legislators during debate on the Bartlett bill, and centered almost exclusively on that portion of the contemplated legislation that dealt with sexual offenses.

The New York State Catholic Welfare Committee provided legislators with an unsolicited 18-page mimeographed *Memorandum* of "comments and criticisms" on the Proposed Penal Code, with numbered paragraphs corresponding to the numbered sections of the code itself, including suggestions for the rejection or major revision of entire statutes, as well as changes "urged" in the phrasing of sentences, down to the addition or deletion of single words. Almost all of the 18 pages were devoted to a rejection of the more permissive approach to sex offenses endorsed by the state commission; the Catholic *Memorandum* not only argued against adultery and consensual sodomy being eliminated from the criminal code, but also objected to the more liberal legislation recommended in relation to:

The Age of Consent (opposed plan to lower age of consent from 18 to 17, although age suggested by American Law Institute is 10, which is also traditional age of consent under Anglo-American common law, and having sexual relations with anyone under the age of consent is statutory rape, punishable in New York with up to 10 years in prison); "Sexual Misconduct" (objected to new title for activity not being severe enough, preferring previous designations as fourth-degree "rape" and "sodomy," although law only concerned with persons under the age of 21); Prostitution (sterner legislation desired); Indecent Exposure (preferred existing law); Obscenity and Related Offenses (urged "that the whole of the present law be carried over verbatim"); Abortion (requested redefining of several terms to make abortion law more severe, including recommendation that abortion after quickening be considered "manslaughter in the third degree"); and Birth Control (opposed provisions being shifted from category of Penal Law to Public Health Law, and objected to less restrictive prohibition on availability of birth-control devices, because "We support the provisions of . . . the Penal Law as they express an appropriate basis upon which devices used for the artificial prevention of conception may be prescribed for medical reasons. The statute is an expression of the public policy of our state, that such devices not be sold or distributed on any other premise. It is significant protection against the wholesale dissemination of such devices, which would be an invitation to immorality, particularly among the young.").

*"What do you say?"*

On Consensual Sodomy, the *Memorandum* stated: "We have urged that the crime of sodomy between consenting adults be retained in the Penal Law of New York. It has been urged that this act, when performed in private, is solely a matter between the two parties and not one of concern to the common weal. We disagree. . . . Such action would tend to increase homosexual practices in the adult population with a consequent effect upon the whole of society."

The *Memorandum*'s statement on sodomy covered three full pages (far more space than was devoted to any other subject), but completely ignored the fact that the criminal sodomy statute that the state commission wished to repeal prohibited both homosexual *and* heterosexual "deviation" (which meant almost any sex act other than simple coitus, even when performed between husband and wife). The *Memorandum* concluded its comment on consensual sodomy with a reference to the crime having been eliminated in the recent revision of the Illinois Code "in spite of objections raised by groups in Illinois [the Illinois Catholic Welfare Committee], . . . [and] an early reference by Cardinal Stritch."

The *Memorandum*'s statement on adultery was limited to a single sentence: "We urge that the crime of adultery be continued in the law for many of the same reasons which we have urged above on the subject of consensual sodomy." (Which is rather confusing, since the reasons given for continuing sodomy as a crime all had to do with curtailing homosexuality—an unusual argument to apply to adultery.)

What the Catholic Welfare Committee responsible for this *Memorandum* would apparently have preferred was the elimination of *any* serious re-examination and revision of the criminal code, at least as far as sex was concerned; urging "that the whole of the present law be carried over verbatim," they approved perpetuating the confused and suppressive sex legislation of the past, without regard for the "modern sociological and psychiatric principles" that the state commission had taken into account in its redrafting of the criminal code.

Republican Assemblyman Richard Bartlett tried to save as much of the liberal sex legislation in his Proposed Penal Code as possible, but by the end of May it was apparent that he would not be able to secure the necessary votes in the

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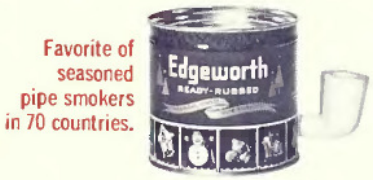


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Assembly to assure passage of the measure on sexual deviation. Acknowledging the necessity of abandoning this portion of the bill because of lack of support, according to a story in *The New York Times* on Friday, May 28, Assemblyman Bartlett said he believed, however, that adultery *would* be "excised from the criminal statutes."

During debate on the adultery proposal, Bartlett declared that it was not only hypocritical but also impractical to keep on the books a statute under which "prosecution is rare and conviction rarer.

"It weakens the whole fabric of the law," he said, "to carry on the books a law that is almost never enforced."

For a while the next week, it appeared as though Bartlett's expectation regarding removal of adultery from the criminal code might be justified, for though Republican Assemblyman Julius Volker —a member of the Bartlett Commission —introduced two amendments intended to retain sexual deviation and adultery as criminal offenses, the sodomy amendment passed immediately by a vote of 115 to 16, but the adultery amendment failed to gain the necessary margin for passage on the first try. The Assembly reversed its position on June 8, however, voting to retain adultery as a crime on the state's lawbooks with a remarkable turnabout in attitude on the subject in less than a week, for a final count of 96 to 32. (The original vote on the Volker adultery amendment was 73 to 49, or 3 votes short of the 76 needed to pass legislation in the New York Assembly.)

Feeling Assemblyman Richard Bartlett, chairman of the commission responsible for revising the State Penal Code, might have something personal to add to our recounting of his ill-fated attempt to give New York a more contemporary set of sex laws, we placed a person-to-person call to him in his office in Albany. Mr. Bartlett stated:

"Assemblyman Volker acted primarily at the urging of churchmen who were concerned that this [the commission's proposal that adultery and sexual deviation between consenting adults no longer be considered a criminal offense] would signal state approval of the lowering of our moral standards. The New York Catholic Welfare Committee filed an extremely strong memorandum with all the legislators registering opposition to the repeal of the adultery statutes.

"The two major reasons given for not repealing the adultery laws were: (a) the repeal would encourage promiscuity; and (b) the repeal would indicate a tacit state sanction of promiscuity."

One of Assemblyman Bartlett's arguments on the floor of the Assembly in favor of the proposal to eliminate adultery from the criminal law was, he said, that if it was intended that the law be in the books, then it was obviously intended that the law be enforced. If his fellow legislators were convinced that the adultery law belonged there, it must therefore follow that the 62 district attorneys in the State of New York should start criminal prosecutions as a follow-up to every divorce decree which is issued by the court. (Since, as previously discussed, adultery is the only grounds for divorce in that state.)

We next called Assemblyman Julius Volker, who had introduced the pair of 11th-hour amendments that had retained adultery and sexual deviation as criminal law in New York. We asked him what the chief pressures were leading up to the proposal and passage of his amendments to the revised Penal Code. Assemblyman Volker replied:

"When it appeared at the hearings on the Penal Code that these crimes—in other words, adultery and homosexuality —were never prosecuted, churchmen were immediately attracted. They were also attracted when the Bartlett bill began to get publicity. It was their stand that by removing these crimes from the catalog, we would be giving tacit approval to this kind of irregular conduct.

"Assemblyman John H. Hughes and I submitted an amendment and asked the legislature to express their opinion on it. Their opinion was that these laws should be retained."

We asked Assemblyman Volker what, in his opinion, were the major arguments that proved most effective in winning endorsement for his amendments from a majority of his fellow legislators. He replied:

"One of our older legislators, for example, said it would be a shame if we gave approval for a man picking up and moving in with a woman next door. Most felt at first that it did not seem logical to retain laws on the books which were never enforced. But then church pressures began mounting, church people called for a hearing, two Catholic monsignors from New York City came up to Albany, and a representative of the Council of Churches in Albany, which is a Protestant organization, had several meetings with the legislators."

Assemblyman Volker's reference to the Council of Churches was the first implication we had received that there might have been Protestant, as well as Roman Catholic, pressures brought to bear on the New York legislators, since all previous reports on Protestant reactions to the contemplated changes in sex legislation had been anything but negative. We contacted the state headquarters of the Council of Churches and were informed that they had, indeed, held several meetings with New York legislators to discuss revision of the Penal Code, but that they had taken no position —either favorable or unfavorable—on the proposed elimination of adultery and sodomy as criminal offenses, and were,

in fact, still debating that matter within their own organization.

We asked Assemblyman Volker whether anybody other than church representatives and members of the clergy had lobbied against the elimination of these criminal sex statutes, or whether he would say that church pressures were the leading ones in effecting the passage of his amendments. To which Mr. Volker replied:

"Well, it was both church pressures and the personal feelings of the legislators, which seemed to grow strongly as the hearings progressed. It appeared that the only respectable thing to do was to restore the proper image of the legislature by maintaining these laws in the books."

We then asked him to comment on Assemblyman Bartlett's statement that now that these old laws had been reviewed and a decision made to retain them, would it not follow that they should then be enforced—that all of the civil charges of adultery that were accepted by the courts as grounds for divorce ought properly to be used as the basis for criminal prosecution?

Assemblyman Volker replied that he doubted very much that that would happen; but that for personal reasons, and as a result of the pressures brought to bear on them, the legislators simply felt that these criminal laws should be kept on the books.

A story in *The New York Times*, dated July 22, had this final word on the redrafting of the New York Penal Code:

"A complete revision of the state's 84-year-old Penal Law, embodying sweeping changes in line with present judicial and social thinking, was approved by Governor Rockefeller today.

"At the same time the Governor signed separate bills to retain adultery and homosexual acts on the lawbooks as crimes. A special Penal Law Commission, which worked four years on the revision, had urged deletion of these acts from the law, contending they should be treated instead as matters of private morality."

Such is the status of enlightened sex legislation, and the separation of church and state, in the U. S. today.

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*In the January installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner continues his summation on U. S. sex laws with some conclusions on prostitution.*

*See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments—pro and con—on subjects raised in previous installments of this editorial series. Three booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including parts 1-7, 8-12 and 13-18, are available at $1 per booklet. Send check or money order to* PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

# PLAYBOY FORUM

*(continued from page 81)*

## VIEW FROM ABROAD

Though I am not an American, I spent five years studying and teaching at an American university, so I am only too aware of the truth of Gloria Thorne's touching and sensitive letter.

The hypocritical morality and the lack of maturity and respect for human beings that characterize a *majority* of American college males have brought me to the conclusion that American college girls—who are often beautiful specimens of the human race—are forced by this situation to behave in a prudish and distrusting way. As a bachelor, I have often faced the difficulty of making these girls understand that one *does* respect them as whole human beings, even when one is not promising marriage or swearing eternal love; and that the friendship one is offering is not conditioned upon making love.

Those people who pay lip service to PLAYBOY's humane philosophy, while actually still subscribing to the old double standard, are the ones who make sex a dirty, animalistic thing. I am afraid they are still in the majority. But thanks to the courage of your publication, there is now the hope that, in the not-too-far future, American youth will reach the maturity in human interaction which already exists in most of Europe.

Maurice Moret
Paris, France

## DON JUAN IN HELL

I think you Americans talk too much about sex. You tend to make a science out of something that is meant to be just enjoyed. Here lies the real trouble.

In my early 20s I lived for three years in Canada and the United States. Before I left Europe I had never bothered to find out if my sex life was normal. As long as I was satisfied, I never bothered about the how, where, when and with whom. And I didn't talk it over with any of the girls I dated. I just met them, took them out, and if we appealed to each other, we made love. But this wasn't a must and we certainly didn't talk it over first. It just happened, and when it did, we enjoyed it. That was all.

And then I went to America. What a difference! The first girl I took out went with me to see a movie. When we came out of the theater we were hardly in the car when she fell around my neck, told me that she loved me and started necking. Well, I thought that she was badly in need of some loving and that I had better take her to my place fast. But she told me that she wouldn't dream of going to a man's place, that she didn't go "all the way," and that she just wanted to neck. Well, I thought I had a real nut on my hands and took her to her home pretty fast.

Later, I found out that this is a common thing in America. The first girl I was able to take to bed in America required a lot of coaxing and it wouldn't have taken much longer for me to

*"I don't seem to hear you shouting 'Timber' anymore, O'Grady."*

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change my mind. It started out to be a nervous business, and when she began to enjoy herself, she gave all sorts of explanations why she liked it and almost excused herself for it. And that's the way it went for three years! Maybe I attracted the wrong kind of girls, but I didn't meet a single one who was natural about the whole thing and did it for sheer pleasure.

Was I glad to get back to Europe! Mind you, I have nothing against Americans as such. I like them very much and in many respects I prefer them to Europeans. But in matters of sex, most of them are just tied up in little knots. The only advice I can offer them is to shut up, relax and have fun. It isn't all that complicated.

Thomas Schöppach
Berne, Switzerland

### GRAND OPENING

During an argument just prior to my marriage, I condemned my fiancé for being a degenerate because he read such a filthy magazine as PLAYBOY. Then he asked me if I had ever read it and told me if I had not, I should at least look at it before I condemned it. That particular issue contained the first installment of the *Philosophy*.

Now it seems that the only time we ever have an argument is when the new issue of PLAYBOY arrives each month, and then we argue about who will get first go at it. We both enjoy the whole magazine from cover to cover; and by reading the *Philosophy* and opening our minds to other views on sex, we have also opened our minds to many other new ideas. My only regret is that I waited so long.

Mrs. George T. Asuncion
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

### THE PAIN OF ABORTION

The sad part of the whole abortion question is that abortion has become merely a word, a social term to be bandied about in cocktail-party discussions, without even the remotest idea of what it actually is. It is, first and last, an operation! That's right, a table, a white sheet and the implements we have all grown to know and love on *Dr. Kildare*: the knife, the clamp and the scalpel.

Having spent several weekends making jaunts into Mexico to accompany friends who felt they were being "modern," I have also made the long trek home, with faces riding beside me that were white with shock, and very, very humble about what they had dismissed as being the "latest thing to do" and the "wisest, you know, under the circumstances." Last weekend, I accompanied a friend who is unhappily married to Mexico for her "unburdening," "the solution to the problem." I advise theorists everywhere to sit in a waiting room, in the cleanest of hospitals, with reputable M.D.s performing, and listen to the

screams. If the lump in the bottom of your stomach goes away in time, you may be able to eat dinner on the way home.

When the first birth-control pills became available, my advertising training urged me to submit the most convincing sales argument possible to the company. All that would be required would be to set up a series of dispensing clinics, and as an introduction to the whys of being safe rather than sorry, simply show a Technicolor movie of an abortion, complete with stereophonic sound. If that isn't enough to convince the hypocrites who feel that pills were "too premeditated," then they deserve what they get.

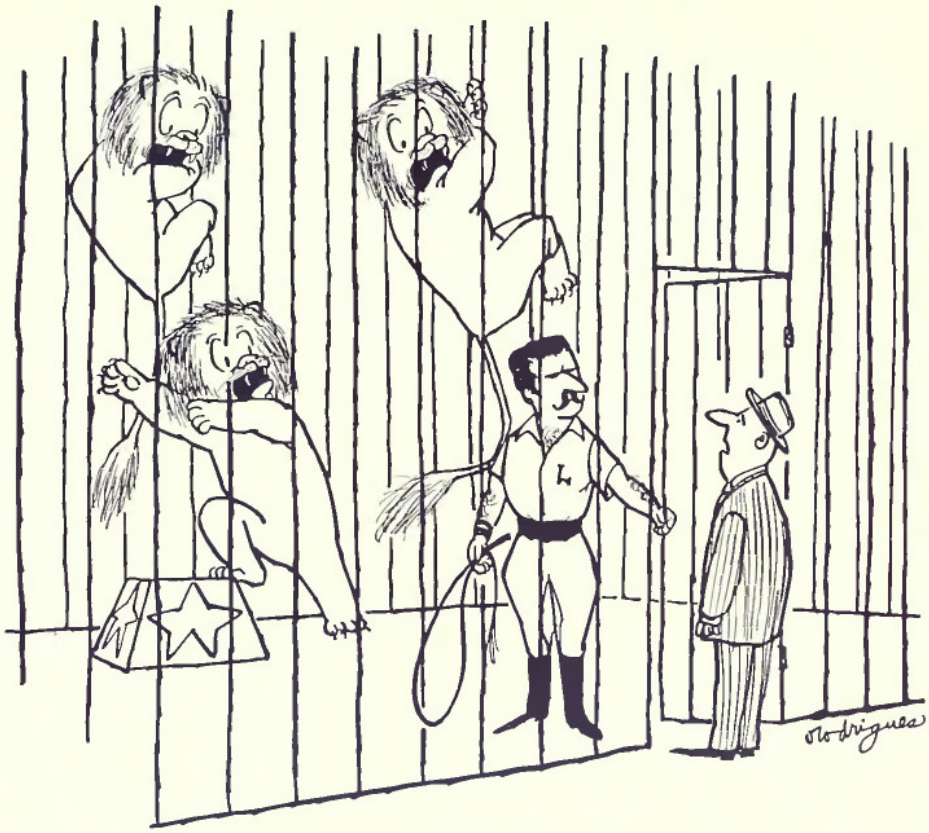
Proponents of legalized abortion argue that once it is, in fact, "legal," young, modern unmarrieds everywhere will suddenly be swept with the joy of being able to know the beauty of sex without the consequence of an unwanted child. If an abortion is not a painful "consequence" that might prove more damaging emotionally than even a child, then my understanding of the word may be wrong. I wonder how many girls, having been through the pain of an abortion, honestly jump right into the sack the next day, or week, or even month, without some twinge of reflection on how much she paid in pain and confusion the last time she did it. This is freedom? This is joy? This is natural expression? I don't believe it.

The friends of mine who have undergone such operations were all intelligent, mature, thinking human beings, who took precautions as best they could. Every one of them has spent a long period reconciling the experience with their lives, their loves and their futures. Each one has had to work hard to overcome the effects of having had an abortion, and none were subjected to "quack" doctors or buttonhook methods. There is no permanent danger with people like this, as they have all become better for the experience and have, indeed, profited from it. The unfortunate part is that my friends, being mature and enlightened, were and are in the minority. The poor unsuspecting girl who is naïve and unworldly and finds herself pregnant, might not be as lucky as the ones I know, as far as the emotion-juggling that she is bound to go through.

Abortion, legal or otherwise, is still a major step for anyone to take willingly, and the sanction of a lawmaking body does not provide much comfort when you are the one under the knife. The abortion question was a hot item before birth-control pills were introduced. I feel that it is an anachronism now that an effective method of prevention is available.

I would urge the liberal thinkers who advocate legalized abortion for the sake of having something to advocate to first visit a local hospital and observe a routine legal therapeutic abortion, before they jump on the bloody bandwagon. I would also urge all young men who engage in sexual activity to at least have the guts to bring up the subject of contraception in the beginning, and not just take it for granted that because she does it with you, she does it with others and, therefore, she "must know what she's doing." I'll wager that nine times out of ten she doesn't. Or if she does, perhaps you just happened to come along at a time when she wasn't planning to engage in sex.

You can reduce the chances of ruining both your dignity and hers by a "surprise" pregnancy. If you are supposed to be men, take your responsibility like a man, *before* something happens. Your concern for her will make her think fondly of you long after the relationship has ended. As a female, I think I would distrust any man running around trying to get abortion legalized—that's *me* he's tossing around like a political football—not Vietnam, not Red China, but my insides! If he takes it that impersonally, I doubt that I would feel safe in his keeping, despite my own little pillbox beside my toothbrush. For the female readers of PLAYBOY who aren't taking birth-control pills (Catholics aside—they have their own world), your subscriptions should be canceled immediately!




*"You're driving them too hard, Lothar!"*

Leave the abortions, legal or otherwise, to those who, through stupidity or choice, want to go back and pick up the pieces of their lives.

Janelle Lindsey
Manhattan Beach, California

*We can't contradict your contention that the best birth-control method is a contraceptive used at the proper time. Nor will we dispute that an abortion can be painful, physically and sometimes emotionally. We do feel, however, that the question of abortion is one of alternatives rather than absolutes. A pregnant woman is faced with choices—and we think she should be allowed to decide which alternative is preferable under the circumstances—whatever the circumstances happen to be.*

*Instead of turning the female into any sort of "football," as you suggest, the legalization of abortion would simply increase the alternatives available to her. If the pregnant woman decides to have an abortion in America at the present time—and over 1,500,000 did this year—she must, in most cases, resort to an illicit operation, performed under circumstances conducive to both physical and emotional pain. If abortion were legal in America, these operations could be performed under proper medical supervision and hospital care, which would reduce discomfort, emotional disturbances, and*

*other ill effects to a minimum.*

*We're not a woman, but we have no hesitancy in saying that if we were, we would welcome the additional freedom of choice that legalized abortion would provide.*

### A CASE FOR ABORTION

I read with disgust Jim Snyder's letter on abortion in the September *Forum*. I want to present a case for abortion without recourse to statistics or examples of human misery, neither of which can move the rock of dogma.

There is an unalterable fact that the bodily functions of women, including reproduction, belong not to the state, church, parents or husband, but to themselves. Therefore, the state should not deny a citizen the right to terminate a pregnancy unwanted for any reason. The reproductive system is merely biological, a physiological fact that deserves no particular respect as compared to the welfare of an adult woman. Our laws giving precedence to the unborn over the living, thereby causing incredible suffering to the individual and to society, are unenforceable, and should be changed.

Although legal abortion is the final answer to population problems, this consideration is not in itself the reason for liberalizing existing laws. It is time for women to be treated as rational adults making life's decisions rather than allowing the insensate embryo to control events. Too long, women have been oppressed, exploited and punished by governments in the matter of reproduction.

Our abortion laws are at odds with constitutional rights when "maternity without appeal" creates a threat to life, liberty or happiness of the individual. People should have the right of choice in matters of procreation or we should abandon further talk about the "freedom" in our country.

Bernice Branting
Aurora, Colorado

*Hefner intends to devote a future installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" to a consideration of the social, religious, moral and medical implications in abortion.*

### RIGHTS OF THE UNCONCEIVED

It's bound to happen: A suit will be filed to recover damages for the alleged tort of preventing a normal conception during or as a result of premarital intercourse. More specifically, a representative class action will be filed seeking money damages on behalf of an unknown number of children who were not born to the unmarried defendant fornicators as a direct result of their use, in violation of state law, of contraceptives during their repeated acts of sexual intercourse. The suit will allege that plaintiffs have thus been denied the most basic right under any system of law, the right to be born and exist—a right from which all others spring. This case will be the inevitable result of a long line of cases recognizing the right of children to sue for prenatal injuries.

From about 1880 to 1946, it was almost universally held that under the common law there could be no recovery for prenatal physical injuries. About 1946, several cases began to recognize the right of a child to sue for injuries to it before birth if the child were viable at the time of the injury. However, because of the uncertainties of determining the time of viability, this test is slowly being abandoned and recovery is being allowed to the child for injuries suffered shortly after conception.

Two recent cases highlight this development. In *Maryland vs. Sherman*, 198 A.2d 71 (1964), the court allowed an action for injuries suffered by a prenatal child where the "plaintiff" was subsequently stillborn, thus recognizing a legal right in a plaintiff who never lived. The suit was brought by the "child's" legal representative. In *Zepeda vs. Zepeda*, 190 N.E.2d 849 (1963), it was alleged that plaintiff was a bastard seeking to collect damages from his natural father who, although married to another woman at the time, seduced plaintiff's mother with promises of marriage and thus caused plaintiff's birth as a bastard child. The court had no trouble in finding a tort because the father's alleged action was morally if not criminally wrong. The court likewise had little trouble finding an injury to plaintiff at the time of conception:

> Returning to the present case, we have seen that it is not too important whether the plaintiff's life began during or subsequent to the act of procreation. There is no certainty as to the exact moment conception takes place. It occurs when the male semen contacts and fertilizes the female ovum and this may happen at the time of coition or within a few hours thereafter. If the plaintiff was conceived before the completion of the act he became a living, human organism concurrently with the wrongful act. If his conception took place after the act, he was a potential being with essential reality at the time of the act. The seed was planted, the life process was started, life ensued and birth followed. The defendant's wrongful act simultaneously procreated the being whom it injured. (Id. at 855)

The court balked, in spite of its finding of a wrongful act, at the idea of creating a new tort: "a cause of action for wrongful life," because of their belief that judicial lawmaking was not proper where the result could be as sweeping as here and because the action could easily be expanded into actions for "being born a certain color" or "being born into a large and destitute family," etc. However, the court did say that it would have considered an action and granted relief for a cause of action for mental anguish based on the fact of being born a bastard!

When our inevitable case happens, there will be little problem of finding a wrong for the tort because the use of contraceptives for anything other than the prevention of disease is itself a crime. The tort is committed at each act of intercourse and although each act itself would not necessarily result in a procreation if contraceptives had not been used, it is possible to accurately ascertain on a statistical basis the number of children that otherwise would have been created. There will be little doubt about finding a wrong to the plaintiff, because the right to life is one of the most fundamental. The most unusual aspects of such a case, an awarding of damages to a plaintiff who never existed, seems no more difficult conceptually than the case cited above in which damages were actually awarded to a plaintiff who had never been born.

Community mores will probably have a great deal of effect on the outcome of such a suit. At first the news of this action will probably be warmly received by local religious and moral leaders. But then some local atheist might threaten to bring suit against a neighborhood convent on similar grounds and to seek a court order to prevent parents of youngsters living in the community from interfering with their children's sexual activity once they reach the age where procreation is possible. Similar actions against colleges whose dormitory rules inhibit or prohibit sexual intercourse, particularly in states like New York where fornication is legal, would be possible.

Naturally, these theoretical cases haven't yet happened, at least as far as I know. But all of the actual cases cited above have happened, exactly as I reported them! Isn't our inevitable case the logical next step? After all, abortion and contraception are just two sides of the same coin; abortion is retroactive contraception and contraception is a method of preventive abortion.

John F. Banzhaf III, Former Editor
*Columbia Law Review*
Columbia University
New York, New York

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*"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on either "Philosophy" or "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

# The Advocate

I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM ME IN A LONG TIME, GOD. NOT SINCE BEFORE THE WAR. A LOT OF WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE THEN -

MOMMA DIED IN '43. A CAR CRASH. WE TRIED TO GET A DOCTOR FOR HER. NO ONE WOULD COME. THEN POPPA DESERTED US AND I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF SIS. I WAS SWEET SIX-TEEN, GOD. ANY WONDER I STOPPED PRAYING?

LISTEN, DID YOU KNOW WE MOVED FROM CINCINNATI? IN '45 I THINK IT WAS. YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, BECAUSE '45 WAS WHEN LEROY GOT ME IN TROUBLE AND WOULDN'T MARRY ME, SO I HAD TO GO TO PENNSYLVANIA - TO THIS DOCTOR.

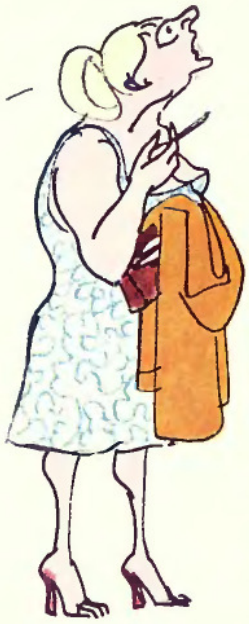
THEN FOR A WHILE WE LIVED IN CLEVELAND. DID I TELL YOU ABOUT CLEVELAND? WELL, SOMEDAY REMIND ME. ANYWAYS, BEFORE CLEVELAND WE LIVED IN DETROIT. THEN THIS MECHANIC GOT SIS IN TROUBLE, AND I HAD TO TAKE HER TO PENNSYLVANIA.

UM- SO ANYWAYS, AFTER THAT WE DECIDED WE MIGHT AS WELL **SETTLE** IN PENNSYLVANIA. AND WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT - NEITHER ONE OF US GOT IN TROUBLE AGAIN! ISN'T THAT THE LIMIT? LISTEN GOD, AM I BORING YOU?

WHERE WAS I? OH, SIS FINALLY SETTLED IN L.A. SHE MARRIED AN ACTOR - **SO CALLED**. HE BEAT HER UP AWFUL, GOD. HE HAD HER PAYING THE RENT AND EVERYTHING. SHE HAD TO WORK AS A CAR HOP. I WAS SICK FOR A YEAR. SIS SENT ME MONEY. I SPENT IT ON DOCTORS. A FAT LOT OF GOOD THEY DID ME.

DID I TELL YOU THE PART ABOUT LEROY SHOWING UP AGAIN? LISTEN, IF I'M BORING YOU JUST TELL ME - SOMEHOW. ANYWAYS, LEROY CAME BACK INTO MY LIFE IN DES MOINES. HE WAS A CHANGED MAN - **HE** SAID. HE WAS A **RAT** GOD. HE BÉAT ME UP AWFUL!

AND OUT OF THE CLEAR BLUE SKY **BILL** CAME ALONG. THE ONLY DECENT THING'S EVER HAPPENED TO ME - A GOOD, CLEAN, HARD-WORKING MAN. HE BOUGHT US A HOUSE IN TULSA AND WE WERE DOING FINE. SIS MOVED IN WITH US - BILL WAS LIKE A BROTHER TO HER - ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY. THEN BILL STARTED GETTING THESE FUNNY PAINS -



WE MADE HIM SEE A DOCTOR. THE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS NOTHING AND WE FORGOT ABOUT IT. BUT THE PAINS CAME BACK. THE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS GAS AND WE FORGOT ABOUT IT. BUT THEY KEPT COMING BACK. SAY, WILL YOU LISTEN TO ME, GOD, AIN'T I AN AWFUL TALKER?

WELL, FINALLY SIS AND I PUT BILL IN THE HOSPITAL. THE DOCTOR SAID THERE WASN'T A THING TO WORRY ABOUT. THEN THEY TOOK X-RAYS AND THE DOCTOR SAID HE WAS DYING. THE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS OUT OF HIS HANDS. THE DOCTOR SAID ALL I COULD DO NOW WAS PRAY. SO TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, THAT'S WHAT IM DOING HERE, GOD.

ARE YOU LISTENING? I HAVEN'T BEEN A GOOD WOMAN. I'VE SINNED MORE THAN MY SHARE. BUT IF YOU DO THIS ONE THING FOR ME, WHAT-EVER'S HAPPENED IN THE PAST, I KNOW I'LL BELIEVE AGAIN! DON'T TAKE BILL, GOD! BILL DON'T DESERVE IT! IF YOU GOT TO TAKE SOMEBODY, GOD, DON'T TAKE BILL -

TAKE THE DOCTOR.

## OLD NEIGHBORHOOD *(continued from page 148)*

yarns. Certainly they had no connection with *our* life: they must have been dreamed up for dull, dreary days as extra punishment for being alive and itchy. Jesus was another character, I remember. (No one ever pronounced the name, incidentally, except at church.) I didn't go for him at all. Too meek and gentle for my crude tastes, except, of course, on that one occasion when he drove the money-changers from the temple. *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* was a bit more interesting, a bit livelier, so to say, but somewhat preposterous, too. At any rate, this early reading helped to give me the notion that the world outside our ken was a wacky sort of place.

As for us, we had our own heroes, our own idols, and what's more, they were alive and in our midst. They couldn't resurrect the dead, that's for sure, but they had other endearing qualities which more than compensated for their all-too-human make-up.

For the most part these demigods of ours were only a few years older than we, but this in itself was sufficient to put them in a special bracket. They had a way of patting us on the back when passing, or praising our skill, or complimenting us on our daredeviltry. Sometimes they would let us in on their discussions concerning the merits of Joe Gans, Terry McGovern or Jim Jeffries. Later we would discuss *their* relative merits, quite as if they were so many Julius Caesars.

My first idol was Lester Reardon, whose father, I believe, was a police lieutenant. He had a leonine quality, was proud, haughty, conscious of his good looks, his regal bearing and his indisputable superiority. I don't believe I ever addressed a word to him; I simply stared at him in undiluted admiration whenever he happened to cross my path. He always seemed to be looking at some point in the distance, an invisible star perhaps. If he had ever taken the trouble to notice me I would probably have passed out. He was remote, untouchable, as an idol should be. Had I been capable of formulating a prayer of my own, it would have been—"Please, God, make me like Lester Reardon!"

My hero, on the other hand, was Eddie Carney, and he lived in that magical, otherworld street called Fillmore Place. I used to watch him saunter down the street to the corner where the beer saloon stood; here he would take a stand, happy-go-luckylike, and wait to see if any of his pals would show up. In that brief interval he would graciously give me the opportunity to lick his boots, not as a fawning jackanapes but as one worthy of his serious attention and consideration. He was the very opposite of Lester Reardon, naturally. He was human, approachable, lovable. He was Irish, of course, and his smile was heartwarming. If you were in trouble he was openly and avowedly on your side, immediately.

Long after I moved away from this neighborhood, my thoughts would turn to Eddie Carney. I wondered if he had ever become somebody; I wondered why I didn't hear of him; indeed, after 15 or 20 years I wondered if he were still alive. It simply wasn't possible that one like him should remain alive and be unheard of. Alive or dead, he was the first person in my life whom I looked upon as a champion and protector, as someone who believed in me and who would go out of his way to aid me.

There were others, of course, who loomed large in my life—Johnny Dunne, Joe Gorman, Gus Fowler, Tim Buckley, Joe Goeller, Jimmy Short, for example. With these, however, we didn't have much direct contact or communication; their virtues, their exploits were relayed to us by others who were more favored. We simply sniffed at their heels.

How can I explain why these older lads, whom I have only fuzzily outlined, were of such tremendous importance in my young life? Perhaps only by relating them to their environment. The neighborhood, known then as the 14th Ward, was in process of change; from a rather stately, homogeneous community made up largely of Germans and Irish, it was beginning to feel the impress of immigrants from the ghettos of Europe, largely Jews. In a few years the old neighborhood was to lose its character entirely. It would come to resemble the Lower East Side, Manhattan, from which quarter, as a matter of fact, most of these newcomers hailed. These early heroes and idols of mine had consequently come to take on the attributes and characteristics of the favored few, the remnants of the Old Guard. Naturally, there was a striking difference in their deportment, their bearing, their outlook, from that of the raw newcomers whose ways were utterly foreign and often repugnant to us. We had the snobbish feeling, I suppose, that our favorites had "breeding."

Let me say immediately that my own playmates were not drawn from this singular and "aristocratic" species. Fortunately not. The parents of my little friends were of varying nationality and in no way distinguished. Not one of them was even moderately well off. And so my companions had no special charm, nor even what might be called good manners. They were more like slum kids than anything. Some turned out to be absolute rotters; two of them went to the penitentiary later. This never altered my affection for them; they were unlucky, that's all. Not everyone goes to the penitentiary who belongs there.

With one of these playmates I kept up a friendship until well along in life. He was a Polish boy named Stanley, who lived with his uncle and aunt. I have written about him a number of times in my books. The interesting thing about Stanley was that, like myself, he was an avid reader and secretly nurtured a desire to become a writer. Years later we became friendly rivals, neither of us seeming to evince the least talent as writers. Of all the critics who have attempted to slaughter me, Stanley was the one whose venom I dreaded most. In his opinion I lacked style, form and a sense of tradition—and how right he was! His favorite writer was Joseph Conrad, a Pole like himself. At 18 he was already dispatching me lengthy rhapsodies, from Fort Oglethorpe, no less, about his beloved Conrad. But I am getting ahead of myself. In those boyhood days we didn't discuss people like Conrad and Anatole France, another of his favorites; we discussed, believe it or not, religion and cosmology. We tried our damnedest to understand who or what God was, what sin meant, and whether there was or was not a hereafter such as we heard about in church. We were also curious about angels, virgins and miracles.

From the beginning, Stanley's life was a tough one. I, on the other hand, was born with a golden spoon in my mouth. Stanley had a violent temper and I was easygoing. I made friends easily, Stanley was always on his own. It was this contrast on all levels, I suppose, which drew us together.

There was one friend we both revered, I remember, and now I am coming not to another idol or hero but to a beloved one: Johnny Paul. This lad, considerably older than either of us, at least in appearance, was of Italian origin, and endowed with the most gentle nature imaginable. When he spoke to us his eyes were always moist; they hung like live coals beneath two bushy eyebrows which met in the center of his low forehead. He gave the impression of being strong as a gorilla; he moved slowly, deliberately, as if coming out of a trance. I never once heard him raise his voice in anger, even when provoked. His voice was always soft, soothing, caressing, as if he were more woman than man. Of all those to whom we looked for guidance and protection, he was the most solicitous. When he gave advice it was indirectly, like a sage rather than a priest or mentor.

His folks being extremely poor, he didn't hobnob much with the lads his age; he was too busy earning a living. I don't think he had time to finish grammar school. But if his life was hard and grim, he never showed it; he was always in excellent humor, always had time to listen to us. Even at that tender age I had the feeling that he was exceptional,

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"the salt of the earth," as we say. Had we had among us then a Giono or a Silone, I feel certain Johnny Paul would have been subject matter for their books.

It was some 10 or 15 years after I was taken away from this neighborhood that I began to realize more knowingly what a grand human being this Johnny Paul was. When I finally decided to go in search of him he was no longer to be found. By this time I had become alarmingly aware that there are two kinds of heroes, those who make the front page and those who remain forever unknown. Among the latter are those who do the inconspicuous but all-important dirty work of the world, who take the blows and hardships without complaining, who look not to fame, success and material rewards. They do what has to be done without questioning; they are without envy, spite, malice, greed and, best of all, without ambition.

Many, many times as I wandered about the world my thoughts reverted to Johnny Paul. I remember one occasion particularly, when visiting Assisi. My mind was already full of St. Francis, for I had been reading with the most intense excitement Chesterton's wonderful account of him. What, I asked myself, if Johnny Paul had been farmed out to the monks at an early age—would he have made another Francis? Probably not, for Francis, like Jesus, was something more than a meek and gentle soul. Undoubtedly the fire was missing in my beloved boyhood friend. Just plain good at heart, he was hardly one to set the world on fire. He had the dove in him, but not the serpent—or the lion.

Years and years later, after I had settled in Big Sur, I was still curious to know what had happened to this man of peace. Finally I ran an advertisement in a Brooklyn daily, inquiring if anyone remembered him and could put me in touch with him. To my astonishment, there came one day a letter from Johnny Paul himself. Nothing eventful had happened to him; he was growing old with grace and serenity, and he was content with his lot, humble as it was. He remembered me vividly, he said, everything about me. As I folded the letter I wept. I have heard no more from him since, but I trust that he is still alive and that by some miracle these words of mine will reach him and make clear that my love and admiration for him are still strong as ever.

Naturally, my heroes and idols have changed names over the years. The heroes of Manila Bay and San Juan Hill have faded. Aguinaldo, the Filipino rebel whom I worshiped as a boy, is still in my pantheon, however. So are John Brown, Jim Larkin and Eugene V. Debs. On the whole I have been fairly constant, fairly loyal, "faithful in my fashion." The important thing is that there is always room for new ones in this pantheon of mine. I remain a worshiper, a devotee. I would rather make a fool of myself by picking the wrong man than to sneer, deprecate and debunk.

I cannot close without a fleeting reference to a figure of the opposite sex who left her mark upon me. It was a golden day in my life when the family unexpectedly received a visit from a distant relative. She must have been a woman of 25 or so. At sight of her I gasped. Here was a creature utterly unlike all the women I had known thus far. Not only was she dressed differently—somewhat old-fashioned, I thought—but her whole manner, walk, gestures, way of addressing people, was novel and exciting. As for her voice, it was like nothing I had ever heard before. She was soft, gentle, passionate, like a messenger from above. I like to think of her as the first and only "innocent" woman in my whole life.

Strange though it may seem, she had a brute of a father, for brother a born idiot, and a mother who should have been running a whorehouse. *And God had made her an angel!* (How does one explain such things?)

She visited us but rarely and I used to wonder why. I don't any longer. As I grew older I fell in love with her, a hopeless love, since she was happily married and I was still only a raw youth. When I inquired about her I would receive disquietingly vague answers from my parents. There was a mystery about her that was never cleared up. Yet everyone loved her. I think they were frightened by her goodness, frightened by the reflection of themselves which they glimpsed in her eyes. Despite what one may think, angels are not easy to live with. They make us uncomfortable, to say the least.

I must add a word about this mother of hers who seemed to inspire everyone with fear, dread and loathing. Remember Crazy George? Well, they would have made a perfect pair, these two. The one talked God and beat the piss out of his poor horse; the other had the vocabulary of a Marine, stank like an old nanny goat and was never without a cuspidor at her side. Yes, they were two of a kind all right—conniving, cunning, mean and malicious. They had about as much kinship with the human race as a pair of jackals.

How fortunate I was to have been brought up in an atmosphere of this sort! What better environment could one ask for than this mixture of good and bad, beautiful and ugly, noble and degrading? Though my world was only a microcosm, it contained all the elements which go to make up our great big world. There were angels, saints, heroes and devils; there were the saloons, the asylums, the churches, the prisons—*and the mountain oysters.* There was only one really bad day in the week, and that was Sunday. It was a day of gloom, even for the poor Jews who didn't have to pretend to be sanctimonious on that day. Because on Sundays, for want of anything better to do, we used to hunt them out and make life miserable for them. No wonder they have never been in the slightest danger of being converted to Christianity!

Shortly after I returned from Europe I decided to pay a visit to the old neighborhood. So much of what I had seen abroad reminded me of the *ambiance* of those early days. Though I never felt homesick for America while away, I must confess I often felt nostalgic about the beloved 14th Ward. What I found on this return visit was heartbreaking. There's no doubt about it, one can never go home again.

One thing impressed me strongly: Everything I looked at seemed frightfully smaller than what I had known as a child. I felt like a giant walking about amid the shrunken ruins of an abandoned village. The primary school I attended had been razed; the tin factory had been burned to the ground; the Presbyterian church had been converted into a synagogue, and so on. Only Fillmore Place retained its ancient, faerie-like air. It was almost intact, except that the kindergarten was gone. Passing Eddie Carney's house I doffed my hat, as one would before a statue of Rabelais or Mozart. At the saloon I paused for a brief moment and thought of the delicious pitchers of foaming beer I used to collect at the side window. Strolling on, I came to what had once been the burlesque house; it was now a cinema, of course, and the announcements were in Polish, or perhaps Lithuanian. I continued down Grant Street to the ferry slip, but there were no ferry boats, nor even a saloon, if I remember right.

Had it ever been as I imagined, I asked myself. Or had I dreamed up those wonderful halcyon days? Shuffling about amid the pushcarts I felt lost, completely lost. Who was I? Where was I? The glorious past of my boyhood?—it was all but obliterated. Of all the lives I had led, what now remained? Only the halls of memory, it seemed. The memory of Lester Reardon, Eddie Carney, Johnny Paul, the memory of sounds, smells, sights, of drunks in the gutter, of bright pieces of tin, of the flick of George's horsewhip, of the beatific countenance of that distant relative, of bananas rotting on the fruit stand, of stallions pinned to the ground and the hot iron searing their flesh . . . The world and all it contains may vanish like dust, but the intangibles remain.

## JACK GELBER

*(continued from page 131)*

followed by abrupt silence. I look over the photos. None of the actors looks the least bit Oriental, which accounts for the translator looking like Little Orphan Annie. The sets and costumes are exact duplicates of Western designs. I can almost, but not quite, identify the plays.

"Do you know Oney?" Wo Shue asks through the girl.

"Oney what?" I can see both of them have been watching my every move.

Wo Shue attempts English, "Oney. Oney. Oney."

I rack brain cell after brain cell. What could they be talking about? "No, I don't know what you are talking about." Such an early defeat! How could I have let down so quickly?

"Nighttime journey," Oriental Annie explains.

Nothing will help. I happen to glance down. Of course! I am all smiles as I see the production still of *Long Day's Journey into Night*. Why can't these people speak American?

Getting even, I say, "I have never met him. I know this may come as a shock, but Mr. O'Neill is dead."

"Very sorry to hear." The girl and Wo Shue look puzzled.

I restrain my instinct to put them on, and offer them coffee. Wo Shue ruefully accepts. He seems to be fidgety. I ring room service and while stoically waiting for them to reply, I call out a pleasantry to Wo Shue: "The modern Chinese theater looks interesting."

Wo Shue sits staring ahead into space until the very last word of the translation and then he explodes. His face is fierce as a torrent of words pours out of his mouth. He pounds his fist into his palm, driving home one point after another.

Ten minutes later I hear the girl tell me that Wo Shue wants me to explain the structure of the American theater. What themes are typical? What plays are typical?

I sag down in my seat, outflanked by the Oriental tactician. What, indeed, are the typical themes? What are the typical plays? I look up. The silent Wo Shue sits with his hands loosely clasped on his lap, the suggestion of a smile playing on his lips and an insolent twinkle in his eyes.

"*¡Digame! ¡Digame!*" I hear room service finally responding from the limply held receiver. Grateful for the break in his attack, I take a deep breath and order coffee for us. Am I going to let this Commie outmaneuver me? No siree, I'm not letting my country down. I'm not going to let them sap my vital heritage (Bessarabian, as far as I can determine).

I tell him in plain American about Broadway, off-Broadway, off-off-Broadway, Lincoln Center, Actors Studio, regional repertory, foundation-supported


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*"Up here, Mr. Putnam . . .!"*

theater, university theater, church theater, community theater, showcase theater and foreign-language theater.

The waiter appears. His head is buried in a book as he pushes in an elegant tea-cart with our coffee. I am stunned. Never before has the service been as quick. Then I realize that I have shot my mouth off for a quarter of an hour. Did I give away anything of strategic importance? Perhaps a slip of the tongue while discussing the Ford Foundation? It was enough to shake up any stalwart American.

The waiter slides the bill toward me while continuing to read. Everyone in Cuba reads. Day and night, everywhere you go, people are reading. This fellow seems to be reading a scientific journal concerned with the processing of steel. "Is there any steel manufactured in Cuba?" I ask in amazement. Without looking up, he shrugs indifferently.

My hands are in my pockets searching for a tip. Tipping in Cuba is more of a hassle than in New York. It is somewhat counterrevolutionary to subscribe to tipping. *Gusanos* (worms) are those who wish to return to pre-Castro Cuba: pimping, prostitution, sex movies, live demonstrations (Fans of Superman, sometimes called Uncle Sam, will be happy to hear that he retired as undefeated champion), gambling and tipping.

By the time I figure out that I had best play the oafish American offering an overgenerous tip, the waiter has disappeared.

"Cigarette?" Little Orphan Annie proffers a metal container with what appears to be a phoenix painted on the side.

"No, thank you." I smile.

"They are superior to American cigarettes!" Little Annie spits out.

"I am not a cigarette smoker." I see Wo Shue slump down in a position of defeat. I add, "I smoke cigars." I show him one of my Larrañaga cinco vegas.

He seems singularly unimpressed. Wo Shue is 50 years old and does not look over 30. Every morning and evening he performs a show-stopping exercise routine on the hotel terrace. Standing erect, Wo Shue begins to move as if he were in an underwater ballet. His hands and feet move sinuously, completing some preordained ritual of skillful balancing and great strength. Without pause he reverses every forward movement until he returns to his original position. This routine gets a round of applause every time. The spectators receive, in return, a small bow.

Wo Shue attacks. What about this so-called musical comedy? Can it really be compared with the Peking Opera? What are the social themes of the new playwrights? Some names, please. What were the plays that won awards last year?

"*Virginia Woolf!*" I blurt out.

"Who is Virginia Woolf?" Oriental Annie asks as if her job depended on it.

"No, no. She isn't one of the characters. She's an English author." I am not making sense to them. "The play is called *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*"

Wo Shue folds his hands together. Now we are getting somewhere. Something significant is going to come of this.

"It was written by Edward Albee," I explain and then clam up. This man is trying to pump me for information!

Wo Shue nods and Little Orphan Annie produces from a genuine plastic case two books and a small envelope. (Bribery, yet.) Ceremoniously, Wo Shue presents me with the gifts. One book is a collection of short stories by the minister of culture and the other is a young playwright's work. The envelope contains a white silk scarf. I can visualize being carted off to jail by the customs officials.

In a panic to reciprocate, I give Wo Shue one of my plays, *The Connection*, which coincidentally has a dedication to my wife in Chinese characters.

Wo Shue is once again thrown into a fit of laughter. It is the conspiratorial type of laugh which scares the hell out of me. I take it that he thinks I'm on his side just because I can say six things in Chinese and have dedicated one of my plays with Chinese characters. Perhaps I ought to let him think so and then he'll lay off this *Virginia Woolf* business.

Such is not my fate. Wo Shue stops laughing and asks, "Who is Virginia Woolf?"

"I told you already." I feel my palms moistening. "She's an English novelist. Don't you believe me?" The yellow peril has me on the run. "Actually, the play is about an older university professor and his wife who get a late-night call from a younger professor and his wife."

Wo Shue interrupts. "College years of formation."

"No, no. It isn't a play about the formative years in college. You see, the older couple have made up this child——"

Little Orphan Annie smiles. "Oh, they are scientists. We, too, are on the way to creating life."

"No, no." I am reeling under their blows. "You see, the older professor's wife keeps nagging him to become head of the department."

"Aaaah! System prevent promotion," Wo Shue states triumphantly.

I'm down, dejected, almost defeated. "Look," I admit, "I don't pretend to know everything that goes on on Broadway. The Great White Way is just as much a mystery to me."

Wo Shue lets out a gasp when he hears the translation. He begins to mumble to himself and smile understandingly.

"What's he saying? What's he saying?" I ask the girl.

"He just repeat phrase 'Great White Way,'" Annie says.

I can see I've got him worried and strength is creeping back into my red-blooded veins. "Tell Wo Shue that I was a little hesitant before about telling him about Virginia Woolf. Actually, she's the scourge of the Great White Way."

My cigar had gone out. I search for a light while giving Wo Shue the big put-on. "You are a very clever man," I spread it thick. "No wonder the Chinese Government sent you all this way. What else do you want to know?"

Wo Shue springs to attention and from the folds of his severe black frock coat produces a MADE IN CHINA (always written that way) cigarette lighter that could pass for a Ronson. It doesn't work. Once, twice, three times he presses the plunger without results. He shakes his head in disbelief. He shakes the lighter while spewing out some ancient incantation. Still, it will not work.

He finds his pocketknife, which has a small screwdriver, and proceeds to break down the entire lighter and reassemble it. It works! Wo Shue insists I keep it.

"What about your work?" Oriental Annie translates.

"What about it?" I fend off answering.

"What is the theme of this play?" Wo Shue points to the copy of *The Connection*.

I give him a pained expression usually reserved for interviewers. "It's about drug addicts."

A light bulb appears over Wo Shue's head. He begins speaking rapidly again, spraying sibilants at me. "You make honorable effort to expose imperialist effort to enslave American people. Go on, please."

"No, no!" I am losing my temper. "The Government has nothing to do with my play."

Wo Shue smiles. "What style? Like Oney?"

"No, not like O'Neill! Like me!" He had better watch his step. I feel violence coming on.

"Typical American!" Wo Shue accuses me with his finger. "Venerate originality. No good. Chinese people not need to be original. Can concentrate on meaning. That's why we will win over the paper tiger."

I bellow, "You Chinks are a bunch of racists!"

Wo Shue patiently explains, "You misunderstand. No, we don't promote racial prejudice. What about the American South?"

"What about your Chou En-lai running around the world putting down the white imperialists?" I set my jaw and am on the tips of my toes. Just let him say one more thing.

Instead, Little Orphan Annie informs me that Wo Shue has an appointment to discuss African theater with the African delegate. "Thank you," she says once. "Thank you," she says twice. "Thank you," and they are gone.

I swing at where Wo Shue would have stood. It would have been a haymaker to the head—a KO, maybe.

# GREASY BIRD *(continued from page 134)*

had been full of guys and dolls standing bumper to bumper and it hadn't seemed worth while waiting. Entering the lair of Jas. Waterbury, I found his outer office completely empty. It was as if he had parted company with the human herd. There was a door marked PRIVATE, and I rapped on it. I had not expected anything to start into life, but I was wrong. A head popped out.

It was what I would describe as a greasy head. Its upper slopes were moist with hair oil and the face, too, conveyed an impression of greasiness, as though its proprietor after the morning shave had thought fit to rub his cheeks with butter. But I am a broad-minded man and I had no objection to his being greasy, if he liked being greasy. Possibly, I felt, all theatrical agents are.

"Hullo," said this oleaginous character. "Something I can do for you?"

"I want a girl."

"Don't we all? What's your line? Are you running a touring company?"

"No, it's more like amateur theatricals."

"Well, let's have the inside story, cocky."

He proved to be both quick and intelligent. He punctuated my narrative with understanding nods and when I had finished said I had come to the right man, for he had a niece called Trixie who would fill the bill to my complete satisfaction.

I pursed my lips a bit dubiously. I was asking myself if an uncle's love might not have made him give the above Trixie too enthusiastic a build-up.

"You're sure she'll be equal to the job? It calls for considerable histrionic skill. Don't you think we ought to have a seasoned professional?"

"Trix is a seasoned professional. Been playing fairy queens in panto for years. Never got a shop in London owing to jealousy in high places, but ask them in Leeds and Wigan what they think of her. Ask them in Hull. Ask them in Huddersfield."

I said I would, if I happened to come across them, and he carried on.

"Don't you fret yourself. Trix'll give you your money's worth. And talking of that, how much does the part pay?"

"I was thinking of a fiver."

"Make it twenty. That way you'll get every ounce of zest and cooperation."

I was in no mood to haggle. I dished out the 20, told him to be at the Wooster residence at four sharp on the morrow, complete with fairy queen, and, sure enough, at precisely that hour the front doorbell rang.

I answered it, for it was Jeeves' afternoon off. Once a week he downs tools at midday and goes to a butlers' club in Curzon Street. The Junior Ganymede, it's called, and he plays bridge there. I flung wide the gates and Jas. and his niece came in, and I started like a nymph surprised while bathing. For an instant you might say I was spellbound.

Not having attended the performance of a pantomime since childhood, I had forgotten how substantial fairy queens were, and the sight of Trixie Waterbury was like a blow from a blunt instrument. She stood about five feet, eleven, and all of her that wasn't billowy curves was flashing eyes and gleaming teeth. It was some moments before I was able to say Good afternoon.

"Afternoon," said Jas. Waterbury. "This is Mr. Wooster, Trix. You call him Bertie."

The fairy queen said wouldn't "sweetie pie" be better, and Jas. Waterbury nodded approvingly.

"Much more box office," he agreed. "I told you she'd be right for the part, cocky. You can rely on her to give a smooth West End performance. When do you expect your ladyfriend?"

"Any moment now."

"Then we'd better dress the stage. You be sitting on his lap, Trixie."

"What!"

He seemed to sense the consternation in my voice, for he frowned a little under the grease.

"We're all working for the good of the show," he reminded me austerely. "You want the scene to carry conviction, don't you?"

I could see there was much in what he said. I sat down, and Wigan's favorite fairy queen descended on my lap with a bump that made the stout chair tremble like an aspen. And scarcely had she started to nestle when the doorbell rang. And who should come in but Roderick Spode, the last caller I was expecting.

This Spode is not one of my inner circle of buddies. From the outset of our acquaintance he has shown himself allergic to Woosters. Far too often he addresses me as "You worm" and on more than one occasion has expressed a wish to tear me into shreds with his bare hands. These things do not make for easy camaraderie.

"Oh, hullo, Spode," I said. "Come along in. I don't think you've met Mr. Waterbury, have you? Mr. Spode, Mr. Jas. Waterbury. And Miss Trixie Waterbury, my fiancée."

Naturally Jas. Waterbury, having been anticipating the entrance of the female star and observing coming on left center a character who wasn't a member of the cast at all, was disconcerted. He appeared to feel that as the act had been shot to pieces like this, there was no sense in hanging around.

"Well, Trix," he said, "your Bertie'll be wanting to talk to his gentleman friend, so give him a kiss and we'll be getting along." And with a greasy smile he led the fairy queen from the room.

Spode, who had been goggling from the outset, continued to goggle.

"What's all this, Wooster? Who on earth is that female?"

"I told you. My fiancée. She plays fairy queens in pantomime."

"She looks like a hippopotamus."

"I suppose fairy queens have to, if they hope to get by in towns like Leeds and Huddersfield. Those audiences up north want lots for their money."

"You're really engaged to her?"

"Yes, all fixed up."

He snorted in a relieved sort of manner.

"Well, this will be good news for Madeline. She and I have had a complete reconciliation. Our engagement is on again, and the poor child was afraid to come and tell you herself. She said she couldn't bear to see the awful dumb agony in your eyes. She has such a tender heart. Gosh!" said Spode with all the polished tact I have learned to expect from him. "What a merciful escape she's had! Just imagine that sweet girl married to an ass like you! It doesn't bear thinking of."

He shuddered strongly and took his departure, leaving me, as I need scarcely tell you, feeling like a million dollars and in a mood to do spring dances all over the apartment. It was as if a great weight had rolled off me. Well, it had of course in one sense, for the fairy queen must have clocked in at fully 160 pounds ringside, but what I mean is that a colossal burden had been lifted from the Wooster soul. The storm clouds had called it a day and the sun had come smiling through.

The only thing that kept joy from being absolutely unconfined was that Jeeves wasn't there to share my hour of triumph. I felt I had to tell the good news to someone, and the thought of Aunt Dahlia presented itself. True, we had parted on steamed-up terms, she foaming at the mouth, self-wet with honest sweat, but it might be that by this time she had come off the boil, so I commended my soul to God, left a note for Jeeves saying where I'd gone and hared off to her address in a swift taxi.

My hardihood was rewarded. I don't say her face lit up when she saw me, but she didn't throw the Perry Mason she was reading at me and she only called me two new names, so I felt that the atmosphere, if not one of the utmost cordiality, was near enough to it for me to spill the good news, and I was about to do so when the telephone rang. The instrument was on a table near her chair, and she reached for it.

"*Who?*" she boomed. She handed me the receiver. "One of your foul friends wants you. Says his name's Waterbury."

Jas. Waterbury, placed in communica-

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tion with me, seemed perplexed. In rather an awed voice he asked:

"Where are you, cocky? At the zoo?"

"I don't follow you, Jas. Waterbury."

"A lion just roared at me."

"Oh, that was my aunt."

"Sooner yours than mine. I thought the top of my head had come off."

"She has a robust voice."

"I'll say she has. She could make a good living as a barrow boy. Well, cully, I'm sorry I had to disturb her at feeding time, but I thought you'd like to know that Trix and I have been talking it over and we both think a simple wedding at the registrar's would be best. No need for a lot of fuss and expense. And she says she'd like Brighton for the honeymoon. She's always been fond of Brighton."

I was at something of a loss to know what on earth he was talking about, but reading between the lines, I gathered that the fairy queen was thinking of getting married. I asked if this was so, and he chuckled greasily.

"You will have your joke, Bertie. You know she's getting married."

"I hadn't a notion. Who to?"

"Why, who else but you? Didn't you introduce her to your gentleman friend as your fiancée?"

"But that was just a ruse. I'm sorry, Jas. Waterbury, but you'll have to break it to Miss Waterbury that those wedding bells will not ring out."

"You don't want to marry Trix?"

"I wouldn't marry her with a barge pole."

An astonished "Lord love a duck" came over the wire.

"If that isn't the most remarkable coincidence," said Jas. Waterbury. "Those were the very words employed by two other fellows, one in Hull and the other in Leeds, when refusing to marry Trix after announcing their betrothal before witnesses. Shows what a small world it is. 'Well,' I said to them, 'if that's your attitude, I suppose we'll have to put it on a business basis. You've heard of breach-of-promise actions,' I said to them. They were both gentlemen in every sense of the word and they quite realized that it was their duty to see that Trix got her little bit of heart balm, because there was her despair and desolation to be taken into account, and after a certain amount of argle-bargle back and forth we settled on two thousand quid apiece. And that's what I'd advise doing in your case. I can talk Trixie into accepting that. Nothing, mind you, will ever make life seem anything but a dreary desert for her now she's lost you, but two thousand quid will help. I'll come and see you tomorrow."

I would have preferred, of course, after this exceedingly unpleasant conversation to have gone off into a quiet corner and sat there with my head between my hands, but Aunt Dahlia was now making her wish for explanatory footnotes so manifest that I had to give her my attention. In a broken voice I supplied her with the facts and was surprised to find her sympathetic and understanding.

"There's only one thing to do," she said. "Ring Jeeves up and tell him to come here at once."

"He won't be home yet. He's playing bridge at his club."

"Give him a buzz, anyway."

I did so, and was surprised when I heard a measured voice say, "Mr. Wooster's residence."

"Why, hullo, Jeeves," I said. "I didn't expect you home so early."

"I left in advance of my usual hour, sir. I did not find my bridge game enjoyable. The Duke of Hammersmith's butler twice took me out of business doubles and I had not the heart to continue."

"Well, will you hasten to Aunt Dahlia's place. Your presence is sorely needed."

"Very good, sir."

"Is he coming?" said Aunt Dahlia.

"Like the wind. Just putting on his bowler hat."

"Then you pop off."

"You don't need me for the conference?"

"No."

"Three heads are better than two."

"Not when one of them is solid ivory from the neck up," said the aged relative, reverting to something more like her customary form.

I slept fitfully, as the expression is, that night. It was past 11 when I presented myself at the breakfast table.

"I take it, Jeeves," I said as I started to pick at a moody kippered herring, "that Aunt Dahlia has told you all?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Travers was most communicative."

"My predicament is . . . how would you put it?"

"One of some gravity, sir."

I leaped from the table, the kippered herring frozen on my lips. The front doorbell had rung.

"Here he is, Jeeves!"

"Yes, sir."

"I can't possibly face him as early in the morning as this."

"In that case it might be advisable, sir, if you were to conceal yourself while I conduct the negotiations. Behind the piano suggests itself as a suitable locale."

To say that I found it comfortable behind the piano would be to deceive my public, but I secured privacy, and privacy was just what I was after. The facilities, too, for keeping in touch with what was going on in the great world outside were excellent. I heard the door opening, and then Jas. Waterbury's voice.

"Wooster in, cocky?"

"No, sir, he has just stepped out."

"That's odd. He was expecting me."

"You are Mr. Waterbury?"

"That's me. Where's he gone?"

"I think it was his intention to visit his pawnbroker, sir."

"What!"

"He mentioned something about hoping to obtain a few pounds on his watch."

"Are you kidding? What's he want to pop his watch for?"

"Mr. Wooster's means are extremely straitened."

"You mean he's broke?"

"One might certainly describe him as fiscally crippled."

Jas. Waterbury's voice had a sort of tremolo in it, as if he'd just begun to realize that life wasn't the thing of roses and sunshine he'd been supposing it. I knew how he must be feeling. There is no anguish like that of the man who, thinking he has found the pot of gold behind the rainbow, suddenly learns from a reliable source that he hasn't, if you know what I mean.

"But how can he be broke? He slipped me twenty quid yesterday."

"Mr. Wooster is generous to a fault."

"And what about this place of his?"

"Sir?"

"He didn't get this for nothing. And you don't get a valet for nothing."

"Sir?"

"You're his valet, aren't you?"

"Oh, no, sir. His aunt, Mrs. Travers, supposes me to be holding that position, but I represent Messrs. Wilson and Bunting, wine merchants, goods supplied to the value of three hundred and four pounds, fifteen shillings and elevenpence, a bill which Mr. Wooster is unable to settle. I am what is technically known as the man in possession."

This appeared to have got right in among Jas. Waterbury.

"You mean you're a broker's man?"

"Precisely, sir."

"You don't look like one."

"No, sir?"

"Or talk like one."

"There is a ready explanation, sir. I was at one time a gentleman's personal gentleman, but I am sorry to say I have come down in the world and my present situation was the only one I could secure. But while not what I have been accustomed to, it has its compensations. Mr. Wooster is a very pleasant young gentleman and takes my intrusion in an amiable spirit. Our relations have indeed become so cordial that he has confided his financial position to me. It appears that he is entirely dependent on the bounty of his aunt, a Mrs. Travers, a lady of uncertain temper who has several times threatened, unless he curbs his extravagance, to cancel his allowance and send him to Canada on a small monthly remittance. Should she learn of my official status and the reason for my being here, I do not like to envisage the outcome."

There was another pregnant silence, occupied, I should imagine, by Jas. Waterbury in wiping his brow.

*"Look! You depict your most successful hunt and I'll depict my most successful hunt!"*

Finally he said, "Gorblimey!"

He may have been intending to amplify the remark, but, if so, the words were dashed from his lips. There was a sound like a mighty rushing wind and I became aware that Aunt Dahlia was with us. As the bell hadn't rung, I took it that in letting Jas. Waterbury in Jeeves must have omitted to close the door.

Her eye seemed to have passed lightly over Jas. Waterbury, for it was to Jeeves that she addressed herself.

"Jeeves," she boomed, "can you look me in the face?"

"Certainly, madam, if you wish."

"Well, I'm surprised you can. I've just found out that you're a broker's man in valet's clothing. Can you deny it?"

"No, madam. Concealment, I fear, is useless. I represent Messrs. Wilson and Bunting, wines, spirits and liqueurs supplied to the value of three hundred and four pounds, fifteen shillings and elevenpence."

"Good God! What does young Bertie do—bathe in the stuff? Three hundred and four pounds, fifteen shillings and elevenpence! And in the red to that extent he's planning, I hear, to marry the fat woman in a circus."

"A portrayer of fairy queens in pantomime, madam."

"Same thing. I know those fairy queens. Starchy foods and stout in the dressing room. Roderick Spode says she looks like a hippopotamus."

I couldn't see him, but I imagine Jas. Waterbury drew himself to his full height at this description of his flesh and blood. No uncle likes criticism directed at a niece's *embonpoint*. When he spoke, his voice was stiff and offended.

"That's my niece you're talking about. And he's going to marry her or else get sued for breach."

It's just a guess, but I think Aunt Dahlia must have drawn herself to her full height, too. For the first time, she seemed to recognize that Jas. was among those present.

"Who are you?"

"Waterbury's the name."

"This fairy queen is your niece?"

"That's right, and she's engaged to Wooster. He announced it before witnesses."

"And she thinks of suing him for breach of promise?"

"That's right."

"Well, she'll have to go to Canada to do it, because that's where Bertie Wooster'll be off to on the next boat. And he won't have money to throw away on breach-of-promise actions. It'll be as much as he can do to keep body and soul together on what I'm going to allow him. If he gets a meat meal every third day, he'll be lucky. You tell that niece of yours to forget Bertie and go and marry the demon king."

Experience has taught me that except in vital matters like playing Santa Claus

at Christmas parties, it's impossible to defy Aunt Dahlia, and apparently Jas. Waterbury thought the same, for a moment later I heard the front door slam. He had gone without a cry.

Aunt Dahlia spoke:

"These emotional scenes take it out of one, Jeeves. Can you get me a drop of something sustaining?"

"Certainly, madam."

"How was I? All right?"

"Superb, madam."

"I think I was in good voice."

"Very sonorous, madam."

"Well, it's nice to feel that our efforts were crowned with success. This will relieve young Bertie's mind. I use the word mind loosely. When do you expect him back?"

"Mr. Wooster is in residence, madam. You will find him behind the piano."

I was already emerging, and my first act was to pay them both a marked tribute. Jeeves accepted it gracefully, Aunt Dahlia with a snort.

"Easy enough to hand out the soft soap, young Bertie, but what I'd like to see from you is less guff and more action. If you were really grateful, you would play Santa Claus at my Christmas party."

I could see her point. It was well taken. I clenched the hands. I set the jaw. I made the great decision.

"Very well, aged relative."

"You will?"

"I will."

"That's my boy. What's there to be afraid of? All those kids'll do is rub chocolate on your whiskers."

"Chocolate?" I said in a low voice.

"Or strawberry jam. Pay no attention, by the way, to stories you may have heard of them setting fire to the curate's beard last year. It was purely accidental."

I had begun to tremble, again like an aspen, when Jeeves spoke:

"Pardon me, madam."

"Yes, Jeeves?"

"If I might offer the suggestion, I think that perhaps a maturer artist than Mr. Wooster would give a more convincing performance."

"Don't tell me you're thinking of volunteering?"

"No, madam. The artist I had in mind was Mr. Spode. He has a fine presence and a somewhat deeper voice than Mr. Wooster. His Ho-ho-ho would be more dramatically effective, and I am sure that if you approached her, Miss Bassett would persuade him to undertake the role."

Aunt Dahlia pondered.

"I believe you're right, Jeeves. I'll go and see her now. It's tough on those children, for it will mean robbing them of the laugh of a lifetime, but they can't expect life to be one round of pleasure."

She exited smiling, and I turned to Jeeves, deeply moved. He had saved me from the fate that is worse than death, for I hadn't believed for a moment the aged r.'s story of the blaze in the curate's beard being an accident. The younger element had probably sat up nights planning it out.

"Jeeves," I said, "you were saying something not long ago about pushing off to Florida after Christmas."

"It was merely a suggestion, sir."

"You hope to catch a tarpon, do you not?"

"I confess that it is my ambition, sir."

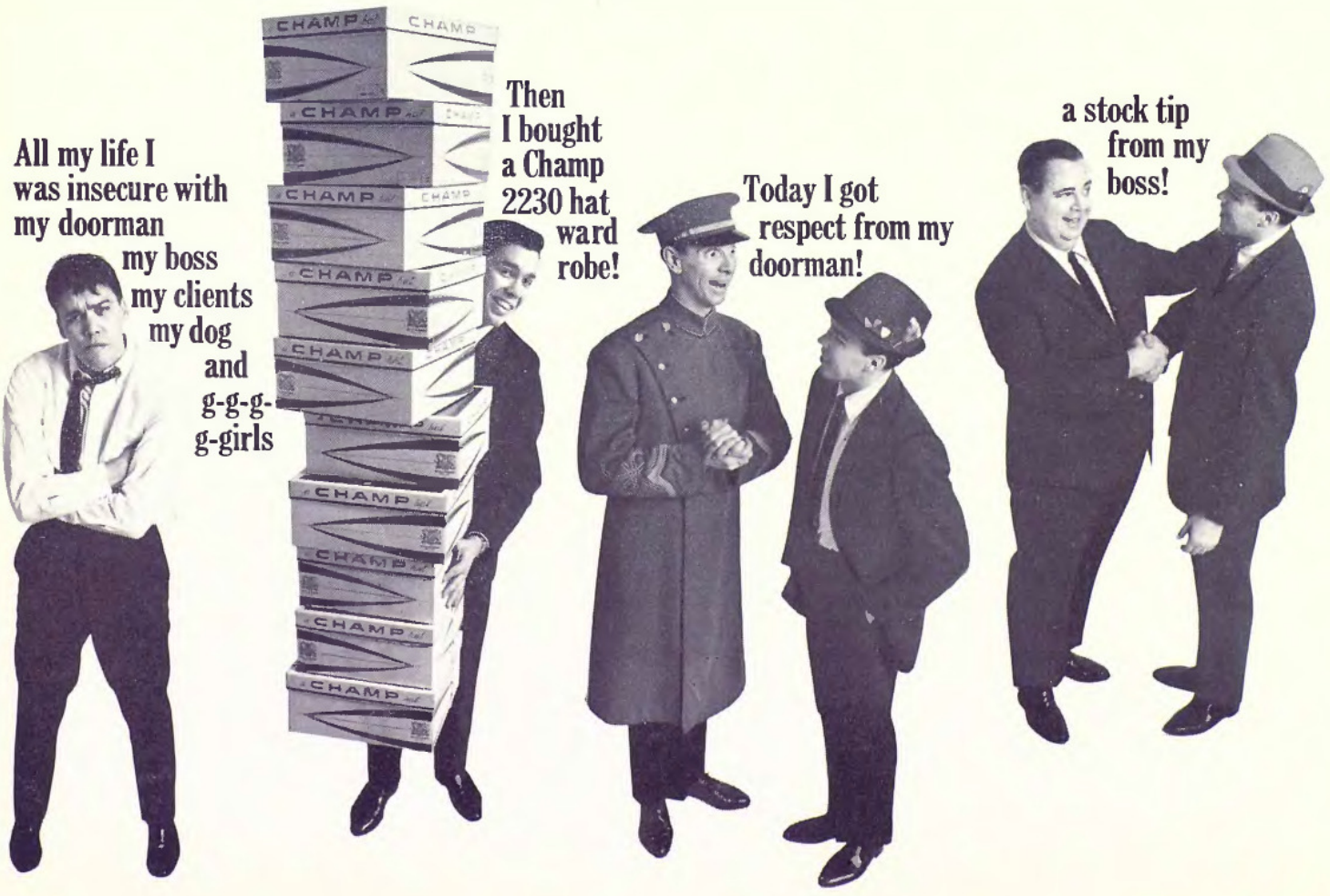
I sighed. It wasn't so much that it pained me to think of some tarpon, perhaps a wife and mother, being jerked from the society of its loved ones on the end of a hook. What gashed me like a knife was the thought of missing the Drones Club darts tournament, for which I would have been a snip this year. But what would you do? I fought down my regret.

"Will you see to booking the tickets. We might leave directly after Christmas."

"Very good, sir."

I struck a graver note.

"Heaven help the tarpon that tries to pit its feeble cunning against you, Jeeves," I said. "It will be a one-sided contest."



## FESTIVE FOWL *(continued from page 129)*

house to the turkey, that magnificent bird which wise old Ben Franklin wanted to be the national emblem of America, can always count on a rich mine of recipes from around the world. In France, for instance, the pride of many Parisian chefs for generations has been the *dindonneau truffé*, a young turkey filled with a sausage and truffle stuffing, with slices of truffle slipped between the outer skin and flesh. Left to stand for at least 24 hours before roasting, the turkey meat slowly absorbs the truffle's delightful aroma. In the Arab countries turkeys are stuffed with ground lamb, almonds and rice, a perfectly logical treatment for the Near East, and in its way, very delectable. On this continent it would be hard to find a more hallowed recipe than the Mexican turkey *mole*. It was created by Spanish nuns, and is a braised turkey cooked in a rich dark sauce containing at least three different kinds of hot peppers, sweet peppers and, most important of all, chocolate.

That the bird you serve *look* like a bird and not like some taxidermist special mounted on a dusty club wall is now fundamental. In England, a few centuries back, it took some years before the American turkey nudged the reigning peacock aside and mounted the gastronomic throne of royal dinners. Although the flesh and flavor of the peacock were suspiciously close to the leather boot Charlie Chaplin consumed in *The Gold Rush*, the deepest respect was paid to its ornamental value. Before the peacock was put on the fire, its skin and feathers were carefully removed in one piece. During roasting, its proud head was robed in a wet linen cloth moistened frequently to avoid damaging the bird's natural mien. At the proper time the cooked peacock was set on a large ornate platter, recovered with its original plumage, its gaudy tail spread wide. Before the bird was borne into the dining room, a cotton wad dipped into camphor or spirits was stuck into its beak and set aflame. The job of carving was given only to the doughtiest knight at the top of the guest list. With knife in hand, he loudly took a vow dedicating his valor to "God, the Holy Virgin, the Ladies and the Peacock." It didn't take too many years for English lords and ladies to discover that, visual aesthetics notwithstanding, a nude turkey was infinitely better than a dressed peacock. It's still good advice. Chefs today who've earned their wings know that a lavish flavor will be remembered with yearning long after a spectacle is forgotten.

Food skeptics who for so long had doubted the freezer and everything in it have slowly come to realize that what counts is the kind of frozen assets in the repository, and not the freezing process itself. All Rock Cornish game hens, for example, are now frozen. But the original bird bred in this country, the Idlewild, is still far and away the best, and its long cavalcade of imitators seems only to emphasize the succulence of the original fowl. If you're within delivery distance of a gourmet market, it's nice to know that, thanks to the freezer, such game birds as Norwegian ptarmigan or Scotch grouse are no farther away than the nearest phone. Holiday birds such as goose, capon and squab are found hanging high in many local markets. But for men really delving deeply into the poulterer's art, the best way to make sure you're bagging an elite bird is to first get an elite vendor.

Ambrose Bierce once said realistically that "a bird in the hand is worth what it will bring." At the holiday board its mission is to bring pleasure. Don't overcook it. Don't let the brown skin become so deeply brown it chars. The breast meat, especially when a bird is roasted, needs protection against a fire too fierce or too prolonged. Aluminum foil is the easiest of all such protective devices. If the bird is covered in foil, a hot oven is needed. If the breast only is covered, or if the breast is covered with larding pork or salt pork, a slow oven is indicated. To brown the breast, remove the protective shield about 20 minutes before cooking is completed. To test the bird for

doneness, untie it and move the drumstick. If it plays easily back and forth, that part of the bird is done. To test the breast meat, jab it rather deeply with a two-pronged kitchen fork. If the juice flows pink, it hasn't passed its meridian. If the juice flows clear in a gentle rivulet, the moment of truth has arrived. No matter how skillfully or speedily a carver works, the flesh of most birds cools quickly after it's sliced, so keep your gravy over a trivet flame, hot to the bubbling point. Spoon it over the sliced meat on the platter.

The old fiat about drinking red wine with red meats and white wine with fowl grinds to a halt when game birds, goose or duckling is brought to the table. Generally, the rich meat of these birds requires a more robust red like a deep burgundy to complement the evening's fare. Stick to the traditional turkey if you are a confirmed drinker of the chilled whites. A deeply flavored Meursault from Burgundy or a Pinot Blanc from California, totally different whites although both are made from the same Pinot grape, are good choices. Among the reds that complement turkey, we favor a selection among the light Bordeaux.

The following birds have been carefully chosen from PLAYBOY's gilded cage:

ROAST DUCKLING WITH APPLES, MARSALA GRAVY
*(Serves four)*

1 five-pound duckling, thawed
4 large, firm Delicious apples, peeled and cored
¼ cup salad oil
1 large onion, minced
Juice of ½ lemon
2 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons apple brandy
1 tablespoon finely minced leaf sage
2 tablespoons minced fresh parsley
¼ cup bread crumbs
8 slices stale French bread, ½ in. thick
1 egg, beaten
Salt, pepper
1 packet instant chicken bouillon
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
3 tablespoons marsala
1 teaspoon cider vinegar

Remove neck, gizzard and liver from duck. Preheat oven at 350°. Cut apples into eighths from stem end to bottom, and place in a large saucepan with duckling liver, oil, onion, lemon juice, sugar, apple brandy, sage and parsley. Simmer slowly, covered, until apples are just tender, not mushy. Remove from fire and stir in bread crumbs. Cut bread into cubes approximately ½ in. thick. Place apple mixture and bread cubes in large mixing bowl. Combine egg with ⅔ cup water and add to bowl. Toss until bread has absorbed liquid. Cut duckling liver into small dice and return to bowl. Season generously with salt and pepper. Stuff duckling with apple mixture. Fasten vent with 2 or 3 small skewers. Sprinkle duckling with salt and pepper and place on wire rack in shallow roasting pan. Roast approximately 2 hours, or until done, removing fat from time to time to prevent smoking. Place neck and gizzard in small saucepan with 2 cups water. Add dash of salt and simmer slowly until liquid is reduced to 1 cup. Set aside for gravy. While duckling is roasting, drippings will accumulate in pan bottom. When drippings are light brown (do not let them turn black), add ½ cup water to pan. When duck is tender, remove from roasting pan. Remove fat, but let drippings remain. Strain stock from neck and gizzard into roasting pan, add chicken bouillon and place roasting pan over low top flame. Stir pan bottom to loosen drippings. Mix butter and flour to a smooth paste and add to roasting pan. Simmer, stirring constantly, until gravy is smooth. Add marsala and vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Pass gravy separately at table.

ROAST PHEASANT, ALSATIAN STYLE
*(Serves four)*

2 baby pheasants, larded for roasting
4 eggs
4 large shallots or 2 scallions, white part, finely minced
¼ cup light cream
Flour
Salt, pepper, paprika
Salad oil
12-oz. can chicken broth with rice
2 tablespoons madeira or sherry
2 teaspoons butter
Brown gravy color
Grated parmesan cheese

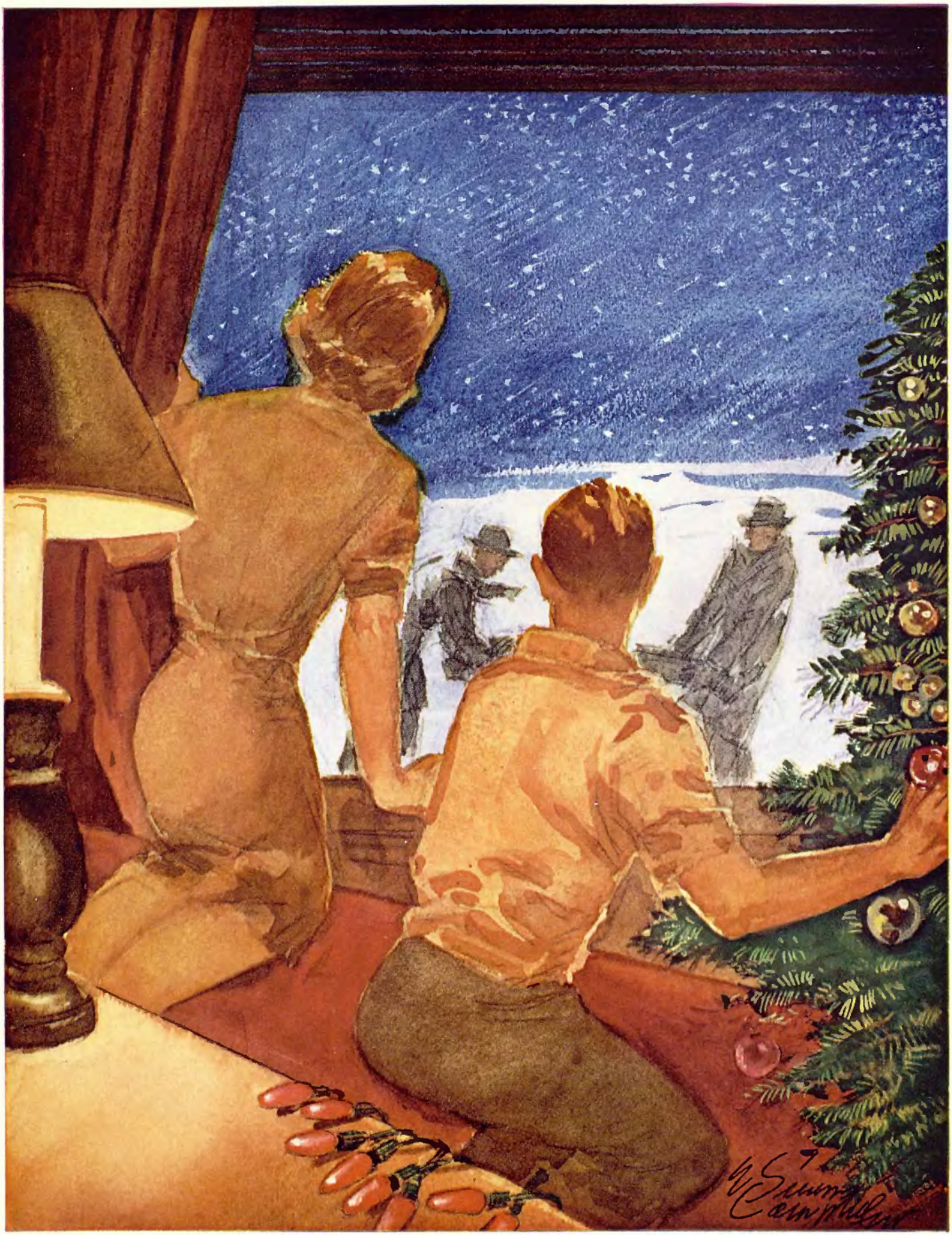
Preheat oven at 450°. Place pheasants breast side up in shallow roasting pan. Roast 35 to 45 minutes, or until tender. Turn birds during roasting to brown evenly. While pheasants are roasting, put eggs, shallots, cream, ¼ cup flour and ¼ teaspoon salt in blender. Blend until smooth, scraping flour from sides of blender if necessary to blend completely. In a small omelet pan or sauté pan pour just enough oil to cover pan bottom lightly. Place over medium flame. Add 1 tablespoon batter to pan and cook until light brown on one side. Often the small pancakes thus formed, called *Eierkuchas*, will curl. Maneuver with ladle or spoon to brown on both sides. Browning takes place in a few seconds. Continue cooking until all batter is used. Each *Eierkucha* should be folded in half. Place close together in shallow metal pan or casserole and set aside. Remove pheasants from roasting pan. Discard all fat. Pour chicken broth into electric blender. Add 1 tablespoon flour and madeira. Blend until smooth. Pour into roasting pan and place over moderate top flame. Scrape pan bottom to loosen drippings. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer slowly, stirring constantly, until gravy is thickened and smooth. Remove from fire and stir in butter. Add brown gravy color if necessary. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Pour half the gravy over the *Eierkuchas*. Sprinkle lightly with parmesan cheese and paprika. Place under broiler flame briefly to brown. Arrange *Eierkuchas* around carved pheasant on platter and serve with balance of gravy.

BROILED BABY TURKEY, CHESTNUT CASSEROLE
*(Serves six)*

1 six-to-seven-pound young turkey
¾ cup salad oil
½ cup very dry sherry
½ cup honey
3 tablespoons soy sauce
1 lb. small silver onions
3 pieces celery, ½ in. slices
Butter
½ lb. button mushrooms
¼ cup flour
2 cups hot milk
11-oz. can whole chestnuts in water
Salt, pepper, onion powder
Parmesan cheese
Paprika
½ lemon

Have turkey split with breastbone removed so that turkey will be flat for broiling. Cut a deep slit about 1 in. long in each drumstick. Combine salad oil, sherry, honey and soy sauce. Mix well to blend honey with other ingredients. Pour over turkey in shallow pan. Marinate 5 to 6 hours or overnight, turning turkey occasionally to marinate both sides of bird. Peel and boil onions until tender, about 20 to 25 minutes. About 5 minutes before onions are done, add celery to same pot and continue cooking until vegetables are tender. Drain. Melt ¼ cup butter in large saucepan. Add mushrooms and sauté until tender. Remove from flame and stir in flour, mixing well so that no lumps of flour are visible. Slowly stir in hot milk, mixing well. Return to a moderate flame. Simmer 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add onions, celery and chestnuts, together with liquid in can. Season to taste with salt, pepper and onion powder. Turn mixture into casserole. Sprinkle generously with parmesan cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Store in refrigerator until needed. Preheat broiler flame. Broil turkey until medium brown on both sides. Brush with marinating liquid while broiling. Transfer turkey from broiler to roasting pan. Reduce heat to 350°. Place turkey and chestnut casserole in oven and bake until both are done, about 30 to 40 minutes. Baste turkey with marinade. Just before serving, sprinkle turkey with lemon juice and brush with butter.

A covey of fine feathered friends, indeed, to heighten any Christmas feast.



*"The neighbors have certainly caught the Christmas spirit—they're carrying home a yule log. No, wait a minute—that's one of the neighbors they're carrying home . . . !"*

## birthday party (continued from page 172)

The captain was waiting.

"OK," Arthur said, and reached into his pocket and slapped his checkbook onto the counter.

• • •

At the hotel, he felt refreshed and sober when he came out of the shower. There were at least eight mirrors in the bathroom, but he couldn't see himself in any of them, because he had taken off his glasses before climbing into the tub. Besides, the bathroom was all steamed up from the hot water he had used, this was certainly a fine hotel, with lots of mirrors and good hot water to sober up a wandering soul on Christmas eve.

I'd better call Jenny, he thought.

He put on his glasses and picked up his watch. It was still set with New York time, he hadn't bothered to reset it when he got off the plane. In New York, in White Plains to be exact—which is where he and Jenny and Michael and Pam lived, the four little Pitts in a white clapboard house on Robin Hood Lane—it was now 11 P.M., one hour to Christmas, and Jenny was probably frantic. Naked, he put on his watch and walked out of the bathroom. He found a white ivory telephone on the night table near his bed, wondered whether he should call her or not, and then decided of *course* he had to call her.

He felt chilly all at once. He went to the closet where the bellhop had hung his cashmere overcoat and, lacking a bathrobe or any other boudoir attire, put on the overcoat. The lining was silk. The coat felt luxurious and comforting. He sat on the edge of the bed and crossed his legs and looked at the phone and then became absorbed in reading the dial, which listed all the various places you could call in the hotel. There was a little red light on the telephone, too, and he supposed you used that if you wanted a direct line to a red-light district, which he might very well want before this night was through. In the meantime, he had to call Jenny so that she wouldn't alert the police or call the hospitals or, God forbid, his mother. That's all he needed was for Jenny to call his mother. What do you mean he's not home? his mother would shout; his mother always shouted. On Christmas *Eve*, he's not home? Yes, Virginia, for that was his mother's name, your son is not home on Christmas Eve.

That's right, Mom, he thought, I'm here in Los Angeles.

I'd better call Jenny.

He hesitated again, not because he was afraid of Jenny—he did, in fact, feel invulnerable, invincible, courageous, adventurous, a naked wild man in a luxurious cashmere overcoat—but only because he did not want to spoil his party. He had never had a birthday party in his life because dear Virginia his mother had been inconsiderate enough to become pregnant nine months to the day before Christmas. Who wants to attend anyone's birthday party when the biggest birthday in history is in the midst of celebration? *Next* year, Virginia would always say, *Next* year, we'll have some of your friends in later in the day, the afternoon perhaps, or the evening, there's no reason we can't celebrate your birthday just because it happens to fall on Christmas. She had said *Next* year every year, but eventually they ran out of years. By that time he had married Jenny, and not having a birthday party had become habit. Besides, you have to have your birthday parties when you're still a kid wearing eyeglasses. When you're 35 and wearing eyeglasses, and then 40 and wearing eyeglasses, it doesn't matter a hell of a lot anymore. Until you're about to be 42, and still wearing eyeglasses, and a party is about to start and you feel it slipping out of your hands, trickling through your fingers like all the sands of next year, next year, next year—and you want it to be *this* year, *now*.

He was not afraid of Jenny, but he was afraid she would spoil his party.

He picked up the receiver.

Instead of calling Jenny, he dialed 7 for the valet and was told the valet had gone home, this is Christmas Eve, sir. He asked if the housekeeper had gone home, too, and was informed that a housekeeper was *always* on duty and she could be reached by dialing 4. He dialed 4 and a woman with a foreign accent answered the phone. He could not place the accent.

"Do you have an iron?" he asked.

"An iron? To press?"

"That's right."

"Yes, I have an iron. Why you don't call the valet? He presses."

"He's gone. It's Christmas Eve."

"Oh. You want to press?"

"Yes. I'd like to press my pants because I'm having a party, you see, and they're all wrinkled from the plane ride. I don't like to have a party in wrinkled pants."

"What room you in? I send."

"One-oh-eight," he said.

"You return?"

"Yes, I return," he said.

"Good. I send."

"Good, you send. Thank you."

He hung up. He called the bell captain then and asked if there was a liquor store in the hotel. The captain told him he could order liquor in the pharmacy, which sounded to him like a peculiar place to be ordering liquor, but he hung up and then dialed the operator and asked for the pharmacy. When he was connected, he told whoever answered the phone that he wanted two bottles of Scotch sent to room 108 and charged to his bill.

He did not begin pressing his suit with the borrowed steam iron until after the whisky was delivered. He poured a stiff double hooker into one of the glasses that were ranged on the countertop facing the entrance door, and then discovered there was an ice-making machine under the counter, this was *some* hotel all right. From the bathroom he took a clean towel and spread it out on the counter and then put his trousers on top of the towel and began pressing them while he sipped at the Scotch.

The idea was to keep the party going. He did not know what his next move would be after he pressed his pants and his jacket, but he did know that he had two bottles of whisky and he would not be 42 for almost an hour, so the idea was to keep the party going. Maybe he would just dial the operator and ask her to ring several rooms in the hotel and when he got them he would say, "Hi, this is Doc Pitt in room 108. I'm having a little birthday party, and I wonder if you'd like to come down and join me. It's right off the pool, room 108." Maybe he'd do that, though he doubted it. What he *would* do was press his pants and his jacket, and maybe his tie as well, and then have a few drinks and then leave this nice hotel room and see what Beverly Hills was all about.

The telephone rang.

"Hello," he said into the receiver. "Just a minute, I forgot to unplug the iron."

He went back to the counter, unplugged the iron, poured himself another drink while he was there, and then carried the glass back to the phone with him.

"Yes?" he said.

"This is the bell captain, sir."

"Yes, hello, what can I do for you?"

"I've got a bottle of champagne for you, sir."

"You have?" Arthur said, astonished. "Who's it from?"

"I don't know, sir. It was delivered just a few moments ago."

"Well, that's very nice," Arthur said. "Put it in an ice bucket and send it on over, why don't you?"

"Yes, sir," the bell captain said, and hung up.

Still astonished, Arthur sat on the edge of his bed. Well, never look a gift horse, he thought. A party is in progress, and we need all the champagne we can get, not to mention several satin slippers from which to drink it.

The telephone rang again.

He stared at it unbelievingly, thinking the hotel management was really going a bit *too* far, really, and wondering what they had up their sleeves this time. Gardenias? A basket of California oranges? He would flatly refuse. He would say Thank you, your apologies are accepted, but if you send any further gifts, I will

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Giggling, he lifted the receiver. "Hello?" he said.

"Is this Mr. Pitt in room 108?"

"Yes, this is he," he said.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Pitt."

"That's quite all right, no need to apologize."

"This is the bell captain again, sir. I'm sorry about that bottle of champagne, sir, but it isn't for you, after all."

"Oh?"

"It's for the young lady in 109, sir. I rang the wrong room, sir, I'm terribly sorry."

"That's all right."

"I'm sorry, sir. Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas to you," Arthur said, and hung up.

He felt suddenly demolished. The idea that the champagne was not for him at all, but rather for a young lady in 109, the idea that a gift had been extended to him and then just as abruptly withdrawn filled him with a despair that was unbearable. I'd better call Jenny, he thought, what the hell.

He picked up the receiver.

He was studying the holes in the dial, trying to decide which one would connect him with the long-distance operator, when he heard the splash outside his window. He thought at once that someone had fallen into the pool; it was still winter in his mind, and people did not voluntarily jump into a swimming pool on Christmas Eve. He immediately replaced the receiver and ran to the sliding glass door, peering through at the pool and the *lanai* area. At first he couldn't see anyone, either in the pool or around it. Soft recorded violin music was being piped over the loudspeakers. He could see the muted lights illuminating the palms surrounding the pool, and the single immense white Christmas tree in the pocket formed by the U of the hotel's wings—but no one in the pool or around it. And then a head burst through the water and a blonde girl surfaced and swam to the side of the pool, swinging herself up over its tiled lip and gracefully walking toward the diving board. She was wearing a black, two-piece bathing suit, not a bikini, but cut very low on her waist, the halter top scarcely containing her breasts. She flicked her head to one side, the long mop of blonde hair flapping soddenly away from her face, and then continued walking with that peculiarly graceful flat-footed stamp of athletes and dancers, one hand cupping thumb and forefinger over her nose to clear it, the other tugging the seat of her trunks down over the partially exposed white swell of her buttocks. She mounted the ladder to the diving board and walked to its end, where she stood with her hands on her hips and stared down at the water.

She stood that way for the longest time, absorbed, her head bent, one hip jutting. He had no idea who she was, could not, in fact, see her face too clearly in the muted light surrounding the pool. But she was tall and blonde and poised, and he could think of only one person in all of Los Angeles who was tall and blonde and very poised. It seemed entirely possible to him that she, who else could it be, had come directly to this fine hotel where after her long and tedious flight she had attempted to take a nap only to be awakened by the poolside music—whereupon she had instantly ordered herself a bottle of champagne, of course, and decided on a midnight swim instead. The girl standing still and serene on the end of the board could not conceivably be anyone but Miss Iris Radley, a strange name for a Swedish girl, and what a pleasant surprise, even though he could not yet see her face, who else could she *possibly* be?

More and more convinced, he watched her captured in reverie, her head and body motionless, her blonde hair glittering with reflected light. At last, she heaved a long sigh, her shoulders moving—he could almost hear that long mysterious sigh through the closed plate-glass door—and walked back to the ladder. Her body was tight and slim and tanned, she glided through the soft California night and then turned a short pirouette and moved forward suddenly, not running, drifting, moving magically to the very end of the board. Her knee came up, she made a precise figure four with one taut straight leg, one bent, sprang and hung suspended, the board vibrating beneath her. Head back, body arched, arms wide, she hung against the night for an eternity, and then plummeted to the water below, her arms and hands coming together an instant before she disappeared. He watched. She surfaced some ten feet beyond and then swam in an easy crawl to the shallow end of the pool, executed a clean racer's turn, swam to the deep end, turned again and continued swimming back and forth tirelessly, effortlessly.

He watched her world.

There was in that world all the things he had never known, the burlesque queen he had not had in Buffalo that time, the birthday gifts that blended with Christmas gifts and left a strange aching void, the bottle of champagne offered and then withdrawn. He wanted to call out to her, wanted to shout, "Hey, are you *really* Miss Radley who said my hands were cold? Are you really the girl in 109? Hey, how would you like to come to my party? How's the water?"

Trembling, he looked at his watch. It was seven minutes to midnight in White Plains. He would be 42 years old in seven minutes.

Go ahead, he thought. Call Jenny.

He reached for the stem of his watch and pulled it out. Slowly and carefully, he set the watch back to 10:53, and then 9:53, and then 8:53. He snapped the stem back into the case with a small final click, and pulled open the sliding glass door.

The girl was just coming out of the water.

He knew goddamn well she was not Miss Iris Radley, and possibly not even the girl in 109. But his step was curiously light, and his heart was beating wildly as he hurried toward the pool to invite her to his party.

## PROJECT SLEIGH *(continued from page 173)*

but telemetered data enabled ASL aerodynamicists to compensate for these by the addition of a classified number of spherical metallic countervibrators *(CLINGENCLANGEN)*. These were attached, it should be noted, to the external guidance mechanisms positioned on the nonload-bearing outer skin of the internally structured propulsion units, proving entirely compatible and offering minimum thrust degradation.

Guidance of the SLEIGH vehicle-capsule combination is entirely nonelectronic, being achieved by a continuous flexible loop system activated and controlled by the capsule commander in dextral and sinistral flight-path change, and vertically, with retropressure applied during the landing phase. Human engineering studies gave evidence that manual controls of horsehide optimized stimulus-response feedback channels in the interface between capsule commander and guidance.

Prototype design was finalized last July and production of the man-rated SLEIGH ordered, with experimental flight testing continuing in parallel at the BUGLAD Arctic Range at Point Barrow (BARPB).

The SLEIGH Command Module Design Group at ASL rejected a shirt-sleeve capsule environment as impossible within the developmental time schedule and an interim solution was found in a nonpressurized flight suit of heavily insulated velvet with moderately long-wave reflectance characteristics, with fur neck and wristbands to provide redundant protection against excessive exposure to hypersonic winds expected to be encountered during flight. Suit integrity is further supplemented by an abdomenally positioned belt and flight boots into which the trouser extremities are inserted prior to launch.

Two prestressed high-carbon steel landing skids support the command module before launch and following touchdown. Construction materials employed in the module are largely cellulose. Provision is made for extensive extravehicular activities by the flight commander, who also acts as chimney sensor during lift-off and landing phases. Cargo will ride just aft of the capsule commander in a service module designed for maximum ease of access for off-loading.

The first unmanned prototype flight took place in late September and was tracked throughout its programed test with outstanding success, although the ASL Tracking Group has recommended that a flashing red light be incorporated into the nose cone of the Rudolph last-stage propulsion cluster to augment in-flight identification. This may be done in later versions, but pending a NASA decision, no action is contemplated for modification at this time, unless funding is found by BUGLAD in FY '66.

Present scheduling calls for lift-off of the first manned flight during this last week of December, barring slippage. The man-rated SLEIGH vehicle-capsule combination delivered today will be airlifted to the NASA-BUGLAD launch complex at lat. 90° North this evening for pad tests and orientation of the capsule commander, who has been practicing for his flight in the capsule simulator there. Final countdown is set to begin sometime tomorrow afternoon, with lift-off at 0:00:01, December 25. The flight is planned to be open-ended, with duration at the capsule commander's discretion. NASA announced that the capsule commander's identity will be revealed following touchdown and debriefing.

Neither BUGLAD nor ASL officials would discuss what is certainly the most remarkable feature of the new SLEIGH combination, nor the means by which it is achieved, which are believed to be highly classified and with potential military application. This is its capability to be entirely invisible to the eyes of anyone more than six years old.


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# LINCOLN AND KENNEDY

*(continued from page 114)*

for their work and rejoined his family. And Lincoln, at the height of the carnage in his country's bloody internal conflict, had the courage of his convictions and maintained U. S. Grant as a military leader in the face of Congressional and public cries for his dismissal.

Had Lincoln and Kennedy been contemporaries, they would have enjoyed each other's company—despite their disparate backgrounds—not only for the ideals and humane qualities they shared, but for matching senses of humor. Both found it easy to lean back and laugh heartily. Both were clever at honing their wits on others. Lincoln, fitting his era, told apocryphal stories; Kennedy's wit had the flash of an Irish saber.

One of Lincoln's favorites was about the days when he practiced law on the Sangamon County circuit. He had to follow a certain acidulous judge from town to town, trying small cases. It seemed as though the judge delighted in finding against Lincoln's clients.

On an afternoon when court adjourned, the judge leaned down from the bench and said that he was afraid that Mr. Lincoln did not trust him. Other attorneys, packing briefs, paused to listen. Lincoln protested that there were few men he trusted more than the judge. "In that case," said the magistrate, "you can prove it tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. You and I will trade horses sight unseen in front of the courthouse."

The listening lawyers howled with laughter. Young Lincoln had been cleverly trapped. In the morning, the wooden sidewalk in front of the court was jammed with lawyers and court attendants waiting to see the Springfield lawyer fleeced. The judge came from one end of the street, towing a wind-sucking sway-backed horse.

Lincoln came from the other direction, coattails flapping, long feet lifting and falling slowly, carrying a carpenter's horse across his shoulders. In front of the court, he handed the wooden horse to the judge, took the bridle reins, and said: "Your honor, this is the first time I've been beaten in a horse trade."

Now and then, he could make his point succinctly. When a constituent asked for a military pass to Richmond, Virginia, Lincoln said: "My dear sir, it would do you no good. I have given General McClellan's Army more than 200,000 of them and not a single one of 'em has got there yet."

Kennedy, who stuttered when he ran for Congress in 1946, became a polished wit by 1960. At the Alfred E. Smith dinner that year, he noted the presence of political enemies:

"Cardinal Spellman," he said, "is the only man so widely respected in American politics that he could bring together, amicably, at the same banquet table, for the first time in this campaign, two political leaders . . . who have long eyed each other suspiciously, and who have disagreed so strongly, both publicly and privately—Vice-President Nixon and Governor Rockefeller."

Five days later, in Chicago, he referred to the Nixon-Kennedy debates: "A good deal of comparison," he said, "and most of it unfavorable, is drawn between the Lincoln-Douglas debates and my weekly appearance on 'What's Our Line?' "

Kennedy had a Gaelic appreciation of the ridiculous. When a small boy asked: "Mr. President, how did you become a war hero?" Kennedy said gravely: "It was absolutely involuntary. They sank my boat."

There were bitter moments, too, and in these Kennedy was closer to Lincoln than he knew. Several times, the young man scowled, bounced a pen off a blotter and said: "Anyone who thinks he can do this job better is welcome to it." Almost a hundred years earlier, Lincoln said to his friend Ward Hill Lamon: "In God's name! If anyone can do better in my place than I have done, let him try his hand at it and no one will be better contented than myself."

They had lofty ideals, inner eloquence and goals. Most Presidents assume the office of Chief Executive with many goals. Lincoln and Kennedy each had two, and they were identical: peace at home; peace abroad. Both understood that, in war, there are no true winners and that men's minds cannot be changed at the point of a bayonet. Each believed that men could be persuaded to lay down their arms forever.

Lincoln and Kennedy found that good will and logic are not enough. Each faced internal convulsion and external threat. Each was called "radical" by the far right and lost all support from that direction early. The 16th President faced a long and enervating Civil War and the threat from European nations—mainly Great Britain—to become embroiled on the side of the South. Kennedy faced an ever-growing civil rights crisis from within and the bloodletting small chronic wars from the East.

Neither man lived to see a true peace anywhere. Lincoln died in the bitter knowledge that, although the War closed with victory, the South would not forgive him for having won it. Kennedy died knowing that the civil rights fight had passed from the control of the courts to street fights, billy clubs and protest marches. He thought he had gained the lead in the fight for understanding, from 1961 on; later, he was dismayed and shocked at the enduring hatred of man for man. At Vienna, he thought he might come to a friendly agreement with the Russians, and thus bring an easing of tensions in the world at large. Instead, the Russians shot Kennedy's hopes from under him.

The worlds of Lincoln and Kennedy appeared to lack men of good will. Sometimes the words they spoke were words of men who weep inwardly. "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds . . ." And the young one, consciously etching an inscription on a future monument: "Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country." Mr. Kennedy's personal credo, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going," found no subscribers at all, except on the team he quarterbacked.

The final words of these men had no special import, except to show that they did not know they were last words. Lincoln, holding his wife's hand in the box at Ford's Theater, heard her say: "What will Miss Harris [Senator Harris' daughter, who was in the box with them] think of my hanging onto you so?"

The President conveyed his fondness in a glance and said: "She will think nothing of it."

Then followed the unconscious voyage toward eternity. As Lincoln lay dying in the Petersen House, his wife was escorted from the room.

President Kennedy was concluding a motorcade through Dallas. The wife of Governor Connally, sitting forward and diagonally to the left of the President, noted the applause and waving from the crowd along the curb. "Mr. President, you can't say Dallas doesn't love you," she said. He glanced at her, still waving, and said, "That is very obvious."

Suddenly, a bullet exploded into the great intelligent head and all thoughts, all ideals were done. As he lay dying in Parkland Hospital, his wife was escorted from the room.

The next morning at the White House, the final parallel occurred. Little John ran out on the front porch and a Secret Service agent snagged his wrist. "What's the matter?" the Secret Service man said. "Well," said John, pouting: "some bad man shot my father." He looked up perplexed. "Why isn't he here to tell me about it?"

On a similar Saturday in 1865, cold rain fingered the gaunt black oaks on the White House lawn. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Gideon Welles, stepped inside and shook the rain from his hat. The President's young son Tad was coming down the staircase. "Mr. Welles," he said with strained dignity, "who killed my father?"

Kennedy, in death, rested on Lincoln's catafalque.

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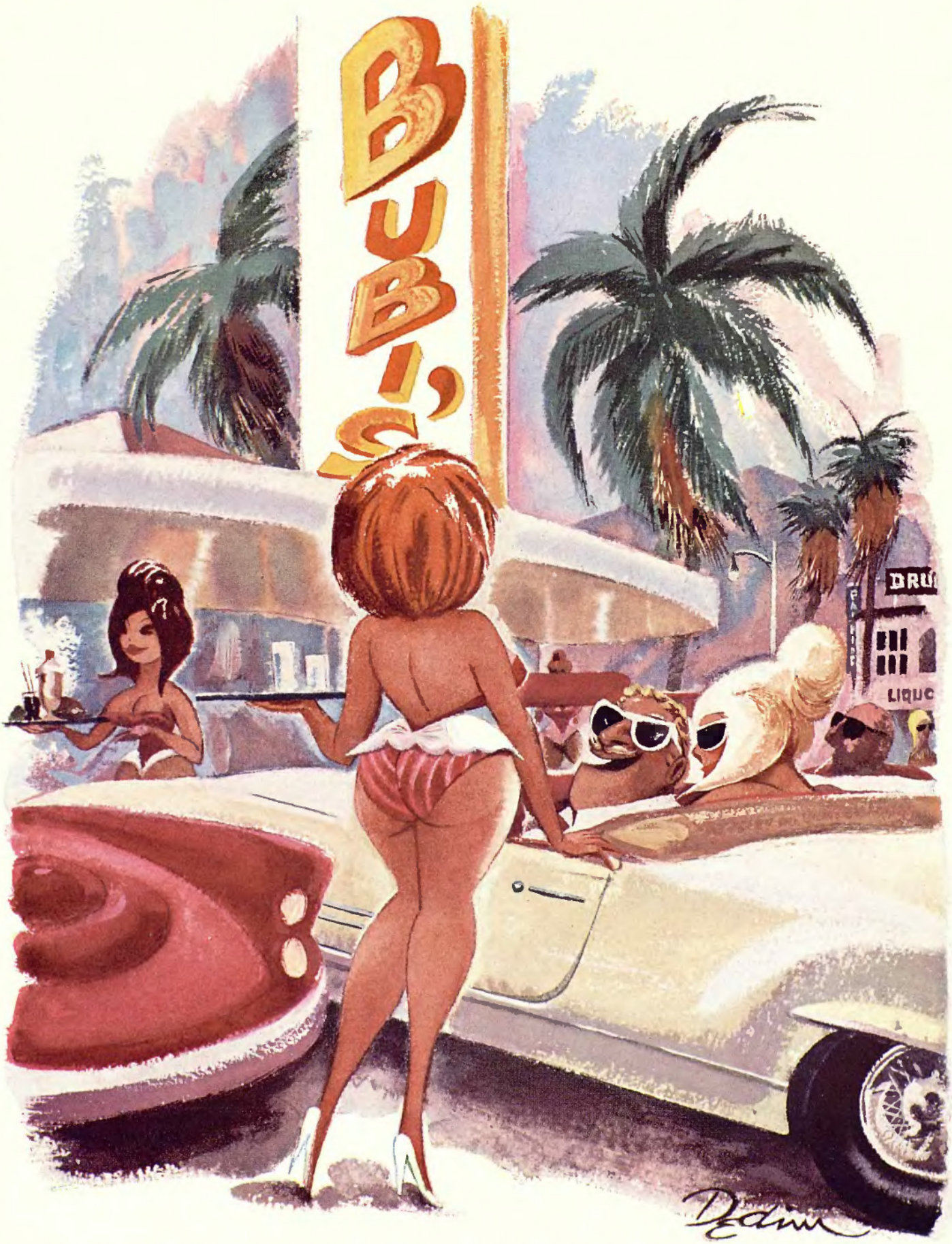


*"Two number-three Christmas dinners . . . !"*

# NOTHING WORKS *(continued from page 178)*

the same value, provided he is returned in good health. Since we guarantee this bird to be a young singer, his song will grow stronger and more varied as he gets older. You will note his song develop as he swells his throat more and more from month to month."

Neat, just dandy—until you analyze it. "Fails to please"—how do they know what I *expect* from this bird? Grand opera? They talk about "growing stronger as he gets older." Is he going to radically change his vocal cords during the length of the 21-day guarantee? You expect Caruso and wind up with Eddie Fisher?

Now I have a guarantee that doesn't guarantee anything beyond the fact that the bird is a *comer*. Just give him *time*. This is just like my fire insurance which doesn't cover smoke damage, my Social Security, and my theft insurance which is ruled invalid because the camera wasn't in my safe at the time it was stolen.

It would be real sweet if somebody would manufacture something and issue a guarantee that said, in effect: "Look, we made this damned thing as best we could to show a reasonable profit on it and at the same time peddle you something worth your $2.79. It ought to last, with luck and no undue abuse by children and dogs, a couple of months. What do you want out of us—*blood*?"

At that point I'll buy the damn thing and recommend it to all the other kids on the block. But I will *not* recommend anything that's guaranteed for five years, much less a hundred.

Friend of mine smokes a special pipe tobacco—Old Sweatshirt, or something similar. He's been smoking it for 25 years. He puffs that pipe constantly, so he buys his tobacco in one-pound batches. Suddenly, he says, he had an uneasy feeling that the one-pound tin had shrunk. Weighed the tin: 14 ounces. And he swears that in grammar school they taught him that a pound ought to weigh 16 ounces, so somebody's clipping the baccy barn for the two ounces on each package.

This boy was really cheesed off. He knows about rising costs and is willing to pay rising prices, but he wants his full 16 ounces. He also is sore at a candy company that sells three quarters of a pound of chocolates. Who the hell ever bought three quarters of a pound of anything that was packaged?

I stand foursquare for only one modern commodity which really works: the Zippo lighter. The Zippo boys still keep my cockles cockling. No matter how old or in what condition your lighter is, Zippo will repair its product without charge. Hinges *do* wear out or break, naturally, but you know damn well that your old Zippo comes back from repair as good as new. They not only fix what's wrong but they install new cotton, a new wheel to strike the flint, clean the lighter, polish it and return it. All for free. They even send you a little envelope containing some fresh flints.

In the food department, practically nothing remains constant except catsup. Bread is aerated sawdust, painted ghostly white. It owns all the nutriment of a breath of its principal ingredient, air. Nobody *makes* bread anymore; they can't find the right dials on the stove, which has just shorted out.

Apple pie? Nunh-*uh*. In my time it was a delight, and I went to war for it *and* motherhood. But motherhood is obsolete, too, in the old-fashioned sense, and now apple pie is a slag heap of green apples jammed between two layers of Bakelite. What, oh what, ever happened to the slim slices that came cinnamon-drenched from the crusted deep-dish?

Nobody makes sauerkraut anymore. It used to be cabbage shredded thin, speckled with caraway and actually *dilled*. The closest thing to dilling these days is named Phyllis, a night-club comedienne.

You used to make three or four stops at good delicatessens to pick up a Sunday-night buffet—sauerkraut here, potato salad there, kosher franks yonder. Now you make the one stop and they put it all in a paper bag and it all tastes just like the paper bag, which is made of pure imitation cellulose. Momma, who took pride in preparing the specialties of the house, is no longer in the kitchen. She is shoving her mink around in Miami Beach. The mink is real, but real ranch.

Restaurants? You stumble by accident, in search of a beer and a sammidge, into some dive and run onto the damnedest cuisine since the first cannibal discovered a recipe for braised missionary. The food is marvelous, because Momma makes it herself. Then you open your big fat mouth and tell a couple of martini companions about this little gem where the flavor is and the ptomaine ain't.

*Bam!* In six weeks you've got a Louie Chez Lui. Next time you check in, the menu is engraved on paper so thick you have to pick the words out with tweezers. Some son-in-law, out on parole, sneers down his nose, and says: "Did you have a reservation, sore?" They never say "sir." It's always "sore." So you don't have a reservation, because the last time you were in the phone company had cut off the credit. But the maitre de—his most recent rap was for breaking and entering—permits you to stand at a bar and drink nine dollars' worth of refilled Scotch until the table is ready, if ever.

A surly sister of the parolee slugs you a buck for a pack of cigarettes and your hat, and then loses the matching check. Everything on the menu, which used to consist of Poorboy sandwiches, beans and bread (all you can eat for half a buck) is now à la carte. But man, it's chic, and why bother to spend all that money in "21" or The Pump when you can poison yourself at twice the price in the name of chic?

The tipping business needs no further development. There is nothing you can say about a man being paid union wages who will insult you and imply your female companion is a slut if you don't double the price of a hot martini, served in a cloudy glass full of detergent suds. I will never understand hatcheck concessions, either. Does a restaurant expect you to eat with your hat and coat on, unless you bribe the chick who doesn't get the money anyhow?

The doorman says he can't find you a cab. The airport people say sorry, your luggage must have gone on the other plane. The airport taxi won't take you back from the canceled flight unless he can fill his heap with three other suckers. If it rains, there aren't any cabs. At the theater hour, there aren't any cabs. You can't get out of town on Friday, and you can't get back on Sunday.

The wishful domestic you are lucky enough to kidnap, at two bucks an hour, says her doctor told her she can't do any heavy work, like lifting or sweeping. The cook has to be home to check the Dow-Jones averages by seven sharp. You make all manner of appointments with doctors—no doctors make house calls anymore—and then you wait an hour and a half with an old copy of *Country Gentleman* or *Bluebook*. And if you break the appointment he bills you anyhow.

Philip Wylie once wrote a small poem that went this way, if memory serves:

*The waiters all are rude.*
*The bellboys scream and yell.*
*The swill is better than the food.*
*Goddamn the Mills Hotel.*

As the sum total sinks over the plumbers and doctors and electricians and TV feelers, the supermarkets, the discount stores, the trains and the airlines, the taxis and the room servicers and switchboard operators and shoddy shoemakers and booksellers who say, brightly: "We *had* one, but we sold it last week," I feel that Mr. Wylie was speaking for us all.

Except I don't know why the poor old Mills Hotel has to take the rap for modern sucker civilization, in which, basically, most things that are not worth doing are done badly. Things don't work, is all. You just can't get there from here. And nobody—but nobody—cares. And the typewriter is busted again.

## MATZOHBALL

*(continued from page 198)*

on this street there were no public telephones or fire-alarm boxes. It was coming from a most unlikely place, the handle of a mop in the hands of one of a pair of shabbily attired women street cleaners.

"It's the bagel," said the mop wielder in a rich baritone voice.

"Then it's got to be trouble. The bagel only goes off when the wire is severed," answered the other woman in an even deeper bass.

"Let's get the hell in there," snapped the first crone. "It's blown. He's in trouble."

"Hold it! The two gentlemen trying to look so casual near the side entrance . . . KGB boys, if I ever saw any. I can smell 'em a mile away."

The possessor of the acute olfactory sense was, of course, no woman at all, but Israeli agent Zvi Gates, he of the piercing eyes and the artificial ear. Zvi Gates, 113 in the branch, licensed to wound. Street cleaner number two was young, personable Itzhok Ben Franklin, 276, licensed to drive.

They began a measured shuffle toward the two Russian goons, Federenko and Norelco, who leaned against the loading platform smoking strong Gorki Cigarettes with one-inch gork tips.

"We clean spot right here, eh, Sonyushka?" said Zvi. Itzhok nodded and they set about mixing a powder into the battered pail of milky water. "Better use strong powder, plenty dirty pavement here," admonished Itzhok. Zvi poured the powder into the pail, humming *Moscow Evenings*, but at the same time he let slip from under his petticoat a small green cube. "Pinch nose." The mixture fizzled for a second, then burst into a green gaseous ball. The two women, forefingers and thumbs squeezing their noses, held their breaths. Norelco fell forward, his head striking the side of the platform, blood spurting from a pulsating fountain of a wound. "A trap!" Federenko screamed. Coughing, choking, he barreled into the Institute.

• • •

"This piece of matzoh," said Materi. "I wrenched it from a bedroom closet door. It's different from the other." He and his rabbinical host, the Cook's tour at an end, stood in front of the house watching the bright floodlights flash rays off its silvery skin.

"Matzoh is matzoh," the rabbi said mildly. "I can't imagine there being any difference at all."

"Thicker. Yes, definitely thicker. But why?" He began to knead the fragment in his hand. Crumbs snowed upon his boot tips. And then something else fell to the floor—a shiny black sort of ribboned material. He picked it up, held it to the light. "Microfilm!"

The Materi gash turned into a sneer. And suddenly Colonel Materi realized that the stoop-shouldered savant had straightened up. He shoved the rabbi back with a flailing left hand, dug into his holster for the Walther PPK Reuther with the right, whipping it out with the lightning draw that had earned him a reputation in the KGB as "the fastest gun in the East."

This time he was not fast enough.

Even as Materi shoved him back, Rabbi Chair's right hand made a mercurial maneuver of its own, whipping the yarmulke from his head and sailing it at his Soviet guest with the power of an outback aborigine hurling a boomerang.

Five sounds fought for dominance in the Institute of Architecture:

1. The frightening, whirring sound of Rabbi Chair's yarmulke jetting toward its goal, a short, exciting marriage.

2. Clang! The marriage of the steel-lined yarmulke to its waiting, eager lover, the steel plate in the head of Colonel K. Benyah Materi.

3. *Strike! Strike!* The characteristic sound of the Walther PPK Reuther blazing in the misdirected right hand of the falling KGB bigwig.

4. "It's a trap! Tra——" The gas-blasted, nearly unconscious Nikolai Federenko stumbling onto the scene.

5. His tortured "aaa-eee-iii-ooo-uuu" scream gargling in his throat, torn open by Materi's two slugs.

Then, to the rabbi, the sweetest sound he'd ever heard—silence.

Two men lay on the floor of the Institute of Architecture in slowly widening pools of blood, faces contorted in the attitudes of sudden, violent death.

Israel Bond, alias Rabbi Morris Chair, dazedly wiped the coursing streamlets trickling from his brow into his eyes. Sweat, thank God, and nothing more.

He pulled out a crumpled pack of Raleighs from a vest pocket, stuck one into his trembling lips and scratched an Ohio blue-tipped match on the door of the

*"It gets more commercial every year, doesn't it?"*

house. Footsteps click-clacked behind him, Zvi and Itzhok chugging in.

Zvi spoke. "Oy Oy Seven, sorry this one"—he kicked the sole of Federenko's shoe—"got away. Gas got the other, but this guy had a little extra staying power. And our KGB luminary in the tunic. What got him, Bond?"

Zvi, of course, was hurling a challenge at his idol, Oy Oy Seven, whose ability to inject scintillating humor into even the most perilous circumstances was well known to all his acquaintances. And basically ignored. Except by the jocular Zvi, who loved a hearty joke.

Bond smiled weakly, threw his Saturday punch. (His commitment to Judaism was an integral part of his make-up.) "What got Colonel K. Benyah Materi, dear Zvi? He made one fatal mistake. He used his head."

Zvi literally purpled, a soft wheeze escalated into a howling hurricane of laughter. Slapping his knee, he lost balance and fell heavily against the point of Federenko's shoe, bloodying his nose. "Used his head! Oh, *mommeleh*, what a mind! Dig, Itzhok? He used his *head*!"

"OK," grinned a satisfied Bond. "Fun and games over. Get this house dismantled and into the truck. Your contacts are meeting you at the Reese-Shapiro Bridge at midnight. Get cracking!"

As the two younger Israelis loaded the matzoh segments onto the rickety old E. B. White truck, he gave them a brief, perceptive rundown on his minutes of torment at the hands of Colonel Materi. Bond glanced down at his fallen foe again and snapped his fingers.

"Boys, they'll be looking high and low for Rabbi Morris Chair for sure. They know——" He cut himself short; he would not bring up the matter of the traitor at this crucial moment in the plot—"uh, I have a feeling they might be looking for the rabbi when the colonel doesn't check back in. But here's my passport out of this Godforsaken people's paradise."

"Real Oy Oy thinking, boychickl," enthused Zvi. "Take his papers, his car, the whole schmear. Who the hell will have the guts to stop a KGB titan?"

"Another, bigger KGB titan, you schnook," said Bond severely. "They'll all be out looking for him, especially General Bolshyeeyit, the section boss. If I can just grab a plane out of here . . ."

Minutes later, Bond was sartorially resplendent in Materi's togs, his beard and payis shaved away by Zvi's .22 Remington. The only jarring note was the pants cuffs, which ended at his knees.

"The bodies, Oy Oy Seven," said Zvi. "What about 'em?"

Bond's eyes were mischievous. "Watch, lads. We're going to make the bodies disappear. And as an added fringe benefit, a ten-million-dollar installation, the Institute of Architecture."

Zvi's eyes popped. "Gevaldt! How?"

Bond removed the prayer shawl from his neck, kissed it reverently. He felt for the fringes on the right side of the shawl, pulled one out to a length of some 20 inches. "The fuse, gentlemen. The entire talis is woven out of explosive *plastique*."

"Ha Lavi, huh?" Zvi asked, answering his own question. Lavi Ha Lavi, quartermaster of M 33 and ½, creator of diabolical devices for espionage, such as the yarmulke.

"Colonel," Bond lit another match, touched it to the elongated fringe, "let's leave it to the angels, and get the hell out of here. It's now fifteen minutes to boom time."

• • •

A day later General Bolshyeeyit put down the copy of *Izvestia*, sighed and again stared into the face of Israel Bond.

It was the same snapshot in the same dossier the late, lamented Colonel Materi had perused shortly before his untimely departure. Effected, General Bolshyeeyit knew beyond question, by this handsome agent of death.

Rumors flew like ICBMs around Moscow concerning the fiery destruction of the Institute of Architecture.

To A. Schlepin, shadowy security chieftain of the Soviet Union, the general had been forced to tell the truth (at

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least his version). He blamed Materi for an unsanctioned independent act. "He deserved to die, the stupid glory seeker," the general said coldly, "tackling a man like this Israeli with only himself and two others."

Bolshyeeyit knew from the glacial quality of the interview that he must improvise a way back into Schlepin's good graces, and fast.

"Comrade Minister," he began guardedly. "What . . . what if KGB could revenge itself upon the Zionist state for this outrage?"

"How, General? Without admitting to the world that little Israel was able to wreak an act of monumental destruction upon the proud Russian bear in the very heart of his capital?"

"True," the general nodded. "But the world at large does not know of Israel's daring. Perhaps our world, the world of intelligence, knows by now, and it is that world we can impress—by destroying the very Israeli who was the death instrument of poor Materi, and the bomber in the Institute job."

"Israel Bond," said Schlepin reflectively. And Bolshyeeyit knew by the gleam of interest in the minister's eye that he had temporarily saved his spurs.

"I see the merit of your proposal," Schlepin said. "But, General Bolshyeeyit, I tell you this. This is your last chance to redeem yourself."

• • •

"Da, my English is perfect, General Bolshyeeyit. Impeccable. Without the slightest trace of an accent. Why do you ask?" The query came from a low, attractive voice.

Bolshyeeyit did not reply for a moment, content to feast his ravenous eyes upon the supple, voluptuous naked body beside him. A most un-Russian body, he admitted. Our women are runty, bovine.

The general was now in the apartment of Corporal Anna Annatevka—a small hideaway which he paid 300 rubles a month to use. For another 300 a month he had the privileged use of its willowy occupant as well.

"I have been admiring this well-proportioned body of yours, Corporal Annatevka. I wonder how it would look lying beside the tanned, trim body of an Israeli agent."

"A curious wonderment, my General. Do you propose that it should lie next to such a body?" The corporal was shrewd; she knew her general was not one to conjecture idly.

He stretched out his arm, pulled a document from the inside pocket of the tunic lying on a chair near the bed. "Look at this man."

It was Bond's snapshot.

She gazed intently at the gray eyes. "He looks very handsome. And very dangerous."

"He is both. And you, my dear Annushka, are to consort with him, let him taste of your delectable loveliness. And kill him."

• • •

At the precise moment General Bolshyeeyit was scrutinizing the languorous form of Corporal Annatevka, his tool of revenge, his target, Bond, was in London accepting an important phone call.

"Tel Aviv, Israel, calling. Mother Margolies on the line."

Mother Margolies? Calling direct? His steely right fist clenched, the Speidel watch band snapping off in his anxiety. It was unthinkable of Mother to make a personal call unless a Code 3-D condition existed—Danger Doom Disaster! It signified to any thinking Israeli "op" that something was amiss.

Mother Emma Margolies, known to an adoring humanity as the kindly, wise soul of 81 golden years whose renowned cooking (Betty Crocker asked *her* for recipes) was savored by lip-smacking gourmets from somewhere east of Suez to China 'crost the bay. Her celebrated chicken soup graced the elegant tables of presidents, kings, Indian rajahs, British rock-'n'-roll stars. Yes, she was everybody's Jewish mother, dispensing equal dosages of gastronomic delights and straight-from-the-heart proverbs of universal understanding such as: "You can't teach an old dog new tricks. But you *can* teach an old dog to teach a young dog *old* tricks."

"Shalom, Oy Oy Seven," her voice pierced the crackling static of the overseas cable. "How was your Slavic interlude?"

"The sale was transacted. However, three directors of the rival company were taken off the board. And one of their factories was destroyed."

"So I have been reading in the Moscow papers. Unfortunate."

"I must inform the factory that it appears one of our salesmen has been wooed away by the rival firm. He has been selling them information about next year's line."

In Tel Aviv, Mother sucked thoughtfully on a piece of rock candy clamped in her dentures, sipped from a glass of hot tea at her elbow. A traitor! "Who is the unethical salesman?"

Bond bit on the Raleigh between his own teeth. "I cannot say. But I feel he is one of the sales task force that accompanied me to Moscow. But we can better discuss this problem when I return home for the first Passover Seder night five days hence."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Bond. A distressing sales problem has come up in our branch office at Station WI. Detailed information will be available from Ben Bon Ami, whose address may be found in the current catalog. There is a plane leaving tomorrow at eight A.M. On it will be the other three members of your 'Matzohball' team—Gates, Franklin, Nochum Spector. You will need all the assistance you can get. And perhaps during the course of your next enterprise you can unearth the identity of our unethical salesman. Shalom . . . and remember, the fool plays his cards close to his vest, but the wise man has five aces *under* his vest."

Long after M had rung off, Bond stood quietly, his handsome dark face caught up by a frown of deep concentration. Rotten luck! This Passover would find him far from his beloved Israel, involved in heaven alone knew what kind of fearful assignment.

From a thick black company ledger titled "Soup Sales" (a funny name, Bond thought, and a natural for some comedian), he extracted a slim pamphlet hidden in the binding and unrolled it. His fingers skimmed the contents. "Station WI." The West Indies. Under that category he found the name Ben Bon Ami, 41 Cinco de Finko, Vera Hruba.

Vera Hruba! Good God! The capital city of the sinkhole of the world! Israel Bond was going to the pestilential, revolution-racked, murder-ridden Caribbean island of—El Tiparillo!

• • •

It had been a distressing day for General Bolshyeeyit. There had been a headsplitting paperwork job tossed in his lap by Minister Schlepin. The lazy bastard! Schlepin, an avid reader of American newspapers, had seen an opportunity for a potent propaganda outburst against the United States. "Draft me a powerful speech accusing the Americans of violating the treaty against exploding horrible bombs."

"What shall we use as proof, Comrade Minister? This is a serious charge and must be backed up concretely."

"Fool! Cite the recent New York World's Fair," barked Schlepin.

In this irritable frame of mind Bolshyeeyit fairly exploded when the switchboard operator said timidly, "A thousand pardons, General, but I have a long-distance call from a Gospodin Colfax."

Colfax! The very man who might extricate me from this predicament.

"This is General Bolshyeeyit."

"General, this is Rotten Roger Colfax. I have some information which may be of use to you. But this time it will cost you."

"How much, Gospodin Colfax?"

"One million rubles. To be delivered by tomorrow. It must be left with a Dr. Nu at the Temple of Hate in El Tiparillo. Your people on that unhappy island will know of the establishment. If it is delivered, I shall call many more times with tasty items . . . at a price, of course."

Bolshyeeyit, a man used to making decisions of paramount importance in a hurry, said, "I accept your terms. The money will be there, I promise you. Now, what is the information you have?"

"By now, you know that I am attached to M 33 and 1/3. I was part of

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the band that perpetrated the killing of your colonel and his two aides and the blowing up of your Institute. The leader of that strike was Israel Bond, our beloved secret agent."

Was that apposition cast in a sarcastic vein? This man must have a personal vendetta going against Bond. It can be highly useful to me.

"Where is Bond now?"

"He leaves London eight A.M. tomorrow. The plane will make a stop at Miami. Since that airline does not go to El Tiparillo, he will be compelled to take the only line that services the island, Tailspin Tannenbaum's Flying Aardvark Airways. It leaves at nine A.M. Miami time the following day."

"I am grateful for that data, Gospodin Colfax. How can I contact you for further information?"

"You may leave word at the Temple of Hate. But don't call me; I'll call you." Rotten Roger signed off.

Bolshyeeyit pounded his fist into his palm. "Khorosho! There is time. It will be close, but there is time." He dialed a number. "Annushka? There is no time to waste. Pack your bags and be prepared to be picked up in fifteen minutes. My chauffeur will take you to the airport. You are about to bask under the famed sunny skies of Miami, Florida, with your target, Israel Bond."

• • •

Ahead of Bond's cab lay the airport and the superliner for Miami. He wisely tripled the amount of his flight insurance, leaving Mother Margolies as his principal beneficiary, with ten percent allocated to the Espionage Tzeddukah Charity Fund, set up to provide black mink coats for the mourning widows of Israeli operatives.

On his way to the first-class Golden Circle area he spotted Zvi, Itzhok and Nochum, but gave them no glance of recognition. They were ensconced in the 12-seat-across tourist section, appearing somewhat cramped and unhappy. Rank hath its privileges, he admitted, but an Oy Oy holder deserved the luxurious touches befitting his station. Golden Circle travelers dined sumptuously on Sea Islands, Georgia, pheasant under Chagall stained glass, swigged chilled Jive 7 wine in ice buckets, served by bright-eyed, slinky stewardesses in crisp, topless uniforms. For the tourist crowd it was a box of Nabisco Fig Newtons and orange Kool Aid, served by hostesses who looked like Marie Dressler.

Yes, there they sat . . . Zvi, Itzhok, Nochum. Three lads who had helped him tweak the nose of the Russian bear. He could not believe even now that one of them was the traitorous Rotten Roger Colfax. Which one?

Zvi and Itzhok had done the lugging and the strong-arm work; Nochum had acted as liaison and kept in constant telephonic contact with the main office. Telephone! He could have been the caller! But then, any one of them could have stolen a moment to buzz Materi.

What did he know of them, anyway? Zvi, Jack-of-all-trades, master of disguises, had joined M 33 and 1/3 several years ago. He knew Zvi longed for a higher designation than 113. "You get all the glamorous assignments, Oy Oy Seven," Zvi had once jested. Was he insanely jealous deep down? And would such envy impel him to treachery? Zvi Gates with his artificial ear (Once, after the accident that is described in *Loxfinger*—Pocket Books Inc., 1965, $1, and well worth purchasing—he had said to Bond, "Look at my new ear, Oy Oy Seven. You can hardly tell it from the real article." And Bond, flashing a light into the ear and spotting the eardrum, had riposted: "Gee, dad, a Wurlitzer!"), a tragedy caused by my carelessness. Could that have triggered a resentment which turned to all-consuming hatred?

Itzhok Ben Franklin, a new appointee. He doesn't chortle at my rapid-fire jokes. That certainly makes him suspect. The young buck was a taciturn sort; he was, Bond knew, an honor graduate of the Technion Institute, which turned out Israel's scientific brainpower. Did he consider the low-grade chores allotted to him beneath his intellectual merit?

And Nochum, M's nephew, a laughable elf who had failed so miserably in a succession of government posts that, thanks to the intercession of his aunt, he had been placed in intelligence. He had always begged, "Please, Oy Oy Seven, teach me to kill and grab broads and order food just like you do?"

Bond had snickered, "Nochum, stay safe in the playpen. This game is for big boys." Perhaps I was thoughtless at the time. Would that remark have turned Nochum against me and Eretz Israel?

He suddenly became conscious of a rustling in the next seat, a pair of astonishing legs sheathed in Lady Damita Jo hose, following them up past taut thighs, a bewitchingly tucked-in waist, two full jutting breasts straining to liberate themselves from a satiny black Tuesday Weld–model bra, to a face . . . and what a face! Piquant, amusing, with two ebony eyes dit-dotting an unmistakable SOS for SEX. Hands smooth, ringless, fingernails tinted tastefully with Revlon's new Annette Funicello pudgy pink shade. The hair, also ebony, in a chic Shetland pony tail, neatly tied with a Pabst Blue Ribbon.

"Hello-o-o-o," he began. A traditional opener; he'd play it by ear. "Traveling together, are we?"

"We are on the same aircraft. It is a distinct possibility."

There's a keen mind to go with that loveliness! "May I introduce myself?"

"You may as well. I can't do it for you."

Another flash of wit! I could, he told himself, fall in love with a girl like this in 20 seconds. "My name is Bond. Israel Bond."

"Mine is Connery. Fawn Connery." And she glanced at her watch. "Eighteen, nineteen, twenty. Kiss me."

Four lips (divided evenly between them) fused in a searing instant outside the boundaries of mortal time and space. One of Bond's gold inlays slipped like a molten stream down his windpipe.

• • •

Jet motors vibrating, the swan neck of Fawn Connery in the crook of his bronzed muscular arm, Israel Bond stared vacantly from the window at the earth below.

"What brings you aboard, my sweet?" Bond probed.

"Oh, business in Miami. Then a vacation on El Tiparillo."

The gray eyes narrowed. "What in God's name would a lovely thing like you do on El Tiparillo? The whole island is sheer madness."

"Maybe I need a little sheer madness," she whispered. "Your kind, Bond." Her hand skipped across his groin.

"There'll be a long layover in Miami before tomorrow's plane to El Tiparillo, my Fawn with the fawn eyes. Enough time for a long layover, if I've made myself clear," he said huskily.

"I just might buy it, Israel."

• • •

Midnight, read the hands of the Baby Westclox on the bureau in room 1818 at Miami Beach's Palmetto Roach Hotel. She lay naked, her lips brushing those of the sleeping Israel Bond with butterfly kisses. She gazed longingly at the bronzed body which, melded with her own, had taken them flying to the moon, where they played among the stars. She recalled with bitterness the other men she'd known—piggish, greedy, runty clods like Colonel Materi, General Bolshyeeyit and the rest. How they had used her as a man uses a tissue, crushes it and throws it into a litter basket! But this man, this wonderful man, the man she had pledged to destroy, he had cracked open wide the dam in the reservoir of her being. I do believe this wonderful fool is in love with me, she thought. True, he is a killer, yet there is a boyish quality of trust on his cruel face that tells me he cares. I'm trembling, she thought. A man has made me tremble. And he is the man I must kill!

From her handbag she took a tube of lipstick and twisted it. Out slid the cosmetic. She had only to press it between those lips and he would die of cyanide poisoning in a few seconds. Her hand moved slowly, closer to the lips of Bond.

"No!" Was that her own voice screaming? "I can't kill you! I can't!"

Bond was now an uncoiled spring; his body lanced out, hand tearing into his nearby jacket for the tiny Paul Derringer. He stopped. Her face was cupped in her

*"Well, I can tell you what we had to do to get our raise, but I doubt if the information will do you much good."*

hands; an anguished moan heaved out of her breast. "I—I can't kill you. I love you, Bond."

He put two Raleighs between his lips, torched the ends of both with a waxy Mexican match which he ignited with a sweep across her buttocks. "Take one."

Still snuffling, she inhaled gratefully.

"Now," he began coldly. "Let us have the facts. Obviously you are not a simple vacationer. You were sent to kill me. By whom? And how?"

"KGB," she whimpered. "And with this." She guiltily handed him the lipstick, looking away.

He sniffed it, made a grimace. "Cyanide!" And smirkingly: "The true lover's bouquet."

"You will not believe this, but I love you. I loved you from the moment I sat beside you on the plane, the moment you entered my body with your curious admixture of brutishness and tenderness." She looked away from those clear gray eyes. "You slept serenely, my love. I could have inserted the lipstick at any time."

"True," he nodded. "But is this perhaps a ploy to gain my further confidence, Fawn . . . or whatever your real name is?"

"It is Anna Annatevka, Corporal, to be precise, acting under the express orders of General Bolshyeeyit, who has vowed to repay you for that episode in Moscow. Oh, you fool!" The tears streamed anew. "Can you not see that in betraying my cause I have sealed my own death warrant? I was to have called him tonight with the news of my completed mission."

"Forgive me, Anna," he said, holding her next to a heart moistened by a woman's tears. "I have lived so long in this dirty business that I tend to forget people have true feelings. And now, if you are recovered somewhat, may I offer you a little B & T?"

"B & T?"

"Brutishness and tenderness, my dear heart."

Her eyes ashine, she whispered, "Yes, oh yes. Oh yes!"

And the Bondian moon rocket tensed again and zoomed into Orbit Two.

• • •

"She . . . she is in love with him?"

Rotten Roger's voice at the other end in Miami was venomous. "Of course! She cannot keep her hands off that athletic body. You disappoint me, General Bolshyeeyit. Did you think that any woman could be immune to the blandishments of our Hebrew Hercules? No, General, Oy Oy Seven has literally balled up your works. But here they come. Goodbye, General. On to El Tiparillo!"

Bolshyeeyit screamed over the intercom. "Treshkova! Bring me the complete A file at once."

Despite his shock, he had retained some of his professionalism. If my love-smitten corporal is his concubine now, she will recognize my next messenger of death; she will warn him. This will have to be handled by a man outside KGB. In the A file (A for Assassins) would be such a cold-blooded, kill-for-hire individual, one who sold his murderous talents to the highest bidder.

He leafed through the file.

Within five minutes he had weeded out all potential assassins, save one. "Of course! This is the only one worthy of consideration. This defection of Anna's has unhinged me, else I would have gone to him from the start. Sergeant," he said in a kindly tone. "Tell me what you think of this man."

She looked at the documents. For the first time he saw her blanch.

"Da, Comrade General. He is your man. May I say that truthfully I pity his victim. I would pity anyone, no matter what his crime, whose path crosses that of Torquemada LaBonza."

• • •

"Here is your money, *señor*, ten thousand habaneras, your passport and photographs of the man and woman you are to kill. She is one of ours who has defected. He is an Israeli secret agent. The general requests that you remove the religious symbol from his neck after it is done and present it to me here a week hence as proof of your success. Are you clear as to your mission?"

The swarthy man in the flamboyant purple-and-yellow-hued gypsy costume nodded. He fastidiously smoothed out the thick roll of bills, placed them into a purse in his hip pocket. Then he grabbed the bottle of Verdoux white wine by its base, smashed the neck off against the table's edge and let its contents flow down his throat. He rose to his full height, five feet, two inches, bowed with a baleful smile that revealed a brilliant mouth and a garlicky breath, and walked out of the cheap bistro, the Alter Cockatoo, at *soixante-quatre* Arnold Cing Boulevard in the Algerian quarter of Paris.

Shuddering, the KGB contact man, Vice-Consul Piotr Durak, swallowed his own Pernod as if to wash away the evil miasma he had felt in the man's presence.

"Do not expect LaBonza to answer you," the general had explained in his telephone conversation. "It is not for nothing that Torquemada LaBonza is known as 'The Silent One.' No one has ever heard his voice, except his victims. And they have all died in a bizarre manner, laughing insanely even as their life's blood ebbed from their torn bodies."

He recalled the rest of Bolshyeeyit's briefing. "We know very little about LaBonza, my dear Durak. We know that he is about thirty and was born out of wedlock to Maria Elena Smetana, a Basque gypsy, and Benvenuto LaBonza, an itinerant Corsican vaudevillian, in the back of a caravan wagon. His mother died at childbirth and he was raised by his father and a succession of paramours. The father, a chronic drunkard, eked out a miserable living as a third-rate impressionist of American motion-picture stars in seedy theaters throughout Europe. He was killed in a knife fight when the boy was twelve, the rearing of the youth left to one Zorba Kokanakis, a Greek bartender in Smyrna. Thus the foundation for an embittered life was laid. As yet we know neither how he became an assassin nor why he does not speak. We do know of his work the last five years, the killing of the Yugoslavian *provocateur* Wsldz Ljmc by strangulation, the poisoning of the junketing Katangan Board of Trade by curare mixed in their Junket . . . many others. He has killed for the Union Corse, the Union Sicilione, the Union Teamster and most recently for the Terrorist Union for Suppressing Hebrews."

"TUSH!" Durak had whispered, scarcely daring to speak that dreaded name.

"Yes, TUSH! He can be found usually at . . ." and here Bolshyeeyit had given Durak the name and location of the squalid café. "One thing more. He is easily recognized when he smiles. With his ill-gotten fees he not only had his rotting teeth replaced but his entire mouth structure. He is also known as 'The Man with the Golden Gums.'"

• • •

"That's it, chums," said Tannenbaum, the jolly pilot. "Down there to your right. El Tiparillo."

Israel Bond, his forefinger idly dawdling inside the belly button of Anna, looked out of the window of the old, sputtering B-17, flagship (in fact, the only ship) of Tailspin Tannenbaum's Flying Aardvark Airways. A solicitous sun sent a shaft through the mist, illuminating the cigar-shaped island Tannenbaum had pointed out—El Tiparillo!

"What is that golden stretch of land that cuts the island in two, Tailspin?"

"That's the famous no-man's-land zone called The Band. It divides East El Tiparillo from West El Tiparillo. Or EET and WET, as we call 'em for short."

Besides Anna and Bond, the only other passengers were his Israeli trio and a wild-eyed, tiny Negro with a Vandyke beard and horn-rimmed glasses, in a tightly fitted pair of lemon slacks and matching suede sandals, set off by a leopardskin cocktail pullover and a crimson beret. He did not attempt to converse with the others, content to mumble from time to time and scribble on a yellow pad.

Before Bond could ponder further on the unknown traveler, Tailspin cried: "Buckle up for safety, folks. We're coming in."

The next thing he knew he was roasting in midday tropical heat, his hand pumped vigorously by a moonfaced man in a Panama suit. "Shalom, Mr. Bond. I am Ben Bon Ami, Israel's consul on El Tiparillo. We will converse in my vehicle."

Was it him...or his Piping Rock?

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"Let's hold up on that until I drop the lady at a hotel. Can you recommend one?"

"One has been already arranged for you and your team. I was not expecting the lady."

"She is with me," Bond said. "Let me get her situated first."

The consul pulled into a driveway, chattered away in Spanish to a bespangled bell captain. "This is Bell Captain Sanchez. He will take the lady and her bags to a fine room in this estimable hotel, the Caribe Milton. Shalom, *señorita*."

• • •

"This, gentlemen," said Bon Ami, back in his office and very much the assured diplomat in his own surroundings, "is El Tiparillo." His pointer touched a dot on the wall map. "As you can see, we are in Vera Hruba, the capital city of West El Tiparillo, some fifteen miles from The Band, which, by agreement after the armistice in 1963, cuts this unhappy isle in twain."

Bond's ears, carefully tuned into the exposition, had caught something else. A buzzing. Circling around the overhead light set in a crystal chandelier was a wasp.

Bon Ami spotted it, too. "One of the innumerable pests in these parts. Now, in 1962 leftist elements, Castroites, Muscovites and Pekingites, ceased their internal struggle for power long enough to call a temporary truce and unite behind a Communist tool, General Umberto D. Diaz, who attempted to take over the island from a foundering regime. The forces backing democracy got behind a moderate, General Wesson y Oyl, and thus a bloody civil war ensued. The United States backed Wesson y Oyl, sent in arms, matériel, freedom fighters—guerrillas who had been trained in leadership for this type of warfare at a CIA-sponsored camp in Fort Lauderdale—money, etc. All was going badly for Wesson y Oyl when a sudden stroke of luck tipped the balance. The CIA guerrillas were wiped out to a man in an ambush set up by Peking's man here, wily old V Teh Minh. Bereft of CIA leadership, Wesson y Oyl found himself forced to wage his own battles, of which he won the next six, driving the leftist coalition troops to their half of the island. Both sides were vitiated by then and ready to call it a day. The UN negotiated a settlement in which the island was halved, set up The Band which its truce commission patrols. Am I boring you, Oy Oy Seven? I see your eyes are wandering."

"Don't move, Bon Ami. Just keep perfectly still and do what I tell you," said Bond in a low, tense voice. He had seen the loathsome thing crawl out of a crack in the ceiling and make its way to a spot about a foot over the consul's head.

It was a tarantula.

Black, hairy, big as a dinner plate.

Bond felt his body shaking involuntarily. Only M and the section psychiatrist

knew of his Melmacophobia, a fear of awakening in the dead of night to find dinner plates crawling all over his body.

The wasp zoomed near the tarantula.

"I think that Dame Nature will resolve our problem," said Bond, his hand clutching the front end of his wing-tipped Florsheim cordovan, which he had planned to use to squash the huge arachnid. "The wasp and the spider are mortal enemies."

But the combat never came. The wasp alighted next to the tarantula. The two creatures undulated their feelers, actually touched. As though it had received some message, the wasp made a beeline for the open window and disappeared.

"Kill the goddamn filthy, ugly thing, Bond! Crush it . . . squash it to smithereens!" It was little Nochum Spector, white as a sheet done by new-improved Blue Cheer. He saw Bond's quizzical expression. "Damn it, you phony hero! Scared of a spider? I'll kill the loathsome thing myself!" Nochum jumped on a chair, swung his own shoe violently. It caught the lifted front legs which bared the fangs. The tarantula thrashed about in its death throes, fell with a plop into the corner of the room. "Kill it! Squash it!" screamed Spector again and lifted his own frail leg to administer the quietus.

"Hold it!" Bond snapped. "Don't be so impetuous, Nochum," he said casually. "I do believe we should look at this first." He made a sudden pinching movement, wrested something from the top of the crushed tarantula.

Said Bond, scrutinizing a tiny disc about the size of a jelly bean held delicately between his forefinger and thumb, "I saw something on its back catch the light and gleam as it fell. This. What do you make of it, Itzhok? We can use that Technion know-how of yours."

Ben Franklin took the object, held it up to the light. A low whistle escaped his lips. "You won't believe this. It's a tiny transistorized listening device!"

"Geez, I'm sorry," Spector said. "I can't stand those damn hairy things. I wanted to crush it into a paste." Contrition was on his baby face.

Bond did not comment on his apology. "Gottenu! On this damn island even the bugs are bugged!" And heard Zvi's appreciative bellow.

"An interesting problem and I wish we had time to delve into it further, Mr. Bond," said Bon Ami. "But you lads have been called in for a reason, a damn important one. Our problem is here." His hand fanned out on one side of the island. "This is WET, West El Tiparillo. This X represents Israel's Peace Corps facility, Camp Kuchalein, which, as you see, is perilously perched on Mount Maidenhead, overlooking the jungle-covered Valley of the Blind. There is a famous motto coined by our own M about this place: 'In the Valley of the Blind an optometrist shouldn't set up an office altogether.'"

"The old biddy's always coming up with crap like that," Nochum put in.

Bon Ami ignored Nochum. "The problem is this: We were asked to send a Peace Corps unit by General Wesson y Oyl because of the impressive record our Corps has made in Africa and Asia. For a while things went well. The natives, a poverty-stricken, superstitious lot who still practice local variants of voodoo, black magic, Satanism, et al., accepted our people. We helped them grow food scientifically, tended to their sick, set up schools, credit agencies, garment factories, in general made our presence welcome on West El Tiparillo. Until a few weeks ago. Then scurrilous rumors began circulating throughout their villages that we were there to exploit them. An old native man who died of natural causes despite the efforts of our Dr. Marvin Browndorf was said to have succumbed to evil magic. Three of our volunteers were wounded by nocturnal snipers. Our potable water was spoiled by poison dumped into a well. Thank heaven, we had the foresight to put in an ample supply of seltzer. The worst thing happened two nights ago. A little boy was kidnaped from his village; this note left behind. Read it, Bond."

It was on a rough piece of parchment. "'You will never see your Pablito again, Mr. and Mrs. Garcia. His blood will be offered to our pagan god as part of a Passover ritual. Be thankful that we of the Israeli Peace Corps have chosen his body to sacrifice on the altar.'"

Bond's chin pulled up belligerently. "Damn it! It's that vilest, basest of those hoary anti-Semitic canards! The lie that we must spill the blood of a non-Jewish child for Passover. Who's behind this, Bon Ami?"

The moonface shrugged its brows, "Anyone of the groups I mentioned. Peking. Moscow. Castro. They all have a deep interest in undermining us. Take a closer look at this map; you should become well acquainted with the terrain around Camp Kuchalein."

"What's this dot near the Peace Corps

*"Sure, man, I believe in you and your whole bag."*

camp?" quizzed Itzhok.

"That's a convent, OLEO. Our Lady of the Eastern Order. Nice folks. They've been working unofficially with us on many projects. It's right on the top of the peak, if you'll notice. Halfway down is this point, CC, a summer colony for mediocre artists and musicians called Camp Camp. Weirdos. We don't bother with 'em too much. And here in the valley . . ." The pointer tip rested on a representation of a pagoda. "Stay the hell away from this place. It's the Temple of Hate. Run by a Chinaman named Dr. Nu. Quite unique, really. He operates a year-round resort for hate groups from all over the globe. 'Come here to hate at a special rate,' he advertises. All the pariahs pop up at his place: the Birchers, the K.K.K., Black Nationalists, some neo-Nazi groups from *Deutschland*."

"Our trouble could be coming from there, you know," Zvi said thoughtfully.

"Maybe. But until we know for sure, stay away. Now, you boys will head out for Camp Kuchalein in the early bright. You can join a burro supply train that leaves from in front of the consulate at five A.M. I want to talk to Bond alone for a minute. You'll excuse us."

Alone, Bon Ami turned to Bond. "This came for you." He pulled a package from a closet. "It's from Lavi Ha Lavi. Came in this morning's pouch from Tel Aviv."

"Thanks and shalom, Bon Ami. You'll be hearing from me." And Bond, Ha Lavi's package under his arm, left and trudged down Calle José Jiménez on his way to the Caribe Milton. I'm in for it now, he thought sardonically. Now I must tackle the whole damn Communist world, rescue a kidnaped child from God knows where or the Peace Corps will be subject to a Latin blood bath, and ferret out a traitor. Then there was Anna, lovely, wanton, constantly stimulating his every red corpuscle. Could she really be trusted? And if so, what's in the cards for her and me? Marriage? But I have sworn to my late sainted mother to stand under the traditional wedding canopy with a true daughter of Zion. Would Anna convert? And is the Paradise Wedding Hall in the Bronx all booked up?

• • •

Anna sweetened her body with scented bath powder in preparation for another moon ride with her love, this darkly handsome Israeli of hers. While dusting the peaks of her fine breasts, she became aware of it. Garlic. The odor of garlic.

Then she saw the grinning golden mouth in the mirror. Just as she was about to scream, she heard the voice: "You are about to die, my lovely one." And though terror-stricken, she began to laugh, irrepressible peal after peal.

The hand squeezed the trigger twice. Anna, still howling at the top of her lungs, fell dying, blood spurting from her stomach on the plush Gulistan Saroyan carpet. The door opened, startling the little man in the gypsy garb, who pushed through the drapes and bolted down the fire escape.

"B & T time again," Bond called, then froze in horror.

She was still laughing when he found her. "Golden gums . . . that voice . . . golden gums . . . hee hee ha ha . . ." And she died in his arms.

• • •

"From all you have told me," said Bon Ami, with genuine sympathy, "it adds up to Torquemada LaBonza. The eerie death laugh, the stealthy killing, her dying reference to 'golden gums.' Yes, it was LaBonza, The Silent One, The Man with the Golden Gums." And he proceeded to fill Bond in on every scrap of information in his file relating to the infamous slaughterer. "I think you've had it on this assignment, Oy Oy Seven. I'll wire M for another Double-Oy immediately."

"No. I'm seeing this one through . . . for Anna," said Bond. He sat on the consul's terrace, looking out at the million and one lights of Vera Hruba. "She got what was intended for me. This is KGB revenge all the way; I can sense it." He crushed his fragile wineglass in his hand, not feeling or caring about the wetness trickling out of his palm's life line.

"Please allow me to take care of the final arrangements for Anna."

"Thanks, Bon Ami. And please, put this in the coffin with her. It's my picture. She would have wanted it. Wait," he said, his voice cracking. "Let me write a little something on it."

He scribbled. "To Anna, sincere best wishes, Israel Bond."

• • •

Ill-tempered, loaded-down burros braying, the supply train wended its way at a crawl through the green hell of the West El Tiparillan jungle. Snow-capped Mount Maidenhead lay six leagues and three chukkers away. Already their clothes were soaked with sweat.

Bond slapped at a botfly trying to burrow into his neck. "These damn burros are slow as hell. Can't they go any faster?"

"I doubt it," Zvi said. "They're carrying one hundred sacks of matzoh meal, two hundred pounds to a sack."

"What the hell for?" Bond fired back.

"The Peace Corps plans to throw a gigantic Passover Seder meal for the poor in a couple of nights."

"If there's a Peace Corps, you mean. We still have to find little Pablito."

When the sting pierced his right shoulder, he first thought some giant jungle bee had dive-bombed him. Then he saw the puff of smoke and heard Nochum's anguished cry: "Ambush!"

Down dove Bond, flattening his face in the rotting vegetation. "Take cover!" He was aware of a sound approximating a miniature stampede and a swarm over his body. He knew what it was. Buffalo leeches! The filthy bloodsuckers were on his legs now, drinking deeply of his claret pouring out of two dozen punctures from ankle to thigh. Gottenu! Don't let them go higher!

The sound of their munching was suddenly drowned out by a horrible scream that trailed off. Nochum! And yells through the green impenetrable rainforest walls. "You meet your maker, Israeli dogs! We cut out your tongues, Jews!" And a strident falsetto: "Marine, tonight you die!"

An ex-Jap *soldat*, no doubt, fighting the wrong war, he mused.

"Bond? Over here. I'm hit!" Zvi! His hands frantically trying to cover a dark stain spreading over his shirt front.

"How bad?" said Bond, manfully ignoring his own shoulder wound and the gnawing below.

"Chest. Oy vay, it hurts! I was trying to reach poor Nochum. He's had it."

"How?"

"I rode . . ." Zvi coughed . . . "up to him when the first shot went off. It's awful, Bond, awful! He's lying face down in a pit . . . must be a hundred spikes through him."

Bond lit a Raleigh, pressed it to Zvi's slobbering mouth. "Poison, too. I'll wager. This must be Vi Teh Minh and his China boys. It's their kind of show."

Zvi inhaled. Thwack! He pitched forward. Now there was a second stain between his shoulder blades. "The last little joke for an old pal, Oy Oy Seven?"

Bond gulped, fighting back scalding tears. "Well, Zvi," he grinned weakly, "you got it in the chest . . . you got it in the back . . . and with all that you still haven't had a bellyful."

"Oh, mommeleh . . . I haven't got a bellyful. What a mind on that bastard! Oh, mommeleh . . ." His laugh and life gurgled out. Lovable Zvi Gates was dead.

The scum! Bond tore at a ring on his belt. "Let's see how you like a pineapple in your faces." He stood up, cocked his arm, let the pineapple fly square in the face of an oncoming guerrilla. Its spines drilled into his eyes; its rotten insides squirted into the man's mouth. The marauder gagged and ran off vomiting. Good! But at least you'll live, you bastard! It's just a goddamn shame it wasn't a grenade, Bond thought.

Wait! Ha Lavi's package! He raced back to his burro and cut the bundle loose with a slash of his machete. Tearing away the paper, he pulled out a half dozen jars of bright red gelatinous matter. MOTHER MARGOLIES' OLD WORLD BOYSENBERRY JELLY, the labels read.

He tucked the jars into his coat pockets and slid on his belly through the brush, a Jewish fer-de-landsman bent on revenge. Five of them! Grouped about a mortar, one of them about to pump in a shell. "Here, you bastards! Let's have a jam session!" He hurled all six of the jars into the Vi Teh Minh quintet. They

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*"I tell you, Martha, we're spoiling that girl!"*

went off simultaneously, merging into one red ball of doom. He heard their screams, smelled barbecuing flesh.

"It must be napalm jelly . . . 'cause jam don't shake like that," he shouted.

"Bond, over here!" Itzhok now! Was he cashing in his chips as well?

"You all right, kid?"

"I think so. Something's got my foot."

Bond leaned over. "It's a Malay snare. Got your ankle. Don't move. There may be poison on the thorns." He cut it away, but as he did he noticed Itzhok's face was already bluish in pallor. He slit the Sabra's trouser leg. A telltale pinprick of a hole near the calf.

"I feel numb, Oy Oy Seven."

"Hold on! Hold on!" He finished cutting off the thorn-studded vine. But Itzhok was not answering.

I've lost all three . . . in one swell foop. My plucky little team is gone. I'm alone in a scorching emerald wilderness, with no men and four dozen stinking burros carrying 20,000 pounds of matzoh meal. He began to laugh wildly.

He was starting to feel the loss of blood: heat, hum and howl combined with the moldy odor of the jungle to set his head spinning. He fell into the muck.

• • •

Pain! Something jabbing his shoulder.

"Look, angel," he croaked, "I know you have to fasten on my wings, but for God's sake—you should pardon the expression—use Scotch tape. That *furshlugginer* safety pin is killing me."

The figure in white looming above him said. "He's coming out of it, Sister. More sulfa, please."

Bond opened an eye cautiously. His angel was a bulky man with warm brown eyes. In a white smock. A doctor! "Who are you?"

"Ben Casey I ain't. My handle's Marv Browndorf, doctor attached to the ill-fated Peace Corps camp. This lady is Sister Kate. And no jokes about her."

"Ill-fated?"

"Yes, a column of them hit the camp at the same time the advance guard ambushed you. We heard the noise and came down."

"Where am I?"

"You're in a bed at the convent. OLEO. They very kindly gave our remaining Corpsmen refuge. We've only got six left out of twenty. You, I'm afraid, have none left."

"I know," Bond said. "I saw two of my boys get it. And Spector?"

"There was no time to pull him out of the pit. Besides, there are a couple tons of army ants cleaning up down there. And we had to get you up here fast. Wounds fester like mad here in the tropics. By the way, we got your burro train up here. The matzoh's piled up in a nice cool cellar."

"Look, doc, I've got to get the hell out of here. That kidnaped kid must be found or Israel's name will be mud in El Tiparillo and all of Latin America."

Dr. Browndorf frowned. "You nuts? You've lost blood. You're weak as a kitten. It's beddy-bye for you, Bond."

"Like hell!" And he inched up painfully. "See, I'm standing. Now, get me a horse. I want to nose around this area and there isn't much time."

• • •

In no hurry at all and not about to be pushed was scraggly Old Kemtone, the bag of bones and alleged horse he had borrowed.

Deliberately it picked its way down the rocky trail to the valley, stopping now and then to nibble the fragrant top of a locoweed bush, whinnying as it chomped the stuff down.

"Well, here I am . . . on my high horse," he sallied. "Come on, you glorified dachshund. Speed it up."

Old Kemtone rebutted by rearing up. Bond felt himself sailing backward. Splash! He was up to his neck in a brass-monkey–cold mountain stream.

As he stood shivering, he heard a voice cut through the roar of the torrent. A sweet and low voice, crooning a soulful old blues song:

*Ah got de blues; oh, Lawd, Ah got de blues,*
*Ah said Ah got de blues; oh, Lawd, Ah got de blues,*
*Oh yeah, Ah got de blues; oh, Lawd, Ah got de blues.*

He recognized it in a second. It was one of the great gulley-low blues of jazz history, titled *Guess What Ah Got?* And that voice? So familiar! Didn't he have a recording of that voice doing that very ditty? Of course!

As he tried to squeeze the information from his fogged mind, he saw near a tree two sensationally formed brown legs, just an enticing flash of thigh . . . and then he heard a deep growl. There was something moving out to the end of the tree limb.

*Tigre!* A powerful jaguar, undisputed king of Latin-American jungles. He heard a tiny frightened "Oh" gasped behind the tree. The blues singer was quite aware of the deadly slasher above her, crouched to spring.

Bond waded hip deep toward the shore, unarmed, yet prepared to take the brunt of the snarling cat's lunge. Damn fool! I left Ha Lavi's rifle on Old Kemtone's saddle.

Three hundred yards away was another rifle at the ready, an angry eye pressed against the telescopic lens, the back of Israel Bond's head split neatly in the T-sight. A cheap Delicado cigarette dangled from the lips of Torquemada LaBonza.

He squeezed the trigger just as the *tigre* roared and zeroed in on Bond. The Israeli bent as the cat's paws ripped his shoulders, the foul breath from the decayed flesh in its teeth nearly causing him to pass out.

It was the brow of the jaguar that was rent asunder by the soft-nosed bullet from the barrel of the high-powered Tanaka rifle. *El tigre* sank, was borne away by the rushing stream.

"*Merde!*" groaned LaBonza. His target was now behind the tree, out of range. He climbed back on his rented quarter horse, slipped another quarter into the metered coin box strapped to its neck and rode off.

"You can come out now, my dear," Bond said. His shoulders ached terribly. The cat's claws had torn into each one. Luckily the epaulets on his Frank Buck pukka sahib jacket had been thick enough to absorb most of the gouging. But he knew from the hot trickles rolling down each shoulder that the jaguar had left its mark, at least partially.

"One moment more, please." A sweet, well-modulated voice from the other side of the thick foliage. "Well, here I am, sir, and my heartfelt thanks for your selfless act of heroism in saving my unworthy life. My daily bath is rarely interrupted in such a dramatic manner."

Heavenly, utterly heavenly was the face that emerged from behind the tree, that of the most gorgeous Negro girl Israel Bond had ever seen. Two gentian-violet eyes in a finely chiseled setting, chin, nose, lips of classical proportions. All this he noticed moments later. It was her clothes that stunned the exhausted, panting secret agent. His new, fascinating companion of the El Tiparillan rain forest was a nun!

Now Bond's memory came through for him.

"That face, that voice, that song. I remember now. Sid-Mark Jazz Disc 190009-V, my most prized waxing. You are the former Sweetcakes Simmons, the world's top jazz *chanteuse*, who deserted the smoky nighteries of Manhattan a few years ago to take the vows."

"Yes," she smiled. "Your memory serves you well, and it is flattering to be remembered with such warmth. I am that woman, now known as Sister Sweetcakes . . . more popularly by the public as the Swinging Nun."

"The Swinging Nun!" He could not keep the admiration out of his reply. "Truly, Sister, you have not lost one whit of that puristic sultriness that made you the undisputed queen of the blues. Why did you give it up for this Godforsaken island?"

"You have answered your own query, sir. You said 'Godforsaken.' That is precisely why I am here. Oh, but you are hurt badly. I see blood on your shoulders."

He did not answer. For the second time in as many hours Israel Bond was unconscious.

• • •

"Wise guy, Mr. Super-Secret Agent Know-It-All. How damn long can you go

*"Now wasn't that better than lumpy old porridge?"*

on abusing that mighty body of yours?" Dr. Browndorf again, hopping mad, yet unmistakable pity showing on his face. Sister Sweetcakes, her cool fingers on his fevered brow, said, "This man is a secret agent, doctor?"

"Yes, Sister. He is Israel Bond of Eretz Israel. Don't let that boyish look delude you. He kills for a living."

"Oh, dear!" The nun looked horrified. "Such a fine-looking man and so well spoken. I find that hard to believe."

"It is true. Look after him, Sister, for a while. I must treat our six Peace Corps survivors."

"I can't figure you out, Sister," Bond said. "Beauty, sensitivity. And yet you bury your loveliness in a cowl and habit. Why?"

She gave him a Raleigh. "It is a dreary story, Mr. Bond. I was at the height of a dazzling career, appearances in the smartest supper clubs, records selling phenomenally, the quarry of rich men of all races pressing diamonds and chinchillas upon me . . . I drank too much, indulged in meaningless affairs with men I did not love. A life without purpose or form. I awoke mornings with the taste of dissolution in my mouth."

"I have found that Listerine——"

"Then," she went on, not noticing his helpful interjection, "I met a wonderful man, Cardinal Musial, who convinced me that my life could yet have meaning. I became a nun, forsook my empty, glittering, twelve-o'clocktail lush life. I have found serenity and hope here at OLEO. Would that my tormented brother could find the same."

"Your brother?"

"Yes, my only brother, Beastly Simmons, a man of rare insight and creative genius, who, alas, has been horribly warped by his hatred of white people. He has changed his name to Baldroi LeFagel and is a leading poet and playwright of the angry school."

"Yes," said Bond. "I seem to recall one of his novels. I have it in a paperback, *Up Your Blue Toilet, Mr. Charlie*. I found it soul-searing, unsettling. For a moment I was ashamed of being a Caucasian. However, I did purchase a Moms Mabley album. And I took out a subscription to *Muhammad Speaks*."

"What a coincidence!" she brightened up. "Baldroi is its night-club editor. As a matter of fact, he is——"

"He is here."

There in the doorway was the little bearded man Bond had seen on Tannenbaum's plane. The secret agent's orbs bulged in disbelief. Baldroi LeFagel stood posed like a ballerina, a toe pointed daintily at Bond. He wore an attractive white Courrèges middy blouse and skirt, with black buttons and piping. His little feet were jammed in that fashion-setter's famed boots. He pirouetted over to Bond's bedside and flicked his hand across Bond's face in contempt. Sister Sweetcakes gasped. He paid her no mind, began to recite:

*You negate my existence, Mistuh Charlie Whitey Man,*
*You have held me in chains since the world began.*
*You have bruised my flesh and, worse, my psyche,*
*Let me tell you, Whitey, yo' black slave no likey.*
*And now you're frightened, Mr. Charlie Whitey 'fay,*
*Of our strength which burgeons every day,*
*Yes, now you wanna make up for yo' chains 'n' dogs 'n' whips,*
*I'll make up, yes, on my terms—kiss me on the lips!*

"Baldroi!" Her voice scourged him. "Mr. Bond is wounded and feverish. And he is my guest. Let him be!"

"One sweet kiss?" whimpered LeFagel.

"Be gone! You shame me!"

With a wink and "See you later, Whitey, sweetie," the poet exited.

Oy Oy Seven lifted himself. "I must find the boy Pablito, Sister. And you must help me."

"Please lie down, Mr. Bond, and rest."

The telephone at his bedside erupted. "It's for you, Sister Sweetcakes," Bond said. "Long distance from New York. Somebody named Marty O'Marty from Rock of Ages Records."

"Ah," she smiled tenderly. Was there the tiniest trace of longing for the old days in her violet eyes? "Yes, dear Marty. He was my agent and now owns the record company that keeps after me to record a religious album. I may yet yield, Mr. Bond. Our parish here is quite low on funds and Cardinal Musial has given me permission to do it—if it is done tastefully and reverently. It might amuse you to listen in, Mr. Bond."

She placed that divine head next to his and for a moment Bond forgot her sacred calling. What a woman! He could fall in love with a sublime creature like this in 20 seconds. And be faithful to her easily twice as long.

"Hiyah, Sister!" The high-pressure voice of a real New York "go-getter."

"Hello, dear Marty."

"Look, Sister. We ain't had a hit album on the charts for two years. Whad da yuh say yuh break down and cut one for good old Rock of Ages, huh? Something with class, naturally, but with an appeal to the wonderful kids who are the principal record buyers in today's market. We'll send down our hot new group, A Man Called Peter and the Padres, for backgrounds; they'll do the oo-wahs under the melody . . . plus technicians, equipment . . . you got a real jungle down there, ain't you, Sister? With birds and monkeys and all that? Maybe like we could even work in some of them in the background with the oo-wahs and rang-a-langs, like the Martin Denny sound, huh? So it's all set. The whole bunch: singers, sound men, will be down there in a chartered plane in a day. I'm personally gonna direct this session myself, Sister. See you soon. Don't take any wooden idols!"

Sister put down the phone, totally dazed. "He's a hard man to say no to, Mr. Bond."

"Wonder if he's interested in a group

called the Rocking Rabbis? Or four Anglican caretakers—the Beadles?"

"You have a refreshing sense of humor, Mr. Bond," the nun observed.

"It's you, Sister. You bring out the best in me. But now to business. I've got to find that child. Any leads for me?"

"Yes. One. The last time he was seen he was playing with his pet parrot in the vicinity of that godless place, the Temple of Hate."

"Then that's where I'm going tonight."

"No!" she cried. "In your condition? And even if you were healthy, you can't go wandering about this unfamiliar jungle alone at night."

"Perhaps," Bond suggested, "you would guide me there. I'd be glad of the company, Sister, especially yours."

Her eyes grew soft. "I can't let you stumble in there alone. Meet me in front of OLEO after evening vespers."

He pressed her hand warmly, then impulsively lifted it to his lips.

"You mustn't . . ." she whispered.

"Tonight, then. The Temple of Hate . . . and Dr. Nu."

• • •

Old Kemtone, a far more tractable beast under the guidance of the gentle nun, clopped at a leisurely clip, both Bond and Sister Sweetcakes sitting in the trough of his deeply swayed back. The secret agent's arms encircled her waist.

"From this point on it can be dangerous, Mr. Bond," she said. "There are many guards near the temple."

I won't worry, he thought. Ha Lavi's new rifle looks to have the firepower of a whole regiment. It was strapped to the horse's side, 75 Melba rounds in the magazine. Bond glanced at its unusual stock, three times wider than any other he'd ever handled. He knew why, and grinned. That Ha Lavi genius!

"We are here," the nun whispered.

"Stay here with this noble steed. Or better still, Sister, get thee to thy nunnery. It's my show from here on in."

• • •

Pushing two branches aside, he got his first glimpse of the Temple of Hate. It was approximately 200 feet tall, he estimated, with Byzantine-style minarets standing like spears at each of its four corners. From a number of windows light blazed and drunken voices sang, cursed, shouted. The hate set is balling it up tonight, he thought.

He tied handkerchiefs over his shoes to muffle his footsteps, and walked into a large paved area between the edge of the jungle and the temple. For cars? No, there were none around. A place to land a helicopter, more likely. As if to confirm his suspicion, he heard a chopper approaching, and flattened his body in the shadows made by the entrance's pillars.

It came down a minute later. Out stepped a short man in a sporty Tyrolean-type Adams hat with a sprig of edelweiss stuck into the band, and a black trench coat, his face hidden by its pulled-up collar. The Orientals in ski-type outfits, rifles slung over their shoulders, walked out of the doorway to greet him. Then up went the chopper in a vertical climb.

Whoever the visitor was, he seemed to be accorded the highest respect. Bond could make out the guards' voices now.

"A pleasure to see you back, Rotten Roger, sir. Dr. Nu has been anxiously awaiting you. You'll be pleased to know that the Russian courier dropped off the million rubles today."

Rotten Roger Collax! So there he was. And obviously not one of my poor dead lads, thank heaven.

The trio walked into the temple, but just before the door slammed thunderously he heard a fragment of a sentence, ". . . greatest terror organization the world has ever known," and something that sounded like "Spector."

Spector? Were they making some callous jibe about little Nochum's agonizing end in the stake-lined pit? Wait a second, Bond. "Greatest terror organization the world has ever known." Could it be true? Yes, you dunce. There are *two* words pronounced like Nochum's surname, and one of them is spelled—SPECTRE! Then the fabled organization of infinite evil was a reality! Naturally, it would have been the diabolical agency behind Pablito's kidnaping, the attack on the Israeli camp, the murders of Zvi, Itzhok and Nochum. Paid handsomely for these foul services by the Russians and probably behind every significant act of terror and revolution on this benighted island.

If he had not been so engrossed in unraveling the puzzle, he would have seen the six-inch scorpion coming down the door, springing onto his neck and—arrgh!—its venomous sting stabbed into his wounded shoulder. He brushed it off with a shiver, ground his heel into it until it was a mashed heap of protein. Except for the diamond-hard black disc in the middle of the mess. Another transistor "bug"! They know I'm here; *Katz* is out of the bag!

An alarm sounded in the temple, sending a bevy of uniformed Orientals vaulting past Bond, brandishing carbines. Shots echoed through the night, one of them kicking up a chunk of cement into Bond's face, opening a gash on his cheek. He knelt, aimed Ha Lavi's rifle.

*Zetz! Zetz! Zetz!* The Moishe Dyan model spoke its message three times: that many guards fell screaming. Good! Now three from Column B. But more were swarming out as the alarm went off again. He saw a flash, felt a hot projectile skin his ankle. There were two dozen of them now, lined up between Bond and the edge of the paved strip. Beyond it lay the safety of the thick jungle. How to get past them? No time to


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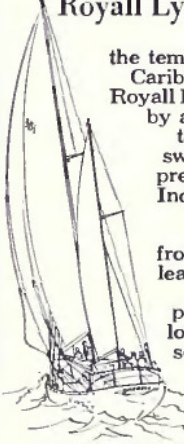

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stop and pick them off. Too many!

Israel Bond's brain clicked out a solution in a microsecond. His finger jabbed at a button in the huge rifle stock. Four wheels slid out of the wood and Bond was now standing atop a skate board!

He crouched low over it, pushed his toe into the cement, kicked out to pick up momentum and smashed through the first line of guards. He felt nails futilely tearing at his face as he bowled them over. Now he was ramming into the second line, the Dyan firing automatically as the skate board sped on.

A few feet more and freedom! But at the jungle's edge he saw a figure slip out from behind a *yeki-yeki* bush. It kneeled in the classic rifleman's position and squeezed a finger.

Bond ducked. In time to save his life: too late to avoid being hit altogether. Torquemada LaBonza's Tanaka rifle sang its *saki! saki!* One slug creased the dark, cruelly handsome forehead and Bond went down face first in the cement.

The last thing he remembered before a blessed Ken Murray black-out was lying on the airstrip looking blearily at a pair of elegant brocaded Chinese sandals with curled-up toes.

And a mocking voice: "Welcome to the Temple of Hate, Mr. Israel Bond. My leader and I have been expecting you. I am Dr. Nu."

• • •

"I shall give you a capsulized history of my illustrious life, Mr. Bond," said the cool, articulate voice of Dr. Nu to the bound Bond, who sat in a chair, blood dripping from his shoulder, ankle and head into a pool on the floor, a feast for a herd of buffalo leeches and a vampire bat on a silken tether, the other end tied about the Chinaman's right hand. "Drink sparingly of this rich Jewish blood, my beloved Masterson," the doctor said fondly to his pet. "Too much and you'll get diabetes."

"I don't think I'm particularly interested in your life," Oy Oy Seven said with a stiffness that matched that of his ripped, aching body. So get on with whatever you've dreamed up for me."

"Not interested, Mr. Bond?" Dr. Nu's rebuke was mild, which made it all the more menacing. "Topjob, put our celebrated guest in the proper frame of mind for history."

Gottenu! A bludgeon split the side of his cheek, reopening his wound. It was the calloused side of a hand swung by a stocky Asiatic in a loose-fitting robe.

"Meet my personal bodyguard, Topjob, so named because his favorite drink is an American liquid detergent of some potency. Like myself, he is Chinese and adept at karate. Good work, Topjob. As a reward you may eat the leeches and Masterson. Sayonara, old bat."

Bond took his first good look at Dr. Nu. He was an insane caricature of a man, bigger than life. From the tip of

his curled-up toes to the green velvet Mitsubishi hat he must have stood easily six feet, six inches. His face jarred Bond. Only one of the eyes was slanted. And his hair was a most un-Oriental ash blond. The bean-pole body was clad in a dazzling long coat of Cantonese silk and black pajamas.

"I," began his captor, "am the son of a Singapore opium merchant, Nu Nu, who sold the flower juice of happiness from his boat outside the jurisdiction of the British harbor police. The craft was known all through Southeast Asia as Nu Nu's Junk Junk. My father, whilst on a business trip to London, fell in love with a buxom English music-hall dancer, Tessie Watts, and bedded with her. I am the illegitimate product of that night of shame, named for both of them. My name is Watts Nu.

"My father hated me from birth when the evidences of my mother's lineage—the unslanted eye, the blond hair—were all too apparent on my body. I spent a dismal childhood, scorned by people of both races . . . an outcast. Though he loathed me, my father, traditionally responsible as all Chinese fathers are, did see to all my wants and had me educated at the Jean Hersholt College of Medicine in Hopei. So highly was I regarded by my professors that they convinced the DuPlex Corporation to underwrite my experiments with a new type of chemical aphrodisiac which even today is selling by the millions. You have no doubt purchased it yourself upon occasions. Erectex."

"Yes," said Bond. "With the slogan 'Better Loving Through Chemistry.' Go on, Doctor, I now find your story fascinating." That's it, Bond; use your chicken noodle. Flatter this maniac; gain precious time to figure a way out.

"But mere wealth meant nothing to me, Mr. Bond. One thing alone kept me groping through a hostile environment that denied me love, affection and understanding—the thought of revenge. Revenge upon my father, my mother, the whole rotten structure of mankind. I pulled up stakes and came to this island, where I purchased this broken-down pagoda and turned it into a resort for hate groups, wisely deducing there was a market for this kind of enterprise. At last there is a place where the world's malcontents, with whom I feel a camaraderie, can come for two weeks at a time and rest up for their campaigns. It also serves as an excellent front for a terror organization——"

"SPECTRE," Bond said.

"Ah, you have overheard something you should not have. But it will be of no benefit to you, Mr. Bond. Yes, that is the name. And it is headed by a unique individual whom I met in . . ." he paused. "I don't think I'll tell you where . . . but it was a year ago. He is an acknowledged master in the intelligence field and I defer to him because of his organizational genius. His hatred surpasses even mine, my friend, and together we have made a pact. Our goal comes nearer with each passing day."

"What is that goal, Dr. Nu?"

"To rule the world, what else? And we shall! Our organization consists of three-man teams in key spots in every land. People who are totally ruthless and corrupt, who believe as my leader and I do. Among them are three top television executives and three used-car dealers in America, three ex-members of Mosley's fascist party in Great Britain, three scientists who defected from Red China and are working on a bomb with the destructive force of one hundred wontons (Bond shuddered as he thought of the wonton destruction) . . . but I could go on all night."

"Have you ever considered that your Communist paymasters have their own vision of world domination and might not take too kindly to you if they found out about yours?"

Dr. Nu's smile was one of superior unconcern. "That possibility has been considered. But they do not know of the scope and purpose of our organization and believe we are content to foment these insurrections for mere money. They are unaware of the bomb we soon will have at our disposal and our even more powerful weapon, the world's most formidable army, which I have created. You have already been thwarted by their espionage."

"The insects?"

"Yes, you see . . ."

There was a scream and two of the sinister Oriental guards came into the room, a struggling hooded figure dragged between them.

"A snooper, Dr. Nu, discovered by one of our centipede sentinels outside the temple," said one, with deference.

"You see," Dr. Nu chuckled. "Our allies are ubiquitous, Mr. Bond. Let us see who has blundered into our net." And he lifted the hood.

It was—Sister Sweetcakes!

Dr. Nu looked at her for a moment. "Your entrance, Sister, coincides with one of my daily rituals, not as devout as yours, perhaps, but far more interesting. It is time to make Herbie happy."

"Herbie?" Bond hoped the doctor would not sense the alarm in his query.

"Yes, one of my dearest friends from a singularly isolated sector of jungle in the heart of the Amazon Basin. But come, let us meet Herbie, dear guests."

A guard's cutters nipped off the biting strands of Anaconda Copper wire that bound Bond's legs to the chair. (And I own 50 shares of the damn stuff, he thought, with justifiable bitterness.)

They were led by the guards and their giant host down a dark corridor, then up a winding flight of stairs to a door marked LABORATORY.

It opened to reveal a gleaming white, well-lit room. There were lab tables with test tubes of various sizes, complicated

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machinery, something Bond took to be a computer, and a huge circular conference table topped with vases of heady jungle flowers.

"I shall explain that machine to you shortly, Mr. Bond. After we pay our respects to Herbie."

At the end of the laboratory was a door. "It is quite aromatic in there, my friends, but you will become accustomed to it quickly."

He opened it. They were in a huge greenhouse, moist and laden with the pungent smells of rain-forest plants of which there was a profusion.

"This," said Dr. Nu, pointing to a green snaky plant potted and tied to a long stick, "is the Malaysian death vine which claimed one of your Israelis, I believe. The genus *tutti cammarata*, as it is known in Latin. Do not go near the thorns. You have already witnessed their efficacy. They pierce the skin, injecting a derivative of the *larosa semolina* toxin. And here is Herbie."

It was a plant, taller even than the doctor, and as they approached it, it came alive! Several leaf-covered tendrils began undulating as though they were the enticing arms of a belly dancer.

"This is as close as all of us but one shall get," said the doctor.

"All right," Bond said. "It should be dancing at Arthur's. What else, Dr. Nu? I'm sick of this charade."

"I could not agree with you more, Oy Oy Seven," Dr. Nu said. "But Herbie's accomplishments go beyond simple manipulations of his handsome arms. Herbie is, incidentally, a nickname. His full moniker, as they say in those cowboy-and-Indian thrillers, is *herbis homnis fressoris*—man-eating plant."

From somewhere deep in Herbie's green depths came a rumble . . . and something that sounded like a slurp!

"He knows why we are here, Mr. Bond."

"Oh." Sister sagged in the arms of the guards. "Let it be me—not him. Let it be me."

Bond's voice was a tremulous choke. "All right, take her away and get it over with, you fiend! Don't subject her to any more of this."

"But, Mr. Bond." The polished voice held a note of surprise. "You completely misunderstand. I am going to take Sister up on her offer. It is she who will furnish Herbie with his banquet tonight. I have something subtler in mind for you." He turned to the guards. "Throw her in!"

"I'll kill you all, you——" Bond roared, a red mist of anger across his eyes. He closed the fingers of his bound hands into one fist, brought it up savagely under the jaw of one of the Orientals, experiencing a sweetly fierce joy as the fist drove the man's teeth through his tongue. The other, however, had sidestepped his desperate, rhinolike charge and brought the butt of his Wembly-Vicar automatic against Bond's head. Oy Oy Seven fell woozily to his knees, felt himself being dragged out of the greenhouse. His last, despairing look was at Sister. Screaming, she was enveloped in three of Herbie's tentacles, a primordial sucking sound coming from heaven alone knew what part of that revolting anatomy.

Then the door shut. And there was only Dr. Nu, arms folded, eyes aglow with a dreamy madness as her screams grew fainter, then ceased.

• • •

There were new bonds for Bond now. The wire was gone; in its stead were fiberglass straps around his wrists, chest and legs, restraining him in a high-backed chair. Electric? No, I can't believe this is the subtlety the maniac alluded to. There's something a damn sight more devilish in that crazed brain.

The room was the white laboratory adjoining the greenhouse where adorable Sister Sweetcakes . . . but there's nothing to be gained thinking about her now, he reasoned. Steel yourself, buddy boy, it's your turn.

"You are to be accorded a rare privilege, Mr. Bond, and this is because I have learned to hold you in utmost respect for your courage and derring-do. Singlehandedly you have killed three of my security force, wounded several others. But your foolhardy foray into my affairs was doomed from the start."

"What is this privilege, Dr. Nu?"

"That of witnessing my unparalleled genius. I want you to meet another friend of mine, one of my own making." A yellow index finger pointed to the computer, which stood like a silent soldier. "This is IPECAC."

"What?" Bond's ears refused to believe what he had heard.

"Insect Programed Electronic Computer for Analyzing Conversation. In short, Mr. Bond, I can talk to insects."

"I talk to trees," the secret agent flipped back. "Now I know you're mad, Dr. Nu. I am willing to admit that 'bugging the bugs' is a unique method of obtaining information. One would never suspect the wayward roach, the frolicking June bug to be agents. But——"

A slight nuance of annoyance crossed that composed face. "Mr. Bond, you are tough, resourceful and clever . . . up to a point. Yet your mind fails to comprehend the spheres into which my work leads me. I shall give you a demonstration."

He flicked a red switch. A light glowed; Bond's ears suddenly felt a sharp pain, heard an unearthly electronic atonality. "You will find the pain subsiding in a few seconds as your ears adjust to the frequency." He spoke into a microphone. "Sectional commanders will report to the conference table on the double!"

I am as *meshuga* as this yellow Eiffel tower of a nut, Bond told himself. I must be. I see a parade creeping over the floor,

a line of insects! Crawling, hopping, flying low. I hear humming, chirping, buzzing . . . they're making their way up the legs of the conference table, aligning themselves in set positions . . . the doctor has pushed another switch . . . miniature microphones are popping out in front of each bug . . . and name plates . . . JAPANESE BEETLE, CICADA, LOCUST, MOSQUITO, TSE-TSE FLY . . . Gottenu! This looks like an insect——

"Summit conference, Mr. Bond," said Dr. Nu with a pleased smile. "That is what you're thinking, isn't it? Before we proceed with the agenda, I'll just"—he turned off the red switch—"cut the frequency so they cannot hear us. In précis, here is the theory that led me to this marvelous discovery and IPECAC.

"As you know, I am a scientist, the world's greatest, you now must concede. As a friendless, unwanted child I spent countless lonely hours. Time hung heavy upon my hands, but even at that stage I possessed a boundless intellectual curiosity about my environment. I spent many hours stretched out upon the carpet of the forest floor observing nature's littlest creatures scuttle about, make love, kill, die. And I began to notice that all of them would pause momentarily in the presence of their own or other species to move their feelers, antennae, palpi, or rub their legs together. This, I deduced, was some kind of language based on sound. Sound that could be heard, as in the case of the crickets: sound that couldn't, i.e., beetles, aphids, termites, etc. Since various insects made certain moves, displayed certain attitudes in the presence of others, I further reasoned there must be an insect Swahili, a lingua franca, known to all such creatures. It was an interesting theory but one I put aside in some dark recess of my mind for future reference. Three years ago I recalled it, launched a series of experiments to validate it. The key word, let me repeat, was 'sound.' Yet, as I stated previously, not all of their sounds were audible, at least to my normal aural range. So I hit upon the felicitous idea of using the most sensitive sound-reproduction equipment ever assembled, which could not only discern sound thousands of decibels below human hearing but boost it to our level. You will be surprised to learn that the only equipment capable of this most delicate pickup and boost is to be found solely in the chassis of a 1949 Muntz television set. I discovered that though each insect had its own distinct sound, it also had a universal one. Thus I began to construct their common language. And IPECAC was born. Its memory banks have been fed enormous quantities of information about the major orders of Insecta. IPECAC hears, reproduces sound to my level, feeds sound to its banks, translates into all major human tongues —I have pressed the English button for your benefit and mine—and reverses the procedure when I wish to communicate with them." Switching back on, he cried: "Hello, little friends!"

Israel Bond thought, I'm mad for sure. For in response to the doctor's salutation he saw the waving and scraping of insect appendages commence in unison, heard them—sing!

*Good evening, Dr. Nu,*
*Good evening, Dr. Nu,*
*What-e're you ask we'll do,*
*'Cause we really do love you!*

"Thank you, my creatures," said the doctor benignly. "And now we shall open our seminar with a discussion of how you can help your dear doctor and his leader take over this earth. First, may we hear the scout reports?"

The light of the name plate HONEYBEE went on. "I have been buzzing around the convent, Dr. Nu. The Israelis have been given shelter there. They are without weapons, ripe for attack."

"Excellent!" cried Dr. Nu. "I shall contact the main Chinese, Fidelista and Russian Forces in EET and order them to infiltrate tomorrow night across The Band. They will launch a three-pronged attack and wipe out the remaining Israelis and the convent as well."

Now there was a beep as name plate TICK lit up. "Doc, will you please tell that goddamn CANTHARIS to keep his horny legs off me? You think he gives a crap for our conference? To him it's just an excuse to ball, ball, ball . . ."

"CANTHARIS, please desist from these unwholesome activities at once!" the doctor snapped.

"Doc," CANTHARIS pleaded. "I got this Spanish fly built in. Can I help it?" And the voice grew suggestive. "Hey, GRASSHOPPER, that's a sweet leg you got there. Let me bite it, baby."

Bond heard a scream from GRASSHOPPER. "Please . . . no! No!"

Dr. Nu's forefinger poked a button. There was a puff of smoke. The CANTHARIS name plate and microphone disappeared. "I regret the disruption," said the doctor, "but we all will agree that CANTHARIS, due to no fault of his own, had to be eliminated. Such as he have no usefulness in this organization."

SCORPION cut in. "Doc, that Israeli trussed up over there . . . ain't he the one who squashed my poor cousin, Jethro, a while back? Let me give the murdering bastard the back of my tail . . . a little sting-a-ding-ding-dingaroonie!"

"Leave his fate to me, my little ally from Durango. I shall see to it that your kind is revenged in full."

"Say, Doc." LOCUST was speaking now, and Bond could detect a quality of wariness, even hostility. "What's in all of this for us? All I can see is we're the patsies . . . the guys who die like flies, you should pardon the expression, while you get this globe handed to you on a plate."

"I had anticipated that very natural

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question from one of you," said the doctor with the pleasant air of a lecturer about to make a point. "It is true that I shall benefit from your labors, dear insects, but you, too, stand to do the same. For instance, you, HOUSEFLY, would you not enjoy unfettered flight in any human domicile, knowing that those sticky-ribbon death traps were gone forever? CARPET BEETLE, think of it . . . the world's fattest, juiciest woolen rugs, thousands of warehouses filled with them, and all at your disposal. MOTH, would it not give you the most exhilarating sensation to gorge yourself on Jerry Lewis' three hundred mohair suits? You see, we have a mutuality of interests here. And now, if there are no further items, we shall conclude with the singing of our stirring anthem, *Larva Come Back to Me*."

As the insects propped themselves up into a humanlike posture of attention and shrilled their song, Bond's thoughts were off his pain-racked body. That computer! If only I could get to it! The seed of a scheme formed in his brain.

Dr. Nu watched his horde slink and fly off.

"Can you deny now, Oy Oy Seven, that you, indeed, have been accorded a rare privilege?"

"Now, I suppose, I shall pay for it in an equally devilish manner, eh, Nu?"

"Yes, Israel Bond. Your moment has come." And he clapped his hands. "Topjob! Activate the WC!"

"Is this to be my fate, doctor? Drowning by immersion in a water closet? Really, it is unworthy of your salt."

"Silence, insolent fool! Did you think I would squat to such a plebeian level? WC is yet another device, Mr. Bond. It stands for Will Chiller. I had not planned to destroy that muscular body of yours, which seems to have an extraordinarily high tolerance of pain. Besides, I can utilize it in our organization. But first there is the matter of breaking your indomitable will, bending it to our purposes. And this the Will Chiller will do."

The doctor's aide wheeled over a machine on rollers that seemed to be some sort of television set. On its front was a large glass screen with two large buttons below, one marked WD, the other, WR.

"Plug it in, Topjob. I can see you are trying to figure out the abbreviations, Mr. Bond. The first is 'Will Destroyer.' When it is switched on and the subject exposed to the images its built-in tapes bring to the screen, that unhappy person will find his senses departing from him in five minutes. At that juncture the power is cut off, because any further exposure would leave the subject a useless mental vegetable. WR is 'Will Restorer,' built into the machine for my own personal use when I was testing the machine. It saved my own life, Mr. Bond, when I foolishly let myself be exposed too long. With my last microdot of sanity I pushed it and became rational again. But we are wasting time. Topjob . . . the WD button, please."

A pin point of light danced on the screen, then spread into a white-hot intensity that flooded away the black.

"Shucks, Jed Clampett. You don't mean ter tell me that's oil in that thar land?" The speaker on the screen was a scraggly-haired woman in a calico dress. Her question was followed by howls of laughter, from an unseen audience. What's so funny about that? Bond wondered. "Yup," said a tall, taciturn man with a sunburned face. More uncontrollable laughter, another puzzlement to Bond. "Well, I guess we-uns is rich!" chortled the woman, smacking her backside with a good-natured flourish. More audience laughter; one of the women was shrieking at the top of her lungs.

It faded, supplanted by a pert, snub-nosed charmer whose moist lips kept repeating: "Dippity-Do . . . Dippity-Do . . . Dippity-Do."

From another world he heard Dr. Nu: "One minute."

Now the face on the screen was that of a jolly, bespectacled little man in a pinstripe suit and straw hat. "What makes you think you're worthy of being our queen for today, Mrs. Florence Block of Buzzard's Bladder, North Dakota, any more than Mrs. Alice Helegeson, our hunchback from Fatback, Tennessee, or Mrs. Hilda Shivers, the plucky but hopelessly brain-damaged housewife from Cooze Corners, Maine?"

"Well, I'll tell yer, Mr. Nelson . . . I crawled here on muh arthritic legs all the way from Buzzard's Bladder, with them cars runnin' over my poor chilblained hands, jes' so's I could tell yuh about my spavined son, Chesley, who is feelin' po'ly and needs an operation real bad so's he can harvest the crops in time to make the mortgage payment to hard-hearted Squire Tolliver."

"What do you think, audience?" cried the little man. "Is she the queen?" Booing and catcalling broke out; a bottle thrown on stage smashed the woman in her old gray head. "Guess not," shrugged the little man. "Let's bring on our last contestant, Mrs. Ellie Hasson of Chauquatauchauqua, Oklahoma, our thalidomide-taking mother who fears that——"

"Two minutes," said Dr. Nu, drawing on his hookah tube.

Bond's cruelly handsome face was slowly turning into a simper.

"Geez, Gadget." The gawky young teener looked down at his feet. "You mean you promised you'd go to the prom with Rocky?" Laughter from nowhere. "Well, uh . . . I" stammered the pixyish blonde sweetheart of Wollenstonecraft Junior High. "Did I promise Rocky? Did I, daddy?" Twenty seconds of whoops. "I don't know, sweetheart. I'm just your stupid father. Ask Mommy; she knows everything."

"Three minutes," said Dr. Nu. Bond's eyes were rolling around, tongue darting in and out. "You may unbind his hands now, Topjob; he has been rendered harmless. I don't want him to lacerate his wrists on the straps in his frenzy."

"Certs is a candy mint." "No, Certs is a breath mint!"

"You mean to say that if the cobalt bomb destroys the world, you'll still cover my losses? H-m-m, John Hancock, huh?"

"How'd you like a nice Hawaiian punch?" Pow! "Fruit juicy, fruit juicy, Dippity-Do, Dippity-Do . . ."

The face of Bond was frozen into a mindless ear-to-ear grin. His thumb was on his nose, four fingers waving in cadence. He was humming the *Doublemint Gum* song.

"Ten seconds more, Topjob, and Secret Agent Israel Bond will be our unwitting tool."

With a sob and a rush of breath the hooded figure leaped between them, jammed a finger into the WR button.

On the screen, a handsome man in a well-cut suit, his face full of urbanity, tenderness, intelligence, wit—all the qualities present in the best of 20th Century man—smiled: "Good evening. This is *Open End* and my name is David Susskind. Our panel discussion tonight is on the subject 'Will Automation Carried to the Extreme Throw Millions of Computers Out of Work?' and to prove this unique problem of our times I have asked the following panelists to appear tonight—Leonard Bernstein, Arthur Fiedler and the entire Boston Pops Orchestra, Nipsey Russell, Arlene Francis and Hugh Downs."

From the first outpourings of that mellifluous, cultured voice of sweet reason, Bond had felt the horrible banalities of button WD fleeing his brain like frightened Lucky Thompson gazelles in the path of a brush fire on the Kenya plain. And those intellectual names! Bernstein! Francis! Russell! Each one a torch of truth and knowledge, burning away his torpor.

He was a steely spring again, lashing out with cast-iron hands on the jaw of the nonplused Topjob, sending the killer karatist crashing into the wall.

A cold gray eye snapped a photo of the enraged Dr. Nu struggling with the slight, hooded figure who had saved Bond from insanity. He dove into the doctor's midsection, fists flailing with devastating potency. Dr. Nu said, "Ugh!" doubled up in agony and fell over his contour chair.

Bond swept up the hooded figure.

"Israel! Israel!"

He looked down into the face of Sister Sweetcakes!

"My darling! Alive, but——"

"Hurry!" she cried. "We must find a way out!"

He carried her to the first door he could find, slammed it behind him. He secured it with a bolt.

"Oh, Israel! You've taken me into the greenhouse again."

"Gottenu! We're in another pickle! I hope it's kosher this time. But, my OLEO angel, how did you escape the clutches of that chlorophyll horror?"

There was a mischievous sparkle in those violet eyes. "Israel, think it out for yourself with that keen mind I admire."

"I see," Bond nodded. "*Herbis homnis fressoris.* Our Celery Cyclops eats only——"

"Men. Just as his generic name states. He really was quite flustered upon discovering I was what I was. Expelled me from his interior in an instant."

"Damn fool, that Herbie." And he took Sister into his arms.

"The door! It's glowing!" she wailed.

They backed off, watching the metal of the door change from dun gray to pink, to a warm orange, to a hotter red.

"They're using acetylene torches on the metal. They'll be through in another minute. Sister, this way!" He picked up the table and flung it through the glass wall of the greenhouse. "Through that hole on the double!"

She passed through the ragged opening which caught at her habit, tearing it to shreds.

Content that she was safe for the nonce, Bond stood halfway between the door and the back wall, tensing his battered body.

With a shower of sparks the door fell.

Two of the guards rocketed through, made a grab for him. Bond lurched to the side. Their momentum carried them by him. He turned to face their next rush, but they did not charge back.

They had gone too far beyond him! And into the grasp of Herbie!

He shuddered as he watched them vainly trying to free themselves of those greedy arms. One was lifted high into the air kicking and screeching, then

dropped into the loathsome depths. He heard a crunch, saw two boots and a helmet spat out. Bond picked up the man's carbine and put his partner out of his misery. Better a bullet than . . .

Gottenu! Something smashed into his arm; the carbine was sent clattering away!

Topjob!

Fool that I am, thought Bond, I turned my back. Now my arm is dangling like a subway strap. I must combat this Chinese mass of sinews with one swollen arm.

The karatist circled Bond with a malevolent grin, his pointed teeth clicking with excitement, the mouth slobbering for the kill. He'll make it a slow job, a top job, will Topjob, Bond knew. Crack every bone in my body with one well-placed chop after another.

One chance! Back slowly away, Oy Oy Seven . . . slowly . . . let him advance inch by inch, savoring every moment of your fear . . . your whimpering is as delicious to this ape as a mouthful of leeches or a bat's entrails . . . "Ooooh" . . . that's it . . . moan a little . . . his grin is widening . . . you're almost there, but for God's sake, as soon as you feel the first prick—freeze! And pray to the Lord of Israel that your shirt is thick enough to keep the tip from going into your epidermis . . .

His back made contact with the tip.

"All right, Topjob, do your worst, you *furshlugginer* gook!"

Topjob snarled and made his run at Bond. His hand speared into Bond's shoulder as the Israeli leaped to the left. The karate specialist's follow-through sent him sprawling into the Malaysian death vine!

Bond gnashed his teeth as the pain spread through his torn shoulder. He opened his eyes and met those of the Korean, whose own were slowly filling with disbelief. Topjob's hand moved toward Bond's neck. It's the moment of truth, thought Bond. Has he got enough left to deliver the final death chop to my esophagus? If he has, I can't stop it.

The hand brushed Bond's neck, but the blow was strangely powerless. Topjob started to fall slowly, like an oak severed from its base by a handsaw. He tumbled to the floor, shook in a cataclysmic paroxysm and lay still.

Sister Sweetcakes had quietly returned through the crack in the glass wall. "Israel. What happened to this man?"

"Topjob was tough all right, Sister . . . damn tough. But he ran into a Jew who was a thorn in his side."

"Oh, Father in heaven, you're hurt again!" she cried softly. "Your arm . . ."

"Broken, I'm afraid. But there's no time for tears now. I've a little date with that machine in the next room."

She helped him make his way into the lab. "This is IPECAC, Sister. What it does I'll explain later. But don't think me insane when I talk to it. I know what I'm doing. Flick that red switch. And when I stop talking, flick it off."

She complied.

Bond spoke into the microphone, imitating the voice of Dr. Nu. "Attention, my leader. Those stupid insects are prepared to follow my instructions blindly. They will help us take over the world. Then when they have accomplished our task for us, I shall destroy them to the last bug! Ha-ha! The fools! They do not know that I, Dr. Watts Nu, have invented an insecticide so potent that it makes Black Flag and Raid seem like Philadelphia Cream Cheese. Roger, Rotten Roger, and out." Bond asked Sister to flick off the switch. "That should crack the unholy alliance wide open. Every bug within five miles has heard Dr. Nu's plan for betrayal. Now, to find the man behind all this, Leader Colfax."

• • •

They trod the corridor lightly, Sister in the lead steering the limping secret agent as best she could. She again felt that disturbing electricity as his long, tapering fingers enclosed hers.

In the darkness Bond stumbled, banged his torn shoulder into the wall.

There was an ear-piercing ring.

"Damn it! The wall . . . it's wired to set off an alarm when touched. We're in for it again, Sister."

At the other end of the corridor a door opened and three of the Orientals came tramping through.

"Sister, run! I can't make it! Save your pretty neck."

"No, Israel," she whispered hotly. "Try, please try . . ."

She yanked at his sleeve and they began to run. As they traversed the corridor they saw a number of doors with slivers of light beneath them. "These must be the rooms rented by the Temple of Hate to its vacationing clientele," she said. "Quickly . . . into this one!"

They found themselves in the rear of a large, dimly lit hall. In the front was a hideous potbellied idol with red eyes that bored into their very souls. A little man with a messianically maddened face sat in the cross-legged style of the East, addressing a group of dark-hued men in loincloths.

"Oh, my brothers! I have good omens for you. Last night a jackal cried on my left, a baboon defecated on my right. They are a sign for us Thugees, who have lain asleep for, lo, these past fifty years, to rise again. Take up your strangling cords and kill!

"Kill lest ye be killed yourselves!

"Kill for the love of killing!

"Kill for the love of Kali!

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

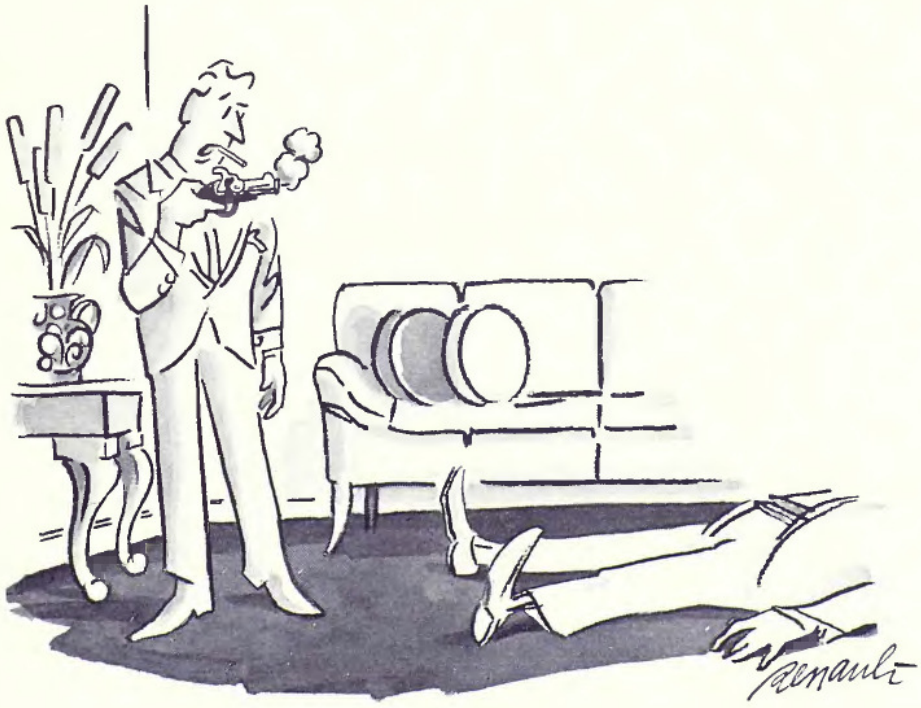
The nun trembled. "Israel, who are these people?"

"Thugees. The murder cult of India. They worship Mother Kali, goddess of murder. Look! See their leader? He is about to offer Mother Kali a sacred golden melon in homage. Listen, he's going to chant the ritual to her."

They strained their ears and caught the thin, reedy voice of the high priest kneeling before the idol with the melon in his outstretched palms.

"Here's another melon, Kali, baby,

"Cuddle up and don't be blue . . ."




*"I could have sworn this was the lighter!"*

Bond nudged Sister. "Let's get the hell out of here." He pulled her roughly out into the corridor and slammed the door.

"Well, that door got us nowhere."

"There is another one, Israel. With a gold star and name plate on it at the far end."

They approached it cautiously. Bond's heart pounded as he saw the sign. Journey's end!

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Israel Bond let a sneer curl his lips. "Sister, you're looking at the bloodiest fool who ever walked down the pike. I let my romantically febrile imagination lead me down the garden path. I am guilty of ignoring the obvious."

He put his ear to the door.

". . . payable in cash or equivalent value in diamonds, Premier Chou. Our organization will see to it that the American geologists are constantly harassed. Killed, if need be. Thus, the way will be paved for your People's Republic of China to be greeted with open arms. You are agreed to these terms? Capital! This is Rotten Roger Colfax——"

"Signing off for the last time." Bond spoke his gritty sentence as he walked through the door. "The game is up, Nochum."

"Bond!"

Sister shrilled, "It's Pablito! What have you done with him, you horrible little man?" She raced to the side of a little boy in raggedy sweater and shorts. She took a letter opener from Nochum's Allandale mahogany desk, worked it behind the boy's back. "You're free now, little angel," she wept as the strands fell to the floor.

Bond's gray eyes held a gleam of menacing amusement. "Nochum, you are no dummy—literally."

Nochum Spector bit his lip, then raised it in a pout of contempt. "That's correct, Mr. Super-Jew with the low-grade wit that everybody's supposed to turn cartwheels for. I had you fooled real good. By now you've guessed that the Vi Teh Minh placed a replica of me in the pit. I was in the lead, so I simply rode behind a bush, made a few heart-rending noises and they did the rest."

"Yes, they did. They murdered two of your countrymen."

"Hacks! Third-raters! Waterboys! They must always perish when they get in a great man's way. Oy Oy Seven. You were my real target; you've always been."

"Why, Nochum? Just for the record."

"Why? Remember what you once said to me—'Stay in the playpen. This game's for big boys'? Well, I sure as hell played it like a big boy, Israel Bond. I organized the world's most cunning terror organization with the help of that wacked-up Chink and his gadgets. I, little bitty Nochum Spector, the forgotten nephew


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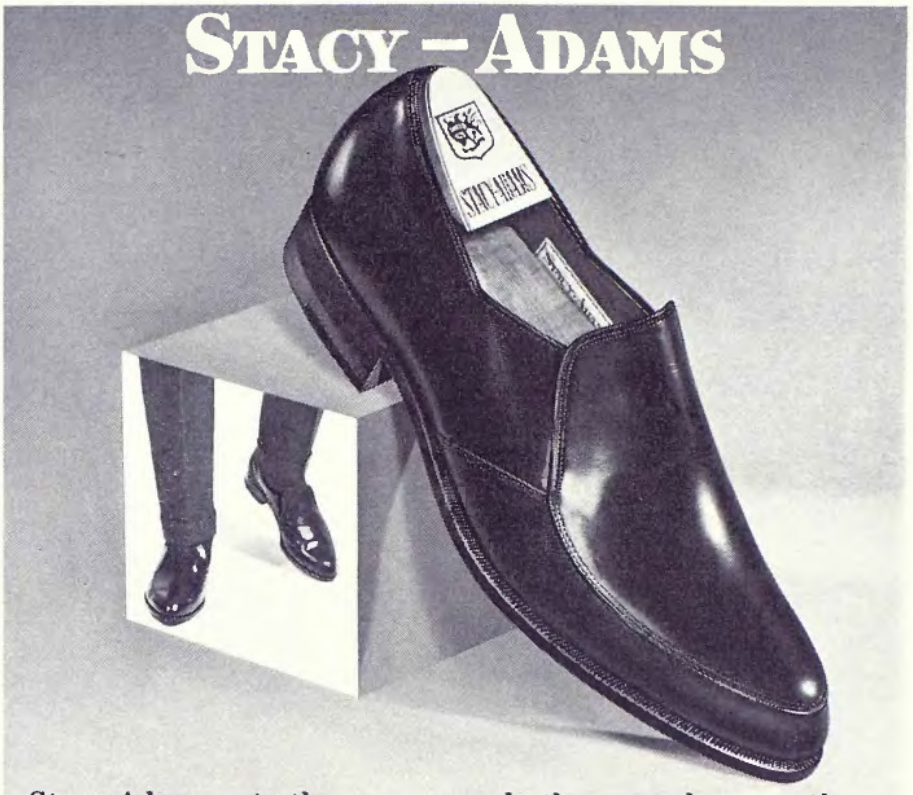

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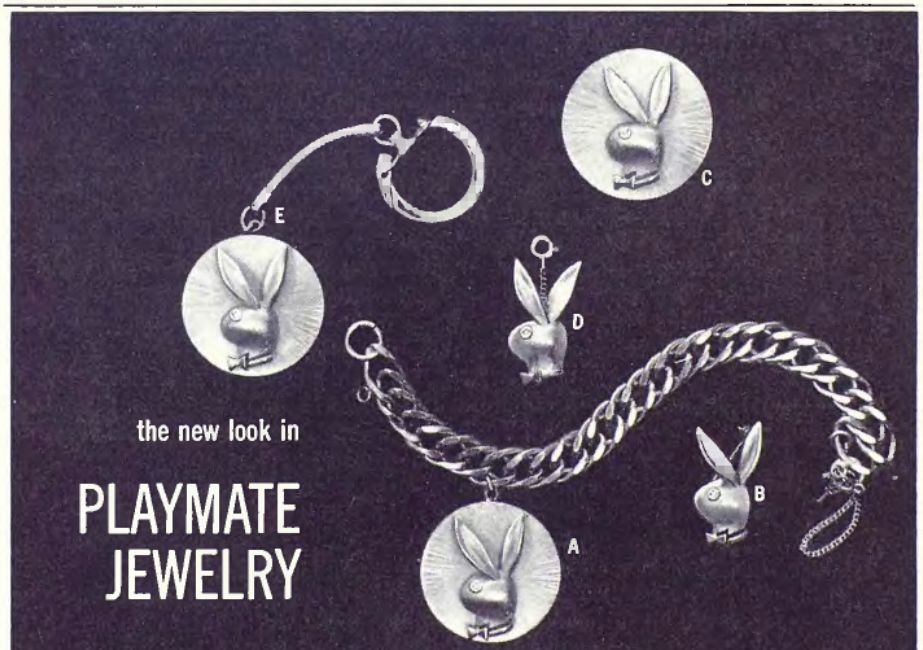


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"It's all over now, little man with big dreams."

"Not yet!" And Nochum shot through the floor.

"A chute!" Bond cried. "And here on the desk . . . a button! The little bastard pressed it while waxing so eloquent. God knows where he is now. We've got to get up to the convent and warn the folks. There's an attack coming. They'll be wiped out in the morning!"

• • •

After reuniting Pablito with his overjoyed parents in the village of Pupi Campo (Mrs. Garcia covered Bond with tear-soaked kisses of joy; Mr. Garcia shook his hand with awe), they made their way up Mount Maidenhead on a winding, obscure trail known only to Sister Sweetcakes and the Keystone Automobile Club.

Sister brushed a Gila monster off her leg. "Israel, what can we do about the impending attack?"

"I don't know. We have no weapons up there. They'll have mortars, grenade launchers, machine guns. They don't even have to scale the mountain. They can just pop at us from Camp Camp and blow the convent to bits." As though his last sentence had decided something for him, he turned to her, a curious tenderness on his cruelly handsome face. "Sister, I'm not letting you go on."

"Israel, I must go back. It is my home."

He was fighting an emotion now, one that made him clench and unclench his fists. His watch band fell off again, snapped in two; so did his rolled-steel ID bracelet.

"Sister Sweetcakes, I love you. There's no one in this world quite like you, your gentleness, your selflessness . . . damn it, Sister! Renounce your calling! Renounce your faith and take mine!"

"It cannot be, Mr. Bond. You ask too much of me. Give up my nun's garb, give up my faith. Why did you not ask me to give up my color as well?"

"You know that doesn't mean a damn thing to me. We don't *have* to live in a Jewish neighborhood."

• • •

Israel Bond stood on the precipice looking down into the Valley of the Blind at the Temple of Hate. His field glasses caught the sun glinting off bayonets and throwing knives. He saw Spector, in the uniform of a field marshal, and a revived Dr. Nu walk into the paved area and the soldiers lift their rifles in salutes. He had counted 500 of them.

His unrequited love for the nun shoved into a deep corner of his mind from whence he might extract it some day and weep about it into his chicken soup. Bond was very much the cold-blooded Oy Oy Seven again.

A feathery touch on his arm made him turn. Baldroi LeFagel. "Oh, your sweet body is all cut up. Let me rub it down—with mine."

"Damn it, LeFagel! This is no time to swish around. There are five hundred guys down there who'll be shooting up this place any moment now, guys who can shoot the head off a pin, who blend into the jungle and strike like rattlers, who can kill with one karate stroke."

"Oh, worry not, you heart-stopping thing. I'll protect that precious Herculean body of yours. I have a black belt in karate myself."

"So have they."

"Mine has sequins."

The six survivors of the Israeli Peace Corps, two on crutches, all bearing the scars of the earlier attack, came to the cliff's edge. In their eyes he could see trust and hope. He knew they looked to him for leadership in this hour of tribulation. By thunder, he'd give it to them!

"Boys, it looks hopeless. I just learned the convent's telephone line to Vera Hruba has been cut. I can't get through to Bon Ami for men and ammo. But don't despair. I'll get us out of this."

"Hey!" shouted one of the Corpsmen.

*"Bad news, Pearson—you've just been voted 'Fink of the Month.'"*

"We got company! Look, a dozen guys coming up the mountain."

Bond's heart leaped. Could Bon Ami somehow have learned of their predicament and sent men and guns? Hot damn! With the right weapons we could hold them off until help comes.

Over the wall popped a red sweating face. "Hi, folks! The Rock of Ages record caravan is right on the ol' schedule! Tell Sister Sweetcakes to sound her A a few times: Marty O'Marty and the boys are in town!"

Down went his heart, pierced by an arrow of futility. Gottenu! Of all the times to record a religious album . . . with death from international communism staring us in the face. "We who are about to die salute you, Mr. O'Marty." And taking the recording executive aside, he gave it to him straight.

"I better tell the fellas, Mr. Bond." O'Marty beckoned to A Man Called Peter and the Padres, four thick-mopped musicians with Selmer harps, and the technicians who puffed up the path bearing the tools of the trade. "It's all off."

"Hey, man?" said A Man Called Peter. "You mean like we ain't havin' no session?"

"Kid, don't you realize that the Vi Teh Minh, the Russkis and Fidelistas might be here any second?"

"Screw them other groups, daddy. You signed the contract with *us*."

• • •

Around the table in the dining hall of OLEO, served by the solicitous nuns, sat Bond, Sister Sweetcakes, the Peace Corps boys, Baldroi LeFagel, Dr. Browndorf and Marty O'Marty's retinue.

"Bond! I've got my transistor radio working," called out O'Marty. "At least we can get some news of the outside world." He turned a dial. "Hey, a Miami station."

". . . From politically torn El Tiparillo comes word of new civil war this morning. West El Tiparillan forces were rushed to The Band, that neutral zone that divides the island, to meet the forces of General Diaz from EET which launched an attack late last night. Said General Wesson y Oyl of WET—quote—We shall never, never surrender and, if we do, it will be with dignity—unquote. And that——"

"Turn it off, Marty. We heard the news, all right, and it's lousy," said Bond. Revolution in El Tiparillo! And WET's army committed to the border. No, there'll be no in-the-nick-of-time cavalry charge for us, Gunga Din.

OLEO shook violently as the first barrage whined over the wall into its side.

"I had not foreseen this hopeless siege," Bond said. "This is not a slickly planned affair with predictable moves and countermoves like Operation Matzohball."

"Matzohball!"

Say it again, he screamed at his brain. Say it again.

"Matzohball!"

"Matzohball!" he whooped in a fierce boyish joy. "That's it! Sister," and he hugged the bewildered nun, "have you any large kettles?"

"Only a small one or two for making tea. The soup and the stews are prepared in the caldrons."

"Caldrons! *Oy, mommeleh*, caldrons! Let's get 'em!"

She led him into the kitchen. "There." On top of the old-fashioned stove were a dozen four-foot-deep caldrons.

"Tell every able hand, man and woman, to get cracking! I want them in here on the double!" said Bond.

A minute later they stood hushed before him.

• • •

"I see smoke coming from the roof," said Dr. Nu. "Our last barrage must have set it on fire. We shall not have to wait too long now."

Nochum growled. "Where are your insect allies? They should have overrun the place by now."

"Perhaps there has been some misunderstanding, SPECTRE leader. But I feel sure——"

"Misunderstanding?" Spector's voice lashed. "You know what the penalty is for failing SPECTRE."

Dr. Nu almost turned white. "My leader, I'm sure that—wait! Listen! Tell the men to stop firing."

From far off they heard a drone. One solid sound at first. And then, as it came nearer, they could distinguish individual noises, buzzing, chirping, the crackling of dead leaves under billions of insect feet. Now there unfolded a black blanket, spreading over the horizon as far as the eye could see. Uncountable hordes of crawling things . . . and hovering above them their winged cousins in airborne legions that for an instant blotted out the sun.

"They are coming to me." Dr. Nu smiled.

• • •

"It's quiet down there," said Dr. Browndorf. "Something's fishy."

Bond put down his field glasses. "No, buggy. Look, doc."

The medico put the binoculars to his eyes. "My God, bugs! Ugh! Billions 'n' billions!"

"Don't get panicky, doc. I've a feeling they won't be coming here after all. Are the boys doing the job?"

"Yes. The caldrons are lined up by the wall. And one of the boys got a brainstorm. He tore down all the rain spouts, tied them together and formed a sort of pipeline to the kitchen. We'll get a continuous supply of hot water from the hot-water taps."

"And the stuff?"

"They're opening it and boiling it as fast as they can."

"Make sure it's packed as tight as Mother Margolies' best. Use just enough


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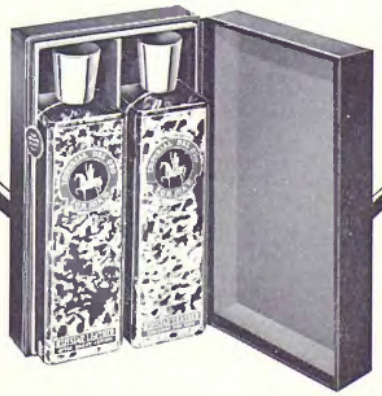

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hot water to make it firm and bouncy. A soggy one won't go fifty feet."

One of the Israeli boys came up the path, running, in fact, from Baldroi LeFagel, who nimbly skipped after him.

"Baldroi, leave the kid alone or I'll——"

Le Fagel said gaily, "Look, it's all over my hands." He held them out, revealing a gummy yellow covering. "I've been helping those *superb* young men pack it. I tasted it, incidentally. It's delicious. Jewish delicacy, no? But then all Jewish delicacies taste delicious. You're Jewish, aren't you, Bond?"

Bond sent the little poet spinning with a backhanded cuff. "Get lost, you, or I'll tan your hide. Uh—sorry, LeFagel."

"You had to make it a racial issue, right, Whitey?"

The young Israeli, whose name was Neon Zion, said, "We're ready to roll, Oy Oy Seven. Give us the word."

They were silent as he approached them, even the no-stop talker O'Marty.

"Did you knock out a big enough section of the retaining wall?" Bond asked.

"Didn't have to," said Neon. "They did it for us with their last mortar barrage."

"OK," Bond said hoarsely. "Now we push it."

Shots skimmed over their heads. "Rifles," said Bond. "They must be planning to come up now. Doc, give me back the field glasses."

He adjusted the zoom-in lens. Camp Camp, he saw, was gone! Smothered by the hellish legions of insects. Their first phalanx was now moving on Spector. Dr. Nu and the Vi Teh Minh, Russkis and Fidelistas. Dr. Nu, carrying IPECAC, bowed formally, bent down to speak to the leaders of the various species.

He saw the Oriental's mouth agape. My God, the man must be screaming his head off. They're on him! The yellow is disappearing. He's turning black . . . with insects! Now there's just a blob writhing on the ground. Sayonara, Dr. Watts Nu! You and SPECTRE wanted the world to crawl . . . and now the crawlers have had their revenge.

Spector! Where was he? He's left his Oriental genius to be gnawed to the bone. He's fleeing down the mountain. You know damn well what's on his mind, Bond. The helicopter!

"Heave to, everybody! Push, push, push." And ten tons of matzohball rolled over the lip of the precipice!

Down, down, down plummeted the yellow avenger, bouncing from ledge to ledge, gaining incredible speed. It crushed hundreds of thousands of insects with a single bound, then bounced up, up, up into the sky, then down again into the wild-eyed, terror-stricken soldiers, strewing them about like tenpins, down, down, down into the airstrip.

Bond's glasses picked up Nochum Spector, a briefcase in his hand, looking up in horror. Then Spector fell to his knees and began to pray. Too late for that now, you little bastard! The matzohball bounced and came down upon him. Bond saw Nochum and the helicopter disappear under the yellow avalanche.

• • •

Israel Bond leaned against the wall near the precipice, his eyes still riveted to the holocaust below. The matzohball was beginning to come apart under the torrid midday sun. He thought of Nochum. M must never know her beloved nephew had been the culprit. He would tell her that Rotten Roger Colfax had been a Russian all along and that the traitor business was literally a Red herring to cause doubt and suspicion among the M 33 and 1/3 team. He rehearsed his speech for the tenth time: "You would have been proud of the heroic way he met his Maker, Mother."

"Talking to yourself, Mr. Bond?"

"Hello, dear Sister. Come to say goodbye?"

"Yes, Mr. Bond. But let's make that au revoir. I hate goodbyes. I know our paths will cross again someday. Now I must go back into the convent and make that long-playing record for Marty. I have asked that the proceeds be set aside for the creation of a Boys' Town on El Tiparillo. Indeed, my brother Baldroi has asked to help operate it."

He would, Bond thought.

"Until our paths converge, I want you to have this little token of my esteem and . . . uh . . . affection. Please take this, Mr. Bond."

In the palm of his hand was a mirror framed in a lovely coral rectangle. "It is exquisite, as you are, Sister."

"Whenever you look into it, Mr. Bond, you will see my favorite person in all the world." A rose of a blush surfaced on her cheeks. She pressed his hand against her heart. Then she turned and walked slowly back to the convent. She stood at the door, waved and was gone.

"Adieu, Sister Sweetcakes," he whispered. "May the Bluebird of Happiness bring you Jan Peerce."

He looked into the mirror and saw her (and his) favorite person in all the world. And—someone else! An evil animal whose demented grin bared a golden treasure trove.

Torquemada LaBonza! "The Man with the Golden Gums!" "The Silent One!" No misnomer there. He had not even been aware of the man's approach.

Israel Bond, the egotistical fool! While he had been thinking he'd pulled off another successful conclusion, he'd forgotten all about the world's most feared assassin, LaBonza, whose victims died in an insane fit of laughter. Why?

He was to know immediately.

The voice of Torquemada LaBonza came out of that Midas mouth:

"Eh-h-h . . . what's up, doc? I'll tell you, doc. Your hands, doc. Eh-h-h, that's

'cause I got this silencer against your backbone, doc."

Bond began to laugh and laugh and laugh. It poured out of him like the blood had from his wounds. LaBonza spun him around with his left hand and raked Bond's cheek with his gun sight, reopening the old wound.

Still Bond laughed, though the cheek smarted terribly. He could not help it, no matter what.

Torquemada's voice was that of—Bugs Bunny!

"LaBonza, I can't help it. Nobody could. How in the world did you ever get a voice like that?"

No answer. Bond thought his query had drawn a Mel Blanc.

Then LaBonza spoke. "I—uh—guess it don't matter now, doc, 'cause I'm gonna kill you anyway and bring that hotshot mezuzah of yours back to KGB. Pretty humiliatin', ain't it, doc? The Israeli superman is brought down by a cwazy wabbit, eh, doc?"

Though convulsed by simultaneous mirth and fear, Bond nevertheless managed to get the story.

His father was an impressionist, LaBonza pointed out, but made a meager living at it. There were many Cagney-Robinson-Cooper-Grant imitators working the cheap-theater circuit, and the father was ruefully aware he had blown his talent on a surfeited market. However, LaBonza added, his father adored the cartoon characters in those delightful shorts one saw with every movie in the Thirties and Forties. No one was specializing in these imitations and so almost from birth he took Torquemada to the movies three times a week, hoping to leave the boy with a profitable legacy.

"You can't envision what it was like for me in those formative years with a tyrant for a father. Ah, phooey!" He was Donald Duck now, quacking irately at his rotten lot in life. "And, thufferin' thuccotash, thir (now he was an equally incensed Daffy Duck), from the very beginning every time I'd try to thpeak normally, that thtupid father of mine would dig his thumbth into my cheekth until my mouth ached. Thoon I wath afraid to even try thpeaking like a normal perthon. And e-e-e-e-even wh-wh-when he d-d-d-died (Porky Pig had taken over the narrative at this point). I was so used to speaking like this (Porky passed the ball to Mickey), that I continued this way. Kinda awful, huh, Pluto?"

"Why did you become an assassin, LaBonza?" Bond barely got it out. His body was shaking with silent laughter. No harm showing a little sympathy to this strangest of human beings.

"Oooh, I tawt I taw a puttycat. Why? 'Tause I hated my daddy 'tause he made me weal misewable (it was Tweety Bird's turn). I wanted wevenge on a wotten world. I wanted to—hah! hah!—kill wots of wittle gway wabbits—I hate wittle gway wabbits—and kill even more people. (Elmer Fudd muscled in.) But, son, why are yuh—ah say why are yuh askin' me all these dad-burned fool questions? You-all ain't tryin' ter put somethin' over on old Torquemada, is yuh? Ah say, is yuh? (Leghorn picked up the ball.)

"Certainly not, LaBonza. It's just that your story is so fantastic. Why the golden teeth and gums?"

"Jiminy Cricket! (Bond had no trouble with this one.) I'm your conscience, Torquemada, so I'll answer the gentleman's question. It's 'cause your father squeezed your cheeks so often your teeth softened and fell out. And, honest, Pinoke, so did your gums. So when you killed your first man you had the whole business done in gold so's you'd be sumpin' special, huh?"

"Well, LaBonza, whoever put in that golden mouth of yours cheated you."

"Look, doc, if you're makin' fun o' me I'll kill you real slow and easy, a bullet in each hand, each leg, each rib."

Bond smiled nonchalantly. "Why should I make fun? I'm a damn serious guy when I face death, LaBonza. Now, look for yourself. Here's a mirror. If you look very closely you'll see you got the cheapest kind of gold. Maybe it isn't even gold. Maybe it's pyrites—fool's gold. See for yourself."

LaBonza grabbed the mirror angrily. He turned it around and held it toward himself, opening his mouth wide.

Bond tensed. If he had figured it out right, he had one last chance.

As LaBonza's mouth spread, the sun flashed against the generous golden expanse, the flash ricocheting off the mirror into LaBonza's eyes. He was blinded for one second.

Bond hit him low and hard, the impact with the man's knees sending pangs through his sore shoulders. LaBonza was hurled back, back . . . and over the wall. His hands clawed for a grip on a root, lost it, and he fell into space. Bond heard screaming oinks, quacks, tweets, then heard them no more as the black dot bounced off a ledge and plunged to the bottom of Mount Maidenhead.

Now it really is over, he panted.

Yet, he pondered, how could any of it have been real? It had been an adventure peopled by a conglomeration of characters to be found in the marred convolutions of a mentally imbalanced writer's mind. Had any of these menaces been more than cartoons?

How could he put a finis on this nightmare in keeping with its cartoonish quality?

His gray eyes gleamed, the smile forming as he knew what he *must* say.

Israel Bond said: "Th-th-th-that's all, f-f-f-folks!"


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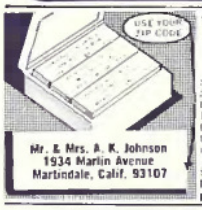


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## CIRCLE OF SEX *(continued from page 166)*

neighbor Dorian, the Quean finds women sexually unattractive or repulsive, yet intellectually and aesthetically interesting because he wants to *be* a woman. This is why he makes an excellent beautician, hairdresser, interior decorator or costume designer, and, like Dorian, he often excels in the "sensitive arts" of music, dancing (especially ballet), poetry, and painting. The 10-4 axis is, however, the trouble spot on the Circle not only because Dykes and Queans are on the sexual borderline and inwardly mixed up, but even more because of social rejection, which mixes them up because it makes it hard for them to accept themselves. Occasionally they actually succeed in passing themselves off as members of the opposite sex, though this is a risky and unsatisfactory means of social adaptation.

The rotation of the axis to the 11-5 position is critical, for between 10 and 11, 4 and 5, is the physiological boundary between male and female. If one believed in reincarnation, the 11 and 5 types are just what the Dyke and the Quean would become in their next lives, for at 11 is Don Juan and at 5 is someone we shall call Lady C., after Lady Chatterley, Catherine the Great and Courtesan. For it seems that in the Don Juan type the extreme Lesbian has at last acquired male equipment and is going to use it for all it is worth. In common with the Dyke, Don Juan finds physical contact with men repulsive. He cannot abide army life, and prison is sheer torture. Yet he is often mistaken for a Quean because he dresses elegantly, even foppishly, and sometimes enjoys wearing the fluffy style of women's clothes. Give him a boudoir rather than a den, for he is plain crazy about feminine women and everything to do with them. He has no interest in children and abhors monogamy, loving variety in women just as one likes to rove around with one's hands in fondling a woman's body. He is a "woman's man," because what pleases him above all in sexual intercourse is to bestow the female orgasm. His interest is not, as is often supposed, in how many women he has made, but in how many he has delighted. The man who scores up his make-outs is usually trying to prove an insecure masculinity, and Don Juan has no worries about that.

Standing right opposite Don Juan, Lady C. is not necessarily a feminine-looking woman. She may be something of a tomboy, a "man's woman" who likes to camp, hunt and even (like Catherine the Great of Russia) go to the wars with her menfolk. She is a nymphomaniac of insatiable sexual appetite, the female "reincarnation" of the kind of Quean who prefers to be isolated with males in the navy. She is disliked by most women, just as Don Juan is no friend of other heterosexual males: They are distrusted as heart-stealers, though they will seldom elope with one's spouse. For them, variety is the spice of life and sexual intercourse a sweet intimacy between friends. As one Don Juan put it, "Never refuse a desirable lady when she desires you. It is unchivalrous. But never seduce a lady against her will. That is also unchivalrous and, besides, unnecessary. There are plenty of unhappy wives whose husbands are too cold or too stupid to satisfy them." The sexual converse would be true for the attitude of Lady C. toward men.

Almost as if a particular Don Juan had at last fallen in love with a particular Lady C., the 11-5 axis swings on to the Darby-and-Joan position of pater- and materfamilias down the center, the axis where sexuality is at its best for the lawful reproduction of the species—the only legitimate kind of sexuality for those who believe that bearing children is the only legitimate function of intercourse. It must be repeated that this is the ideal relationship for some people, and especially when a particular Darby and a particular Joan happen to harmonize, which is always a big gamble. Since most news is bad news, one hears more of the failures than of the successes. Yet when two 20-year-olds vow before an altar to love each other for always and always, it is perhaps a mistake to confuse this solemn expression of their immediate feelings with a literal and legal contract. When the ancients said, "O king, live forever!" they meant no more than to wish him a long life.

Every axis of the Circle is unstable, some more than others, for few individuals are fixed firmly at one point on the dial. We are more like needles on the dial, vibrating between certain limits. Even in a successful Darby-and-Joan relationship there is a tendency, later in the marriage, for the interests of husband and wife to go beyond the family, and in many marriages it exists from the start. Thus, when the axis rotates to the 1 and 7 positions, we have at 1 a man called the Pioneer and at 7 a woman whom Gavin Arthur calls Clubwoman (the very feminine Helen Hokinson type), though I do not like this term. It twits her too much, and suggests that she is always middle-aged, potbellied and intellectually naïve. But consider her as the complementary opposite of the highly male Pioneer with his strong devotion to some vocation beyond, but not necessarily excluding, family life—profession, business or sport. Here are artists and soldiers, hunters and explorers, philosophers and politicians, scientists and engineers—men who work not just to bring home the bacon but for the joy of the work itself. These 1 o'clocks usually marry and are predominantly heterosexual, but they have a strong capacity for friendship with other men. Every so often they must escape from the family for the club or poolroom, fishing trip or bull session.

Likewise the 7-o'clock woman is not primarily a homemaker. She has a mind of her own and is interesting because she has many interests—not only the P.T.A., the Church or the League of Women Voters, but also reading or painting, gardening or bowling, attending concerts and lectures, and thus relies rather heavily on the babysitter. The late President Kennedy is supposed to have said to his wife, "You look after the culture and I'll run the country!" so perhaps we should call this lady Jacqueline. She is above all a civilizing influence—at her best, she woos men into culture and graciousness; at her worst, she castrates them as Mom or Mrs. Grundy because she never had a man who knew how to play with her. Thus, any man who really wins a Jaqueline has a relationship, not just a wife.

We are now at the second critical point of the Circle. As the physiological differentiation of the sexes lay along the diameter between 10 and 11 at one end, and 4 and 5 at the other, so the diameter 7-8 to 1-2 is the "watershed" along whose ridge lies maximal femininity and masculinity. Just over the ridge from Jacqueline is the Career Girl, usually a very feminine single woman—the devoted secretary, nurse, social worker, actress or schoolteacher—the 8-o'clock lady who is inclined to professions particularly suitable for women, as distinct from the neighboring Sapphos and Dykes who often compete with men in medicine, science, law and business. In her sexual life the Career Girl wavers. In our culture, at least, her general inclination is for male lovers, but she toys with homosexual relationships with her roommates since, for economic reasons, she often shares living quarters with other women. Frequently she is very happy as an "on-the-side" girl for two or three men who want holidays from their wives, but who want much more out of sex than just a piece of tail. Career Girl tends to collect men whose wives "don't understand them."

Her opposite at 2 o'clock is Caesar, named after Julius, who was known in his army as "every man's wife and every woman's husband." Our culture makes it hard for him to accept and express his ambisextrous nature, and thus he usually appears as a caricature of Pioneer—the "tough guy" who plays the role of policeman, drill sergeant, bouncer, prize fighter, test pilot, truck driver, aggressive supersalesman or tycoon. Just because he must not, at all costs, admit his ambisexterity, he loathes Dorians and Queans and beats them up when they make advances to him. Unlike his opposite, Career Girl, he is generally forced into

*"Now I have a confession to make—I'm not really a model."*

*"Now, now, Miss Pageau—that doesn't count!"*

marriage to assert his heterosexuality, though the vigor of the assertion is the measure of its weakness. He "screws" women because a man should, but he is uncomfortable and uncommunicative in their company; he is pre-eminently the "man's man." Freed of these social repressions, he can be a most valuable member of the community—tough but not hostile, brave but not combative, strong but not swaggering—a wonderful combination of courage and friendliness.

Now that we have been all the way round the Circle, some general remarks are in order. The intention of the scheme is to be provocative rather than definitive. It is a suggestion—not yet a rigorous and scientific classification of sexual types. People are *supposed* to argue about it, to see if they can fit themselves and their friends into the types, and to take particular note of (a) the types they dislike, and (b) the ways of typing with which they most strongly disagree. This may tell them a lot about themselves, for the classification that you find most inept may well be your own.

Obviously, few people stand at one precise spot on the dial. As I have said, most of us waver like pointer needles over 5, 10 or 15 "minutes" of the clock, say, from 11 to 1 or from 5 to 8, or from 11:03 to 1:02. In the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant subculture of the United States, we pretend that most of the population lies between 12 and 1 for males, and 6 and 7 for females (with some tolerance for 8). But this is an opinion as to where the population should be, not an account of its actual distribution, and, as no one knew better than Alfred Kinsey, the facts are as elusive as can be. Under the immense social pressure of sexual mores and fashions, the individual is often unable to admit, even to himself, that he belongs to an "abnormal" type.

But most argumentation as to the normalcy and abnormalcy, healthiness and sickness of sexual variations is nonsense. If the standard of normalcy is to be determined statistically by what most people do, are physicists abnormal because there are so few of them? If sickness is what shortens life and/or makes people miserable, is there any evidence that homosexuals die younger than heterosexuals? Or that they are miserable for any other reason than that there are powerful laws and prejudices against them? Is there, furthermore, the slightest evidence that sexual intercourse is "natural" or "good" only for purposes of reproduction? If every sexual act should, ideally, produce a baby, should *every* seed bring forth a plant? Should every pomegranate, which, like human sperm, has lots of seeds in it, produce a thousand trees? Miserly and ungenerous people think of nature as wasteful and profligate in the vast variety of her forms and in the "superfluity" of her seeding processes. But nature may, with just as much right, be called exuberant, or likened to a player, singer or dancer doing things that aren't absolutely necessary for bare survival. Is it unreasonable to extend the same generous attitude to the varieties of human sexuality—especially when they can be seen in the form of a logical spectrum?

Finally, it should be remembered that this brief description of the Circle has given no more than hints of certain points lying upon an equator that surrounds a sphere. This equator is the hottest, the most sexual latitude of love. It may even be that at the sphere's center there is that white light which is the spinning source of all the colorations of the human spectrum, which every human being on earth calls by the name that is mystically most meaningful to him, and which Dante called "the Love which moves the sun and other stars."

# despair

*(continued from page 202)*

he seemed to have donned that gawky disguise for an old-fashioned slumkin-lumpkin fancy dress ball.

"I could do with a smoke," said he in Czech. His voice turned out to be unexpectedly low-toned, even sedate, and with two forked fingers he made the gesture of holding a cigarette. I thrust toward him my large cigarette case; my eyes did not once leave his face. He bent a little nearer, pressing his hand against the earth as he did so, and I took the opportunity of inspecting his ear and hollow temple.

"German ones," said he and smiled—showed his gums. This disappointed me, but happily his smile vanished immediately. (By this time I was loath to part with the marvel.)

"German yourself?" he inquired in that language, his fingers twirling and pressing the cigarette. I said Yes and clicked my lighter under his nose. He greedily joined his hands roofwise above the trembling flame. Blue-black, square fingernails.

"I'm German, too" said he, puffing smoke. "That is, my father was German, but my mother was Czech, came from Pilsen."

I kept expecting from him an outburst of surprise, great laughter perhaps, but he remained impassive. Only then did I realize what an oaf he was.

"Slept like a top," said he to himself in a tone of fatuous complacency, and spat with gusto.

"Out of work?" I asked.

Mournfully he nodded several times and spat again. It is always a wonder to me the amount of saliva that simple folk seem to possess.

"I can walk more than my boots can," said he looking at his feet. Indeed, he was sadly shod.

He rolled slowly onto his belly and, as he surveyed the distant gasworks and a skylark that soared up from a furrow, he went on musingly:

"That was a good job I had last year in Saxony, not far from the frontier. Gardening. Best thing in the world! Later on I worked in a pastry shop. Every night after work, me and my friend used to cross the frontier for a pint of beer. Seven miles there and as many back. The Czech beer was cheaper than ours and the wenches fatter. There was a time, too, when I played the fiddle and kept a white mouse."

Now let us glance from the side, but just in passing, without any physiognomizing; not too closely, please, gentlemen, or you might get the shock of your lives. Or perhaps you might not. Alas, after all that has happened I have come to know the partiality and fallaciousness of human eyesight. Anyhow, here is the picture: two men reclining on a patch of sickly grass; one, a smartly dressed fellow, slashing his knee with a yellow glove: the other, a vague-eyed vagabond, lying full length and voicing his grievances against life. Crisp rustle of neighboring thornbush. Flying clouds. A windy day in May with little shivers like those that run along the coat of a horse. Rattle of a motor lorry from the highroad. A lark's small voice in the sky.

The tramp had lapsed into silence; then spoke again, pausing to expectorate. One thing and another. On and on. Sighed sadly. Lying prone, bent his legs back till the calves touched his bottom, and then again stretched them out.

"Look here, you," I blurted. "Don't you really *see* anything?"

He rolled over and sat up.

"What's the idea?" he asked, a frown of suspicion darkening his face.

I said: "You must be blind."

For some ten seconds we kept looking into each other's eyes. Slowly I raised my right arm, but his left did not rise, as I had almost expected it to do. I closed my left eye, but both his eyes remained open. I showed him my tongue. He muttered again:

"What's up? What's up?"

I produced a pocket mirror. Even as he took it, he pawed at his face, then glanced at his palm, but found neither blood nor bird spat. He looked at himself in the sky-blue glass. Gave it back to me with a shrug.

"You fool," I cried. "Don't you see that we two—don't you see that we are—Now listen—take a good look at me . . ."

I drew his head sideways to mine, so that our temples touched; in the glass two pairs of eyes danced and swam.

When he spoke his tone was condescending:

"A rich man never quite resembles a poor one, but I dare say you know better. Now I remember once seeing a pair of twins at a fair, in August 1926—or was it September? Now let me see. No. August. Well, that was really some likeness. Nobody could tell the one from the other. You were promised a hundred marks if you spotted the least difference. 'All right,' says Fritz (Big Carrot, we called him) and lands one twin a wallop on the ear. 'There you are,' he says, 'one of them has a red ear, and the other hasn't, so just hand over the money if you don't mind.' What a laugh we had!"

His eyes sped over the dove-gray cloth of my suit; slid down the sleeve; tripped and pulled up at the gold watch on my wrist.

"Couldn't you find some work for me?" he asked, cocking his head.

Note: It was he and not I who first perceived the masonic bond in our resemblance; and as the resemblance itself had been established by me, I stood toward him—according to his subconscious calculation—in a subtle state of dependence, as if I were the mimic and he the model. Naturally, one always prefers people to


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say: "He resembles you," and not the other way round. In appealing to me for help this petty scoundrel was just feeling the ground in view of future demands. At the back of his muddled brain there lurked, maybe, the reflection that I ought to be thankful to him for his generously granting me, by the mere fact of his own existence, the occasion of looking like him. Our resemblance struck me as a freak bordering on the miraculous. What interested him was mainly my wishing to see any resemblance at all. He appeared to my eyes as my double, that is, as a creature bodily identical with me. It was this absolute sameness which gave me so piercing a thrill. He on his part saw in me a doubtful imitator. I wish to lay stress, however, on the dimness of those ideas of his. He would certainly not have understood my comments upon them, the dullard.

"I am afraid there is not much I can do for you at the moment," I answered coldly. "But leave me your address."

I took out my notebook and silver pencil.

He smiled ruefully: "No good saying I live in a villa; better to sleep in a hayloft than on moss in a wood, but better to sleep on moss than on a hard bench."

"Still, I should like to know where to find you."

He thought this over and then said: "This autumn I am sure to be at the same village where I worked last year. You might send a line to the post office there. It is not far from Tarnitz. Here, let me write it down for you."

His name turned out to be Felix, "the happy one." What his surname was, gentle reader, is no business of yours. His awkward handwriting seemed to creak at every turning. He wrote with his left hand. It was time for me to go. I put ten crowns into his cap. With a condescending grin he offered his hand, hardly bothering to sit up. I grasped it only because it provided me with the curious sensation of Narcissus fooling Nemesis by helping his image out of the brook.

Then almost at a run I returned the way I had come. When I looked over my shoulder I saw his dark lank figure among the bushes. He was lying supine, his legs crossed in the air and his arms under his head.

Suddenly I felt limp, dizzy, dead tired, as after some long and disgusting orgy. The reason for this sickly-sweet afterglow was that he had, with a cool show of absent-mindedness, pocketed my silver pencil. A procession of silver pencils marched down an endless tunnel of corruption. As I followed the edge of the road I now and then closed my eyes till I all but tumbled into the ditch. Then afterward, at the office, in the course of a business conversation, I simply craved to tell my interlocutor: "Queer thing has just happened to me! Now you would hardly believe . . ." But I said nothing, thus setting a precedent for secrecy.

When at last I got back to my hotel room, I found there, amid mercurial shadows and framed in frizzly bronze, Felix awaiting me. Pale-faced and solemn he drew near. He was now well-shaven; his hair was smoothly brushed back. He wore a dove-gray suit with a lilac tie. I took out my handkerchief; he took out his handkerchief too. A truce, parleying.

Some of the countryside had got into my nostrils. I blew my nose and sat down on the edge of the bed, continuing the while to consult the mirror. I remember that the small marks of conscious existence such as the dust in my nose, the black dirt between the heel and the shank of one shoe, hunger, and presently the rough brown taste tinged with lemon of a large flat veal cutlet in the grillroom, strangely absorbed my attention as if I were looking for, and finding (and still doubting a little) proofs that I was I, and that this I (a second-rate businessman with ideas) was really at a hotel, dining, reflecting on business matters, and had nothing in common with a certain tramp who, at the moment, was lolling under a bush. And then again, the thrill of that marvel made my heart miss a beat. That man, especially when he slept, when his features were motionless, showed me my own face, my mask, the flawlessly pure image of my corpse—I use the latter term merely because I wish to express with the utmost clarity—express what? Namely this: that we had identical features, and that, in a state of perfect repose, this resemblance was strikingly evident, and what is death, if not a face at peace—its artistic perfection? Life only marred my double thus a breeze dims the bliss of Narcissus; thus, in the painter's absence, there comes his pupil and by the superfluous flush of unbidden tints disfigures the portrait painted by the master.

And then, thought I, was not I, who knew and liked my own face, in a better position than others to notice my double, for it is not everyone who is so observant; and it often happens that people comment upon the striking resemblance between two persons, who, though acquainted, do not suspect their own likeness (and who start denying it hotly if told). All the same, I had never before supposed it possible that there could exist such perfect resemblance as that between Felix and me. I have seen brothers resembling each other, twins. On the screen I have seen a man meeting his double; or better to say an actor playing two parts with, as in our case, the difference of social standing naïvely stressed, so that in one part he was a slinking rough, and in the other a staid bourgeois in a car—as if, really, a pair of identical tramps, or a pair of identical gents, would have been less fun. Yes, I have seen all that, but the likeness between twin brothers is spoiled like an equiradical rhyme by the stamp of kinship, while a film actor in a double part can hardly deceive anyone, for even if he does appear in both impersonations at once, the eye cannot help tracing a line down the middle where the halves of the picture have been joined.

Our case, however, was neither that of identical twins (sharing blood meant for one) nor of a stage wizard's trickery.

How I long to convince you! And I will, I will convince you! I will force you all, you rogues, to believe . . . though I am afraid that words alone, owing to their special nature, are unable to convey visually a likeness of that kind: the two faces should be pictured side by side, by means of real colors, not words, then and only then would the spectator see my point. Any author's fondest dream is to turn the reader into a spectator; is this ever attained? The pale organisms of literary heroes feeding under the author's supervision swell gradually with the reader's lifeblood; so that the genius of a writer consists in giving them the faculty to adapt themselves to that—not very appetizing—food and thrive on it, sometimes for centuries. But at the present moment it is not literary methods that I need, but the plain, crude obviousness of the painter's art.

Look, this is my nose; a big one of the northern type, with a hard bone somewhat arched and the fleshy part tipped up and almost rectangular. And that is his nose, a perfect replica of mine. Here are the two sharply drawn furrows on both sides of my mouth with lips so thin as to seem licked away. He has got them, too. Here are the cheekbones—but this is a passport list of facial features meaning nothing; an absurd convention. Somebody told me once that I looked like Amundsen, the polar explorer. Well, Felix, too, looked like Amundsen. But it is not every person that can recall Amundsen's face. I myself recall it but faintly, nor am I sure whether there had not been some mix-up with Nansen. No, I can explain nothing.

Simpering, that is what I am. Well do I know that I have proved my point. Going on splendidly. You now see both of us, reader. Two, but with a single face. You must not suppose, however, that I am ashamed of possible slips and type errors in the book of nature. Look nearer: I possess large yellowish teeth; his are whiter and set more closely together, but is that really important? On my forehead a vein stands out like a capital M imperfectly drawn, but when I sleep my brow is as smooth as that of my double. And those ears . . . the convolutions of his are but very slightly altered in comparison with mine: here more compressed, there smoothed out. We have eyes of the same shape, narrowly slit with sparse lashes, but his iris is paler than mine.

This was about all in the way of dis-

tinctive markings that I discerned at that first meeting. During the following night my rational memory did not cease examining such minute flaws, whereas with the irrational memory of my senses I kept seeing, despite everything, myself, my own self, in the sorry disguise of a tramp, his face motionless, with chin and cheeks bristle-shaded, as happens to a dead man overnight.

Why did I tarry in Prague? I had finished my business. I was free to return to Berlin. Why did I go back to those slopes next morning, to that road? I had no trouble in finding the exact spot where he had sprawled the day before. I discovered there a golden cigarette-end, a dead violet, a scrap of Czech newspaper, and—that pathetically impersonal trace which the unsophisticated wanderer is wont to leave under a bush: one large, straight, manly piece and a thinner one coiled over it. Several emerald flies completed the picture. Whither had he gone? Where had he passed the night? Empty riddles. Somehow I felt horribly uncomfortable in a vague heavy way, as if the whole experience had been an evil deed.

I returned to the hotel for my suitcase and hurried to the station. There, at the entrance to the platform, were two rows of nice low benches with backs carved and curved in perfect accordance with the human spine. Some people were sitting there; a few were dozing. It occurred to me that I should suddenly see him there, fast asleep, hands open and one last violet still in his buttonhole. People would notice us together; jump up, surround us, drag us to the police station . . . why? Why do I write this? Just the usual rush of my pen? Or is it indeed a crime in itself for two people to be as alike as two drops of blood?

• • •

I have grown much too used to an outside view of myself, to being both painter and model, so no wonder my style is denied the blessed grace of spontaneity. Try as I may I do not succeed in getting back into my original envelope, let alone making myself comfortable in my old self; the disorder there is far too great; things have been moved, the lamp is black and dead, bits of my past litter the floor.

Quite a happy past, I dare say. I owned in Berlin a small but attractive flat, three and a half rooms, sunny balcony, hot water, central heating; Lydia, my 30-year-old wife, and Elsie, our 17-year-old maid. Close at hand was the garage where stood that delightful little car —a dark-blue two-seater, paid for in installments. On the balcony, a bulging round-headed hoary cactus grew bravely though slowly. I got my tobacco always at the same shop, and was greeted there by a radiant smile. A similar smile welcomed my wife at the store which supplied us with eggs and butter. On Saturday nights we went to a café or to the pictures. We belonged to the cream of the smug middle class, or so it would seem. I did not, however, upon coming home from office, take off my shoes to lie down on the couch with the evening paper. Nor did conversation with my wife consist solely of smallish numerals. Nor again did my thoughts always stick to the adventures of the chocolate I made. I may even confess that certain Bohemian tastes were not entirely foreign to my nature.

As to my attitude toward new Russia, let me declare straightaway that I did not share my wife's views. Coming from her painted lips, the term "Bolshevik" acquired a note of habitual and trivial hatred—no, "hatred" is, I am afraid, too strong a word here. It was something homely, elementary, womanish, for she disliked Bolsheviks as one dislikes rain (on Sundays especially) or bedbugs (especially in new lodgings), and Bolshevism meant to her a nuisance akin to the common cold. She took it for granted that facts confirmed her opinion; their truth was too obvious to be discussed. Bolsheviks did not believe in God; that was naughty of them, but what else could one expect from sadists and hooligans?

When I used to say that Communism in the long run was a great and necessary thing; that young, new Russia was producing wonderful values, although unintelligible to Western minds and unacceptable to destitute and embittered exiles; that history had never yet known such enthusiasm, asceticism, and unselfishness, such faith in the impending sameness of us all—when I used to talk like this, my wife would answer serenely: "I think you are saying it to tease me, and I think it's not kind." But really I was quite serious for I have always believed that the mottled tangle of our elusive lives demands such essential change: that Communism shall indeed create a beautifully square world of identical brawny fellows, broad-shouldered and microcephalous; and that a hostile attitude toward it is both childish and preconceived, reminding me of the face my wife makes—nostrils strained and one eyebrow lifted (the childish and preconceived idea of a vamp) every time she catches sight of herself in the mirror.

Now that is a word I loathe, the ghastly thing! I have had none of the article ever since I stopped shaving. Anyway, the mere mention of it has just given me a nasty shock, broken the flow of my story (please imagine what should follow here —the history of mirrors); then, too, there are crooked ones, monsters among mirrors: a neck bared, no matter how slightly, draws out suddenly into a downward

*"I understand some pretty famous people vacation here!"*

yawn of flesh, to meet which there stretches up from below the belt another marchpane-pink nudity and both merge into one; a crooked mirror strips its man or starts to squash him, and lo! there is produced a man-bull, a man-toad, under the pressure of countless glass atmospheres; or else, one is pulled out like dough and then torn into two.

Enough—let us get on—roars of laughter are not in my line! Enough, it is not all so simple as you seem to think, you swine, you! Oh, yes, I am going to curse at you, none can forbid me to curse. And not to have a looking glass in my room—that is also my right! True, even in the event of my being confronted by one (bosh, what have I to fear?) it would reflect a bearded stranger—for that beard of mine has done jolly well, and in such a short time too! I am disguised so perfectly, as to be invisible to my own self. Hair comes sprouting out of every pore. There must have been a tremendous stock of shag inside me. I hide in the natural jungle that has grown out of me. There is nothing to fear. Silly superstition!

See here, I am going to write that word again. Mirror. Mirror. Well, has anything happened? Mirror, mirror, mirror. As many times as you like—I fear nothing. A mirror. To catch sight of oneself in a mirror. I was referring to my wife when speaking of that. Difficult to talk if one is constantly interrupted.

By the way, she, too, was given to superstition. The "touchwood" fad. Hurriedly, with an air of decision, her lips compressed, she would glance about for some bare, unpolished timber, find only the underside of a table, then touch it with her stumpy fingers (little cushions of flesh round the strawberry-bright nails which, though lacquered, were never quite clean: the nails of a child)—touch it quickly whilst the mention of happiness still hung warm in the air. She believed in dreams: to dream you had lost a tooth portended the death of someone you knew; and if there came blood with the tooth, then it would be the death of a relative. A field of daisies foretold meeting again one's first lover. Pearls stood for tears. It was very bad to see oneself all in white sitting at the head of the table. Mud meant money; a cat—treason; the sea—trouble for the soul. She was fond of recounting her dreams, circumstantially and at length. Alas! I am writing of her in the past tense. Let me brace up the buckle of my story one hole tighter.

She hates Lloyd George; had it not been for him, the Russian Empire would not have fallen; and—generally: "I could strangle those English with my own hands." Germans get their due for that sealed train in which Bolshevism was tinned, and Lenin imported to Russia. Speaking of the French: "Do you know, Ardalion [a cousin of hers who had fought with the White Army] says they behaved like downright cads in Odessa during the evacuation." At the same time she considers the English type of face to be (after mine) the handsomest on earth; respects Germans because they are musical and steady; and declares she adores Paris, where we once happened to spend a few days. These opinions of hers stand as stiff as statues in their niches. On the contrary, her position in respect to the Russian folk has, on the whole, undergone a certain evolution. In 1920 she was still saying: "The genuine Russian peasant is a monarchist"; now she says: "The genuine Russian peasant is extinct."

She is little educated and little observant. We discovered one day that to her the term "mystic" was somehow dimly connected with "mist" and "mistake" and "stick," but that she had not the least idea what a mystic really was. The only kind of tree she is capable of identifying is the birch: reminds her of her native woodland, she says.

She is a great gobbler of books, but reads only trash, memorizing nothing and leaving out the longer descriptions. She goes for her books to a Russian library: there she seats herself down and is a long time choosing; fumbles at books on the table; takes one, turns its pages, peers into it sideways, like an investigative hen; puts it away, takes up another, opens it—all of which is performed on the table's surface and with the help of one hand only; she notices that she has opened the book upside down, whereupon it is given a turn of 90 degrees—not more, for she discards it to make a dash at the volume which the librarian is about to offer to another lady; the whole process lasts more than an hour, and I do not know what prompts her final selection. Perhaps the title.

Once I brought back from a railway journey some rotten detective novel with a crimson spider amid a black web on its cover. She dipped into it and found it terribly thrilling—felt that she simply could not help taking a peep at the end, but as that would spoil everything, she shut her eyes tight and tore the book in two down its back and hid the second, concluding, portion; then, later, she forgot the place and was a long, long time searching the house for the criminal she herself had concealed, repeating the while in a small voice: "It was so exciting, so terribly exciting; I know I shall die if I don't find out——"

She has found out now. Those pages that explained everything were securely hidden; still, they were found—all of them except one, perhaps. Indeed, a lot of things have happened; now duly explained. Also that came to pass which she feared most. Of all omens it was the weirdest. A shattered mirror. Yet, it did happen, although not quite in the ordinary way. The poor dead woman.

Tum-tee-tum. And once more—TUM! No, I have not gone mad. I am merely producing gleeful little sounds. The kind of glee one experiences upon making an April fool of someone. And a damned good fool I *have* made of someone. Who is he? Gentle reader, look at yourself in the mirror, as you seem to like mirrors so much.

And now, all of a sudden I feel sad—the real thing, this time. I have just visualized, with shocking vividness, that cactus on the balcony, those blue rooms, that flat of ours in one of those newfangled houses built in the modern boxlike, space-cheating, let-us-have-no-nonsense style. And there, in my world of neatness and cleanliness, the disorder Lydia spread, the sweet vulgar tang of her perfume. But her faults, her innocent dullness, her school-dormitory habit of having the giggles in bed, did not really annoy me. We never quarreled, never did I make a single complaint to her—no matter what piffle she spouted in public, or how tastelessly she dressed. She was anything but good at distinguishing shades, poor soul. She thought it just right if the main colors matched, this satisfying thoroughly her sense of tone, and so she would flaunt a hat of grass-green felt with an olive-green or *eau de Nil* dress. She liked everything "to be echoed." If, for instance, the sash was black, then she found it absolutely necessary to have some little black fringe or little black frill about her throat. In the first years of our married life she used to wear linen with Swiss embroidery. She was perfectly capable of putting on a wispy frock together with thick autumn shoes: no, decidedly, she had not the faintest notion of the mysteries of harmony, and this was connected with her being wretchedly untidy. Her slovenliness showed in the very way she walked, for she had a knack of treading her left shoe down at heel.

It made me shudder to glance into her chest of drawers where there writhed higgledy-piggledy a farrago of rags, ribbons, bits of silk, her passport, a wilted tulip, some pieces of moth-eaten fur, sundry anachronisms (gaiters for example, as worn by girls ages ago) and suchlike impossible rubbish. Quite often, too, there would dribble into the cosmos of my beautifully arranged things some tiny and very dirty lace handkerchief or a solitary stocking, torn. Stockings seemed positively to burn on those brisk calves of hers.

Not a jot did she understand of household matters. Her receptions were dreadful. There would always be, in a little dish, broken bars of milk chocolate as offered in poor provincial families. I sometimes used to ask myself, what on earth did I love her for? Maybe for the warm hazel iris of her fluffy eyes, or for the natural side wave of her brown hair, done anyhow, or again for that movement of her plump shoulders. But probably the truth was that I loved her because she loved me. To her I was the ideal man: brains, pluck. And there was none dressed better. I remember, once, when I

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first put on that new dinner jacket, with the vast trousers, she clasped her hands, sank down on a chair and murmured: "Oh, Hermann . . ." It was ravishment bordering upon something like heavenly woe.

With, perhaps, the ill-defined feeling that by further embellishing the image of the man she loved, I was meeting her halfway, and doing her and her happiness a good turn, I took advantage of her confidence and during the ten years we lived together told her such a heap of lies about myself, my past, my adventures, that it would have been beyond my powers to hold it all in my head, always ready for reference. But she used to forget everything. Her umbrella stayed with all our acquaintances in turn; her lipstick turned up incomprehensible places such as her cousin's shirtpocket; the thing she had read in the morning paper would be told me at night somewhat as follows: "Let me see, where did I read it, and *what was* it exactly? . . . I just had it by the tail—oh, please, do help me!" Giving her a letter to post was equal to throwing it into the river, leaving the rest to the acumen of the stream and the recipient's piscatorial leisure.

She mixed dates, names, faces. After having invented something I never returned to it; she soon forgot, the story sank to the bottom of her consciousness, but there remained on the surface the ever-renewed rings of humble wonder. Her love almost crossed the boundary limiting all the rest of her feelings. On certain nights, when June and moon rhymed, her most settled thoughts turned into timid nomads. It did not last, they did not wander far, the world was locked again; and a very simple world it was, with the greatest complication in it amounting to a search for the telephone number which she had jotted down on one of the pages of a library book, borrowed by the very person whom she wished to ring up.

She was plump, short, rather formless, but then pudgy women alone rouse me. I simply have no use for the long young lady, the scrawny flapper, the proud smart whore who struts up and down Tauentzienstrasse in her shiny tight-laced boots. Not only had I always been eminently satisfied with my meek bedmate and her cherubic charms, but I had noticed lately, with gratitude to nature and a thrill of surprise, that the violence and the sweetness of my nightly joys were being raised to an exquisite vertex owing to a certain aberration which, I understand, is not as uncommon as I thought at first among high-strung men in their middle 30s. I am referring to a well-known kind of "dissociation." With me it started in fragmentary fashion a few months before my trip to Prague. For example, I would be in bed with Lydia, winding up the brief series of preparatory caresses she was supposed to be entitled to, when all at once I would become aware that imp Split had taken over. My face was buried in the folds of her neck, her legs had started to clamp me, the ashtray toppled off the bed table, the universe followed—but at the same time, incomprehensibly and delightfully, I was standing naked in the middle of the room, one hand resting on the back of the chair where she had left her stockings and panties. The sensation of being in two places at once gave me an extraordinary kick; but this was nothing compared to later developments. In my impatience to split I would bundle Lydia to bed as soon as we had finished supper. The dissociation had now reached its perfect phase. I sat in an armchair half a dozen paces away from the bed upon which Lydia had been properly placed and distributed. From my magical point of vantage I watched the ripples running and plunging along my muscular back, in the laboratorial light of a strong bed lamp that picked out a mother-of-pearl glint in the pink of her knees and a bronze gleam in her hair spread on the pillow—which were about the only bits of her I could see while that big back of mine had not yet slid off to prop up again its panting front half in the audience. The next phase came when I realized that the greater the interval between my two selves the more I was ecstasied; therefore I used to sit every night a few inches farther from the bed, and soon the back legs of my chair reached the threshold of the open door. Eventually I found myself sitting in the parlor—while making love in the bedroom. It was not enough. I longed to discover some means to remove myself at least a hundred yards from the lighted stage where I performed; I longed to contemplate that bedroom scene from some remote upper gallery in a blue mist under the swimming allegories of the starry vault; to watch a small but distinct and very active couple through opera glasses, field glasses, a tremendous telescope, or optical instruments of yet unknown power that would grow larger in proportion to my increasing rapture. Actually, I never got farther back than the console in the parlor, and even so found my view of the bed cut off by the doorjamb unless I opened the wardrobe in the bedroom to have the bed reflected in the oblique speculum or spiegel. Alas, one April night, with the harps of rain aphrodisiacally burbling in the orchestra, as I was sitting at my maximum distance of 15 rows of seats and looking forward to an especially good show—which, indeed, had already started, with my acting self in colossal form and most inventive—from the distant bed, where I thought I was, came Lydia's yawn and voice stupidly saying that if I were not yet coming to bed, I might bring her the red book she had left in the parlor. It lay, in fact, on the console near my chair, and rather than bring it I threw it bedward with a windmill flapping of pages. This strange and awful jolt broke the spell. I was like an insular species of bird that has lost the knack of rising into the air and, like the penguin, flies only in its sleep. I tried hard to recapture the split, and perhaps would have at last succeeded, had not a new and wonderful obsession obliterated in me all desire to resume those amusing but rather banal experiments.

Otherwise, my connubial bliss was complete. She loved me without reservations, without retrospection; her devotion seemed part of her nature. I do not know why I have lapsed again into the past tense; but never mind, my pen finds it more convenient so. Yes, she loved me, loved me faithfully. She liked to examine my face this way and that; with finger and thumb, compasswise, she measured my features; the somewhat prickly area above the upper lip, with the longish groove down the middle; the spacious forehead with its twin swellings above the brows; and the nail of her index finger would follow the lines on both sides of my mouth, which was always shut tight and insensitive to tickling. A big face and none too simple; modeled by special order; with a gloss on the cheekbones, the cheeks themselves slightly hollowed and, on the second shaveless day, overspread with a brigandish growth, reddish in certain lights, exactly the same as his beard. Our eyes alone were not quite identical but what likeness did exist between them was a mere luxury; for his were closed as he lay on the ground before me, and though I have never really seen, only felt, my eyelids when shut, I know that they differed in nothing from his eye-eaves—a good word, that! Ornate, but good, and a welcome guest to my prose. No, I am not getting in the least excited; my self-control is perfect. If every now and again my face pops out, as from behind a hedge, perhaps to the prim reader's annoyance, it is really for the latter's good: let him get used to my countenance; and in the meantime I shall be chuckling quietly over his not knowing whether it was my face or that of Felix. Here I am! and now —gone again; or maybe it was not I! Only by this method can I hope to teach the reader a lesson, demonstrating to him that ours was not an imaginary resemblance, but a real possibility, even more—a real fact, yes, a fact, however fanciful and absurd it might seem.

On coming back from Prague to Berlin, I found Lydia in the kitchen engaged in beating an egg in a glass—"goggle-moggle," we called it. "Throaty aches," she said in a childish voice; then put down the glass upon the edge of the stove, wiped her yellow lips with the back of her wrist and proceeded to kiss my hand. She had on a pink frock, pinkish stockings, dilapidated slippers. The evening sun checkered the kitchen. Again she started to turn the spoon in the thick yellow stuff, grains of sugar crunched slightly, it

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was still clammy, the spoon did not move smoothly with the velvety ovality that was required. On the stove lay open a battered book. There was a note scribbled in the margin by some person unknown, with a blunt pencil: "Sad, but true" followed by three exclamation marks with their respective dots skidding. I perused the phrase that had appealed so much to one of my wife's predecessors: "Love thy neighbor," said Sir Reginald, "is nowadays not quoted on the stock exchange of human relations."

"Well—had a good trip?" asked Lydia as she went on energetically turning the handle, with the box part held firm between her knees. The coffee beans crackled, richly odorous; the mill was still working with a rumbling and creaking effort; then came an easing, a yielding; gone all resistance; empty.

I have got muddled somehow. As in a dream. She was making that goggle-moggle—not coffee.

"Could have been worse," I said, referring to the trip. "And you, how are you getting on?"

Why did I not tell her of my incredible adventure? I, who would fake wonders for her by the million, seemed not to dare, with those polluted lips of mine, tell her of a wonder that was real. Or maybe something else withheld me. An author does not show people his first draft: a child in the womb is not referred to as Tiny Tom or Belle; a savage refrains from naming objects of mysterious import and uncertain temper; Lydia herself disliked my reading a book she had not yet finished.

For several days I remained oppressed by that meeting. It oddly disturbed me to think that all the time my double was trudging along roads unknown to me, and that he was underfed and cold and wet—and perhaps had caught a chill. I longed for him to find work: it would have been sweeter to know that he were snug and warm—or at least safe in prison. All the same it was not at all my intention to undertake any such measures as might improve his circumstances. I was not in the least keen to pay for his upkeep, and it would have been impossible to find him a job in Berlin, swarming as it was with ragamuffins. Indeed, to be quite frank, I found it somehow preferable to hold him at a certain distance from me as though any proximity would have broken the spell of our likeness. From time to time I might send him a little money lest he should slip and perish in the course of his far wanderings and thus cease to be my faithful representative, a live circulating copy of my face . . . Kind but idle thoughts, for the man had no permanent address. So let us tarry (thought I) until, on a certain autumn day, he calls at that village post office somewhere in Saxony.

May passed, and in my mind the memory of Felix healed up. I note for my own pleasure the smooth run of that sentence: the banal narratory tone of the first two words, and then that long sigh of imbecile contentment. Sensation lovers, however, might be interested to observe that, generally speaking, the term "heal up" is employed only when alluding to wounds. But this is only mentioned in passing: no harm meant. Now there is something else I should like to note—namely, that writing with me has become an easier matter: my tale has gained impetus. I have now boarded that bus (mentioned at the beginning), and, what is more, I have a comfortable window seat. And thus, too, I used to drive to my office, before I acquired the car.

That summer it had to work pretty hard, the shiny blue little Icarus. Yes, I was quite taken by my new toy. Lydia and I would often buzz away for the whole day to the country. We always took with us that cousin of hers called Ardalion, who was a painter: a cheery soul, but a rotten painter. By all accounts he was as poor as a sparrow. If people did have their portraits done by him, it was sheer charity on their part, or weakness of character (the man could be hideously insistent). From me, and probably also from Lydia, he used to borrow small cash: and of course he contrived to stay for dinner. He was always behind with his rent, and when he did pay it, he paid it in kind. In still life to be precise . . . square apples on a slanting cloth, or phallic tulips in a leaning vase. All this his landlady would frame at her own cost, so that her dining room made one think of an avant-garde, Philistine exhibition. He fed at a little Russian restaurant which, he said, he had once "slapped up" (meaning that he had decorated its walls); he used an even richer expression, for he hailed from Moscow, where people are fond of waggish slang full of lush trivialities (I shall not attempt to render it). The funny part was, that in spite of his poverty, he had somehow managed to purchase a piece of ground, a three hours' drive from Berlin —that is, he had somehow managed to make a down payment of a hundred marks, and did not bother about the rest: in fact, never meant to disgorge another penny, as he considered that the land, fertilized by his first payment, was henceforth his own till doomsday. It measured, that land, about two and a half tennis courts in length, and abutted on a rather beautiful little lake. A Y-stemmed couple of inseparable birches grew there (or a couple of couples, if you counted their reflections); also several black-alder bushes; a little farther off stood five pine trees and still farther inland one came upon a patch of heather, courtesy of the surrounding wood. The ground was not fenced—there had not been money enough for that. I strongly suspected Ardalion of waiting for the two adjacent

allotments to get fenced first, which would automatically legitimate the boundaries of his property and give him an enclosure gratis; but the neighboring bits were still unsold. On the shores of that lake business was slack, the place being damp, mosquito-infested, and far from the village; then also there was no road connecting it with the highway, and nobody knew when that road would be made.

It was, I remember, on a Sunday morning in mid-June that, yielding to Ardalion's rapturous persuasions, we went there for the first time. On our way we stopped to pick up the fellow. Long did I keep toot-tooting, with my eyes fixed on his window. That window slept soundly. Lydia put her hands to her mouth and cried out in a trumpet voice: "Ar-dally-o-o!" In one of the lower windows, just above the signboard of a pub (which by its look, somehow suggested that Ardalion owed money there) a curtain was dashed aside furiously and a Bismarcklike worthy in frogged dressing gown glanced out with a red trumpet in his hand.

Leaving Lydia in the car, which by now had stopped throbbing, I went up to arouse Ardalion. I found him asleep. He slept in his one-piece bathing suit. Rolling out of bed, he proceeded with silent rapidity to slip on sandals, a blue shirt, and flannel trousers; then he snatched up a briefcase (with a suspicious lump in its cheek) and we went down. A solemn and sleepy expression did not exactly add charm to his fat-nosed face. He was put in the rumble seat.

I did not know the way. He said he knew it as well as he knew his Pater Noster. No sooner had we left Berlin than we went astray. The rest of our drive consisted of making inquiries.

"A glad sight for a landowner!" exclaimed Ardalion, when about noon we passed Koenigsdorf and then sped along the stretch of road he knew. "I shall tell you when to turn. Hail, hail, my ancient trees!"

"Don't play the fool, Ardy dear," said Lydia placidly.

On either side there stretched rough wasteland, the sand-and-heather variety, with a sprinkling of young pines. Then, farther on, the country changed a little; we had now an ordinary field on our right, darkly bordered at some distance by a forest. Ardalion began to fuss anew. On the right-hand side of the highway a bright yellow post grew up and at that spot there branched out at right angles a scarcely discernible road, the ghost of some obsolete road, which presently expired among burdocks and oat grass.

"This is the turning," said Ardalion grandly and then, with a sudden grunt, pitched forward into me, for I had put on the brakes.

You smile, gentle reader? And indeed, why should you not smile? A pleasant summer day and a peaceful countryside; a good-natured fool of an artist and a roadside post . . . That yellow post . . . Erected by the man selling the allotments, sticking up in brilliant solitude, an errant brother of those other painted posts, which, 17 kilometers farther toward the village of Waldau, stood sentinel over more tempting and expensive acres, that particular landmark subsequently became a fixed idea with me. Cut out clearly in yellow, amid a diffuse landscape, it stood up in my dreams. By its position my fancies found their bearings. All my thoughts reverted to it. It shone, a faithful beacon, in the darkness of my speculations. I have the feeling today that I *recognized* it, when seeing it for the first time: familiar to me as a thing of the future. Perhaps I am mistaken; perhaps the glance I gave it was quite an indifferent one, my sole concern being not to scrape the mudguard against it while turning; but all the same, today as I recall it, I cannot separate that first acquaintanceship from its mature development.

*"...You dance divinely, Miss Montez..."*

The road, as already mentioned, lost itself, faded away; the car creaked crossly, as it bounced on the bumpy ground; I stopped it and shrugged my shoulders.

Lydia said: "I suggest, Ardy dear, we push on to Waldau instead; you said there was a large lake there and a café or something."

"That's out of the question," retorted Ardalion excitedly. "Firstly, because the café is only just being planned, and secondly, because I have a lake, too. Come on, my dear fellow," he continued, turning to me, "make the old bus move, you won't be sorry."

In front of us, on higher ground, at a distance of some 300 feet, a pine forest began. I looked at it and . . . well, I can swear that I felt as if I had known it already. Yes, that's it, now I am getting it clear—I certainly did have that queer sensation; it has not been added as an aftertouch. And that yellow post . . . How meaningly it looked at me, when I

glanced back—as if it were saying: "I am here, I am at your service . . ." And those pines facing me, with their bark resembling reddish snakeskin drawn on tight, and their green fur which the wind was stroking the wrong way; and that bare birch tree on the forest's edge (now, why did I write "bare"? It was not winter yet, winter was still remote), and the day so balmy and almost cloudless, and the little stammering crickets zealously trying to say something beginning with z . . . Yes, it all meant something—no mistake.

"May I ask, *where* you want me to move? I can't see any road."

"Oh, don't be so particular," said Ardalion. "Go ahead, old son. Why, yes, straight on. There, where you see the break. We can just manage it, and once in the wood, it's quite a short run to my place."

"Hadn't we better get out and walk?" proposed Lydia.

"Right you are," I replied, "nobody would dream of stealing a new car abandoned here."

"Yes, much too risky," she admitted at once, "but couldn't you two go along" (Ardalion groaned), "let him show you his place while I wait for you here and then we can proceed to Waldau and swim in the lake and sit in the café?"

"How beastly of you," said Ardalion with great feeling. "Can't you see that I wanted to welcome you on my own land? There were some nice surprises in store for you. I am now very hurt."

I started the car, saying as I did so: "Well, if we smash it you pay for repairs."

The jolts made me jump in my seat, beside me Lydia jumped, behind us Ardalion jumped and kept speaking: "We shall soon (bump) get into the wood (bump) and then (bump-bump) the heather will make it easier (bump)."

We did get in. First of all we stuck in deep sand, the motor roared, the wheels kicked; at last we wrenched ourselves free; then branches came brushing against the car's body, scratching its paint. Some sort of path did finally show itself, now getting smothered in a dry crackle of heather, now emerging again to meander between the close-set trunks.

"More to the right," said Ardalion, "a little more to the right. Well, what d'you say to the smell of pines? Gorgeous, eh? I told you so. Absolutely gorgeous. You may stop here while I go investigating."

He got out and marched away with, at every step, an inspired waggle of his hindquarters.

"Hey, I'm coming too," cried Lydia, but he was going full sail and presently the dense undergrowth hid him.

The engine clicked a little and was still.

"What a creepy spot," said Lydia. "Really, I'd be afraid to stay here all by myself. One could get robbed, murdered—anything . . ."

A lonely spot, quite so! The pines soughed gently, snow lay about, with bald patches of soil showing black. What nonsense! How could there be snow in June? Ought to be crossed out, were it not wicked to erase; for the real author is not I, but my impatient memory. Understand it just as you please; it is none of *my* business. And the yellow post had a skullcap of snow too. Thus the future shimmers through the past. But enough, let that summer day be in focus again: spotty sunlight; shadows of branches across the blue car; a pine cone upon the footboard, where someday the most unexpected of objects will stand: a shaving brush.

"Is it Tuesday that they are coming?" asked Lydia.

I replied: "No, Wednesday night."

A silence.

"I do only hope," said my wife, "they don't bring it with them as last time."

"And even if they do . . . Why should you bother?"

A silence. Small blue butterflies settling on thyme.

"I say, Hermann, are you quite certain it was Wednesday night?"

(Is the hidden sense worth disclosing? We were talking of trifles, alluding to some people we knew, to their dog, a vicious little creature, which engaged the attention of all present at parties; Lydia only cared for "large dogs with pedigrees"; pronouncing "pedigrees" made her nostrils quiver.)

"Why doesn't he come back?" she said. "He's sure to have lost himself."

I got out of the car and walked around it. Paint scratched everywhere.

Having nothing better to do, Lydia busied herself with Ardalion's lumpy briefcase: felt it, then opened it. I walked off a few steps (no, no—I cannot recall what it was I was brooding over); surveyed some broken twigs that lay at my feet; then turned back again. Lydia was now sitting on the footboard and whistling gently. We both lit cigarettes. Silence. She had a way of letting out smoke sideways, her mouth awry.

From afar came Ardalion's lusty bawl. A minute later he appeared in a clearing and brandished his arms, beckoning us on. We drove slowly after him, circumnavigating the tree trunks. Ardalion strode in front, his manner resolute and businesslike. Something flashed—the lake.

I have already described his lot. He was unable to show me its exact limits. With great stamping steps he measured the meters, stopped, looked back, half bending the leg supporting his weight; then shook his head and went to find a certain tree stump which marked something or other.

The two enlaced birches looked at themselves in the water; there was some fluff floating on its surface, and the rushes gleamed in the sun. The surprise promised us by Ardalion turned out to be a bottle of vodka, which, however, Lydia had already managed to hide. She laughed and she gamboled, for all the world like a croquet ball in her beige bathing costume with that double, red and blue stripe round the middle. When, after having had her fill of riding on Ardalion's back as he slowly swam about ("Don't pinch me, woman, or down you go!"), after much shrieking and spluttering, she came out of the water, her legs looked decidedly hairy, but soon they got dry, and a little bright bloom was all that showed. Before taking a header Ardalion would cross himself; there was, along his shin, a great ugly scar left by the civil war; from the opening in his repulsively flabby bathing suit the silver cross, of muzhik pattern, that he wore next to his skin, kept jumping out when he jumped in.

Lydia dutifully besmeared herself with cold cream and lay down on her back placing herself at the disposal of the sun. A few feet away, Ardalion and I made ourselves comfortable in the shade of his best pine tree. From his sadly shrunken briefcase he produced a sketchbook, pencils; and presently I noticed that he was drawing me.

"You've a tricky face," he said, screwing up his eyes.

"Oh, do show me!" cried Lydia without stirring a limb.

"Head a bit higher," said Ardalion. "Thanks, that will do."

"Oh, do show me," she cried again a minute later.

"You first show me where you've chucked my vodka," muttered Ardalion.

"No fear," she replied. "I won't have you drinking when I'm about."

"The woman is dotty! Now, should you suppose, old man, that she has actually buried it? I intended, as a matter of fact, quaffing the cup of brotherhood with you."

"I'll have you stop drinking altogether," cried Lydia, without lifting her greasy eyelids.

"Damned cheek," said Ardalion.

"Tell me," I asked him, "what makes you say I have a tricky face? Where is the snag?"

"Don't know. Lead doesn't get you. Next time I must try charcoal or oil." He erased something; flicked away the rubber dust with the joints of his fingers; cocked his head.

"Funny, I always thought I had a most ordinary face. Try, perhaps, drawing it in profile?"

"Yes, in profile!" cried Lydia (as before: spread-eagled on the sand).

"Well, I shouldn't exactly call it ordinary. A little higher, please. No, if you ask me, I find there is something distinctly

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rum about it. All your lines sort of slip from under my pencil, slip and are gone."

"Such faces, then, occur seldom, that's what you mean?"

"Every face is unique," pronounced Ardalion.

"Lord, I'm roasting," moaned Lydia, but did not move.

"Well, now, really—unique! . . . Isn't that going too far? Take for instance the definite types of human faces that exist in the world: say, zoological types. There are people with the features of apes; there is also the rat type, the swine type. Then take the resemblance to celebrities—Napoleons among men, Queen Victorias among women. People have told me I reminded them of Amundsen. I have frequently come across noses à la Leo Tolstoy. Then, too, there is the type of face that makes you think of some particular picture. Iconlike faces, madonnas! And what about the kind of resemblance due to some fashion of life or profession? . . ."

"You'll say next that all Chinamen are alike. You forget, my good man, that what the artist perceives is, primarily, the *difference* between things. It is the vulgar who note their resemblance. Haven't we heard Lydia exclaim at the talkies: 'Oo! Isn't she just like our maid?' "

"Ardy, dear, don't try to be funny," said Lydia.

"But you must concede," I went on, "that sometimes it is the resemblance that matters."

"When buying a second candlestick," said Ardalion.

There is really no need to go on taking down our conversation. I longed passionately for the fool to start talking about doubles, but he simply did not. After a while he put up his sketchbook. Lydia implored him to show her what he had done. He said he would if she gave him back his vodka. She refused and was not shown the sketch. The memory of that day ends in a sunshiny haze, or else mingles with the recollections of later trips. For that first one was followed by many others. I developed a somber and painfully acute liking for that lone wood with the lake shining in its midst. Ardalion tried hard to bully me into making me meet the manager and acquire the piece of land next to his, but I was firm; and even had I been anxious to buy land, I should have failed all the same to make up my mind, as my business had taken a sorry turn that summer and I was fed up with everything: that filthy chocolate of mine was ruining me. But I give you my word, gentlemen, my word of honor: not mercenary greed, not merely that, not merely the desire to improve my position . . . It is, however, unnecessary to forestall events.

*This is the first installment of a major novel by Vladimir Nabokov. Part II will appear next month.*


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# COEXISTENCE *(continued from page 126)*

enslave foreign peoples. If it took a firm position on any issue, it was militaristic and imperialistic. If it yielded, this was evidence of the inner decay of capitalism.

Thus, in May of 1948, when I headed the U. S. delegation to the first (and thus far the only) United Nations Conference on Freedom of the Press, in Geneva, I seized the occasion to describe Soviet propaganda. No previous U. S. representative at any international post-War conference had attempted to do so. Indeed, none had aggressively replied to the vicious attacks upon us by Vishinsky and others. Our representatives had acted as if, by their silence and failure to respond, this would help bring matters back to "normal," that the attacks would evaporate and go away. When, in May of 1948, I flew from Geneva to Paris especially to speak my mind—for the benefit of the Russians as well as the journalists who had invited me to speak to the Anglo-American Press Club, I became the first official U. S. spokesman to deal bluntly and directly with the Russians on this issue. I said:

> The Soviets are masters of propaganda, which they use to distort facts and obscure real objectives. Around the clock and in several dozen languages Soviet propagandists appropriate, degrade and bastardize the words which are the hard-earned and world-accepted currency of free men—liberty, equality, fraternity, independence, justice, freedom, democracy.
>
> The U. S. S. R. insists with a thousand amplified voices that repression is freedom, and that true freedom elsewhere in the world is slavery; they insist that the police state is a democracy, and that democracy in other countries is dictatorship by monopoly capitalists. They assert that aggression is peace and liberation, and that true liberation is aggression —that complete state control of man's thought and expression of freedom is expression, and that true freedom of expression among free men is dictatorship.
>
> The Russians keep hammering away at such themes as: The United States is undemocratic and reactionary; the United States is culturally backward; the United States is on the verge of a catastrophic depression from which it is trying to extricate itself by imperialistic adventures.
>
> The age-old trick of the propagandists—from the day of the Sophists to the day of Dr. Goebbels—has been to confuse and confound the listener by labeling black as white and white as black. Its latest manifestation is this official attempt to depreciate the word-currency of free men, to drive the sound currency of clear meanings from the market place of ideas.

The late Anne O'Hare McCormick, whose perceptive columns on international affairs illuminated *The New York Times* editorial page for many years, shortly described the Soviet propaganda as "Upside Down Language." She was prompted by my speech in Paris—but she had had plenty of firsthand experience of her own.

• • •

Today there is no lessening in the overwhelming dedication of Communists to the promotion of their propaganda. However, from my five visits to the U. S. S. R. since 1955 I have confirmed the major extent to which many of the practitioners of propaganda seem to believe much of what they say, even when it seems to us patently false. This is the result of their lifelong indoctrination and self-indoctrination. Thus the Communist propaganda cannot be said to be carried on with total cynicism, through the incessant cold and deliberate perversion of truth in the manner of *Herr* Goebbels.

It may be that the world's evolving understanding of the term "peaceful coexistence," with nudges from the Messrs. Lippmann and Galbraith, will help transform its meaning from what the Communist leaders themselves understand and define it. Will the phrase in another few years lose some of its Communist belligerency? This is a conceivable development which I have pointed out to the State Department. Meanwhile, however, I suggest that we of the non-Communist world must remain alert to the true and present meaning of such terms as "peaceful coexistence" as defined for us by their Communist advocates. Let us keep steadily in mind that, to Communists, "peaceful coexistence" is still just a nicer name for "cold war." And let us never forget that many great and important words are indeed "upside-down words" and do not mean the same thing to them as to us.

*"That's the hang-up, man—all he wants is a fix."*

# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER WITH RUSS HEATH AND AL JAFFEE

WHAT IS THE TRUE VALUE OF POP-OP ART? ··· OUR YEAR-END ADVENTURE REVOLVES AROUND THIS QUESTION ··· WHEREIN OUR BLUE-EYED DARLING DISCOVERS THAT A DISCUSSION OF "POP" DOES NOT NECESSARILY CONCERN HER PATER-FAMILIAS.

YOU CAN'T MEASURE THE WORTH OF "OP" ART, DEAR. IT'S GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

-BUT BAD FOR THE EYES.

YOU HAVE BOUGHT MY PAINTING AT A STEAL, SUGAR-DADDY BIGBUCKS! ACTUALLY IT IS PRICE-LESS!

NONSENSE, HEPPELWHITE! THE VALUE OF YOUR PAINTING IS SPECIFIC! ··· IT'S LIKE POSTAGE STAMPS! - SEE? ··· A FIVE-CENT COMMEMORATIVE WITH A PRINTING IMPERFECTION -

I MANAGED TO CORNER ALL THE IMPERFECT SHEETS PRINTED ··· A QUANTITY WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE. SOMEBODY WROTE HIS CONGRESSMAN. THERE WAS AN INVESTIGATION. THE POST OFFICE DECIDED TO RUN OFF SEVERAL MILLION MORE SHEETS, ENOUGH TO SUPPLY EVERYBODY WITH IMPERFECTIONS. THE CONFOUNDED STAMPS ARE NOW MERELY GOOD FOR MAILING LETTERS.

YOU SEE ··· THE VALUE OF AN ARTIFACT IS DETERMINED BY RARITY ··· SCARCITY. I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT **TRUE** ART WHICH HAS WORTH ABOVE AND BEYOND MARKET-PLACE VALUES, I'M TALKING ABOUT **FAD** ART WHOSE WORTH IS MEASURED BY POPULARITY! DEMAND! ··· FADS PERISH WITH SATURATION. ··· OP ART! POP ART! POP MUSIC! BLEATLE RECORDS! POPULAR TODAY ··· **FORGOTTEN** TOMORROW!

THE BLEATLES' RECORDS **A FAD !?** - DADDY B! DON'T YOU KNOW THE BLEATLES ARE *ARTISTES?*

AIR SICKNESS BAG

SHEER HYSTERICAL TALK, MY CHILD ··· A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THE LEMMING MENTALITY THAT PLACES SUCH A HIGH VALUE ON THINGS LIKE THE BLEATLES. WAIT TILL YOU'VE BEEN EXPOSED TO THEM A LITTLE MORE –
HYSTERICAL TALK, LEAPIN' LIZARDS! I COULD NEVER GET TIRED OF THE BLEATLES. THEY'RE SO TALENTED. THEY DON'T WIGGLE THEIR HIPS AND THEY'RE GENTLEMEN AND THEY CAN ACT, TOO, AND THEY HAVE A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR!
NOT HYSTERICAL, EH?
HYSTERICAL?
-IT JUST SO HAPPENS-
WHO'S HYSTERICAL?
-I INVITED THEM TONIGHT-
I'M NOT HYSTERICAL!
-AND HERE THEY ARE NOW!
EEEE! THE BLEATLES!
ANNIE, MEET JOHN.
PLEASE TER MEETCHER, MUM.
PAUL!
BLIMEY!
LOR' LUVVA DUCK!
-GEORGE!
-RINGO!
YAY YAY YAY!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, MY DEAR- I'VE A LARGE INVESTMENT IN THESE CHAPS AND I'M SENDING THEM THIS VERY AFTERNOON TO TAPE ONE OF THOSE INTERVIEWS THAT WILL STIMULATE INTEREST IN THEIR LATEST MAMMOTH TOUR. THE WASP IS TAKING THEM TO THE STUDIO IN MY LIMOUSINE NOW. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO GO ALONG ··· EH?
EE! THE BLEATLES!
I SAY!
KEPITAL IDYAH!
GOOD SHEW!
YAY YAY YAY!
'OP IT CHAPS, BEFORE WE'RE COSHED BY THE WAITING FANS!
I'M DONE, CHAPS! MY LEG'S CAUGHT! CARRY ON WITHOUT ME!
HARD CHEESE FOR RINGO!
THEY'VE SNAGGED RINGO!
MISS ANNIE, PLEASE TO RELEASE MR. RINGO'S LEG! YOU ARE WITH US!
EE! THE BLEATLES!
BLEATLES FOREVER
RINGO IS LOVE!

WE MAIYDE IT! WE MAIYDE IT! WE'VE ESCAIYPED FROM THE WAIYTING LAIYOIES!
EE! THE BLEATLES!
I SAIY, WASP! IS THIS THE WAIY TO THE PLAIYCE WE PLAIY TDOAIY?
-WE'VE GONE ASTRAIY - I MEAN, ASTRAY!
JOHN
BLEATLES FOREVER
BEATLES FOR PRESIDENT
RINGO
PAUL

AIEE! IS NOT OUR DRIVER. I FEAR WE ARE BEING KID-NAPPED.
THAT'S RIGHT! NOW IF YOU WILL STEP THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN ··· EH? ··· IF YOU ARE ABOUT TO SCREAM, SAVE YOURSELF THE TROUBLE. THERE ISN'T AN EAR FOR MILES.
EE! THE BLEATLES!

AH, YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE GIRLS WHO CAN NEVER GET TIRED OF THE BLEATLES, EH? VERY WELL ··· YOU WILL BE CONFINED WITH THEM IN THIS ROOM FOR RANSOM. DO NOT BOTHER TO CLIMB OUT THE WINDOW UNLESS YOU ARE NOT AFRAID OF BREAKING YOUR NECKS.
-NOT AFRAIYD OF BRAIYKING OUR NECKS?
AIEE! IT IS INDEED TOO HIGH TO JUMP!
007 WAS HERE
EDMUND DANTES

NOW WE WILL SEE IF YOU CAN'T EVER GET TIRED OF THE BLEATLES, LITTLE ANNIE FANNY.
-HAVE HUMBLE IDEA! WE ALL ESCAPE THROUGH WINDOW-
-FROM THIS HEIGHT?
POP OFF!
'OP IT! 'OP IT!
-WITH ROPE MADE OF DURS AND MISS ANNIE'S CLOTHES!
YAY YAY YAY!
FERRY CROSS THE MERZY!
DO NOT DISTURB

AAIEE! ROPE IS TOO SHORT! - NEED MAYBE THREE MORE FEET!
LOR' LUVVA DUCK! -JUST ABOUT THE SIZE OF AN OUTSTRETCHED BRA!
PAUL
JOHN
RINGO

YAYAYAY!
MISTER BLEATLES, PLEASE TO TAKE CARE TO PAY ATTENTION TO THE HOLDING OF THE ROOOOOOOOO
PAUL
JOHN
RINGO
GEORGE

YI!
THUD!
OH, DEAR! HERE WE ARE LOCKED UP IN THIS ISOLATED TOWER FULL OF HAY, ALL ALONE LIKE THIS ··· WHAT WILL WE DO?
IDEA
YAY!
MONOPOLY

DAYS LATER-
ALL RIGHT, BOYS ··· THEY MUST BE BEHIND THIS DOOR ··· ANNIE! ARE YOU IN THERE?
HARK! IT'S SUGARDADDY BIGBUCKS!

ANNIE! AND THE BLEATLES!! THE WHOLE WORLD HAS BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU, BOYS! THE DEMAND FOR YOUR TOUR HAS DOUBLED SINCE YOUR DISAPPEARANCE! (SCARCITY CERTAINLY DOES INCREASE POPULARITY, HEHEH!) ··· AND HOW DID IT FEEL, MY DEAR, TO SPEND A WEEK WITH YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTES?
EE! THE BLEATLES!

IT WAS HORRIBLE! LOCKED UP FOR DAYS! NO CLOTHES! NO NOTHING! EXCEPT (RETCH) BLEATLES!
AND THERE WAS THIS TERRIBLE KIDNAPPER WITH A BEARD-
··· A DISGUISE, MY CHILD! ··· SEE? HE ESCAPED BUT LEFT HIS BEARD BEHIND. ··· AHEM ··· DO YOU STILL BELIEVE YOU COULD NEVER GET TIRED OF THE BLEATLES?
YAYAYAY!

OH, DADDY ··· YOU WERE SO RIGHT! IT WAS JUST LIKE YOU ONCE SAID ABOUT VALUABLE POSTAGE STAMPS! IT WAS LIKE BEING LOCKED UP WITH A ROOM FULL OF VALUABLE POSTAGE STAMPS! IT WAS LIKE BEING BURIED ALIVE - LIKE BEING SATURATED IN VALUABLE, SMOTHERING, STICKY POSTAGE STAMPS -
-GOLLY! THAT'S STRANGE. HERE'S ONE STUCK RIGHT INSIDE THE BEARD.
END

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